

C. W. T
K THE
HISTORY

OF

Jack Connor.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE THIRD EDITION Corrected.

Whoever thinks a *faultless Piece* to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry Work regard the *Writer's End*,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And if the Means be *Just*, the Conduct *True*,
Applause, in Spite of trivial Faults, is due.

POPE.

D U B L I N :

Printed for ABRAHAM BRADLEY, at the King's
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To the Right Honourable

H E N R Y F O X, *Esq;*

His MAJESTY's Secretary at WAR.

S I R,

THE Generality of Dedications are drawn, like Bills of Exchange, for full Value supposed to be given in Compliment and Encomium, but this Address expects no pecuniary Indulgence; neither does it beg a Protection, which no Man can give, from public Censure; neither does it seek your Favour to the Author, since he is already honoured therewith. The Performance which it introduces, is founded on the Principles of INTEGRITY and HONOUR, and naturally inclines to Him who excels in those Virtues; and did I know a Person who enjoys a larger Portion, you
A 2 might

iv DEDICATION.

might probably have seen another Name at the Head of these Pages. If they afford Matter of Amusement to you, and Matter of Improvement to those who want it, they will answer every End that the Author proposes, while, by the Concealment of his Name, as well from you as from the Publick, he can, without Suspicion of Partiality to your Person or Virtues, have the secret Pleasure of declaring himself, with the justest Esteem and Regard,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient

Dublin,
1 July, 1751.

humble Servant,

W. C.

TO

TO THE
READER.

THE Historian is an absolute Stranger to most of the People of the present Age, therefore can never pretend to the Honour of satyrizing any Man, or any Body of Men.

HE has had a Bundle of Papers left him by a deceas'd Friend, who was infinitely more capable of putting them in Form, than he can pretend to, tho' the Recluseness of his Life afforded him abundant Leisure. These Papers contained a Variety of Observations, which, he thought, might be useful to Mankind. He has extended these Observations; he has, in some Measure, commented on them; he has dress'd them in the Garb of the Times; he has given them the Air of Romance, and he gives to the Reader, the absolute Power of determining whether he has done RIGHT or WRONG.

THE Historian has this Advantage over most others, and this only, That the Trifle he now presents to the Publick, has a fair Chance of being impartially dealt with; for, as he is unknown, and will remain so, the critical Eye cannot condemn his Person, whatever it may his Work. His Scribbling may be abused, but he has taken Care to secure his Person from such Treatment, tho' he is not conscious that he has ever merited it.

IRONY; well managed, has ever been a successful Way to fix the Attention; and NOVEL and ROMANCE may be conducted to very laudable Purposes, and answer the End of more learned Writings. The Moral of the following History may correspond with an old physical Aphorism, which I apprehend

*prehend may be found in the SCHOLA SALERNI
wrote in the Days of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

Qui medicas artes exercet, noscere partes
Debet ad ægrotum dandi mistum bene potum.
Nam varium est herbis genus : hæc impletur acerbis,
Illa salutaris succis ditescit amaris.
Horum quodque datum per se, vomitum atque
screatum

Excitet, ast istis inerit sua gratia mistis.

Expedit ergo cato medico studere palato,
Ne stomacho turbas det, cum dedit, inscius, herbas ;
Effectum et perdat, dum, sic quod præcipitur, dat.
Expedit et cautè præscribere, fallere lautè ;
Mollibus hoc verbis, hoc mitibus efficit herbis.

Has monitas tu res et præceptas nisi cures,
Non Medici, Vir, te adpellem, sed nomine Agyrtae.

*PURE and elegant Latin is not to be expected
in Monkish Verses, and a classical Nicety is too un-
reasonable a Request. Such as they are, they afford
me a Conjecture, that the learned DOCTOR MEAD
is oblig'd to them, at least, for the Title of his new
Book, Monita et Præcepta Medica. Be this as it
will, I shall only beg Leave to give, to the English
Reader, their Meaning in his own Language “ A
“ skilful Physician will consult the Constitution of
“ his Patient, and not madly pour down even the
“ most salutary Medicines. Some Herbs are fill'd
“ with sour, and some with bitter Juices, too dis-
“ agreeable to be given singly. Physick, like good
“ Counsel, must be administer'd with Caution, or
“ the Stomach will revolt. The Patient must be
“ decoy'd into a Cure, and the unpalatable Drug
“ must be convey'd in the most innocent Vehicle
“ his Judgment can furnish. He who acts other-
“ wise, merits not the Title of a Physician, but of
“ a Quack.”*

THE

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
J A C K C O N N O R.

C H A P. I.

*The Rise, the Progress, of the human Heart,
The real Honour, the Disguise of Art;
The Wise, the Good, the Vicious ;—all I sing,
Oh Thou! from whom our ev'ry Actions spring,
Not the poor Author, but the World inspire,
If not the Stile, the Moral to admire.
Learn from the Child, he places in your Sight,
To act with Justice, and to judge aright.*

ANONIMOUS.

THE Actions of *Monarchs*, the Intrigues of *Ministers*, the History of *Battles* and *Slaughter*, and the *Revolutions* of *Kingdoms*, are subjects that rather *surprise* and *astonish*, the Generality of Readers, than *improve* or *amend* the Heart. A great, wicked, or virtuous Man, plung'd into the utmost Distress, must raise our Pity and Compassion: A Glorious and a Wise Prince, triumphing over *Foreign* or *Domestick* Enemies,

Enemies, and fixing his Crown in the *Affections* of his People, must warm the rational Mind, and give Delight and Pleasure; but what have the Bulk of Mankind to do with their Greatness? Their Misfortunes or Successes may make us cry out, *'Tis strange!—'Tis wondrous strange!* But how can we make the Application to ourselves? The wide Difference in our Situations, almost renders it impossible, and, if by Chance, something like a Parallel should arise, it must be stript of all pompous Terms;—the Rubbish of State and Parade must be removed; and the whole levell'd to the Sphere we act in.

PERHAPS, Reflections of this Nature, gave Rise to BIOGRAPHY. The Story of the *Calamities* or *good Fortune* of *private Persons*, must sensibly affect every *private Reader*, and, as the Incidents are natural, and what *every Man* is subject to, he with Ease applies the Inferences, and, in some measure, may be said to *read himself*.

THE *Papers* and *Memorandums*, committed to my Care, gave Rise to the following Account of JOHN CONNOR.—I will not affirm that I have acted *impartially*, because I will not presume doing, what, I am afraid, no Historian *ever did*. If I assure my Readers I am quite *unbias'd*, yet I hope to be indulg'd, like the rest of my Brethren, when I sometimes act *otherwise*. I cannot avoid saying, I have consulted the Ease of my Reader as much as possible, by not swelling this Work into *Twenty Volumes*. As a Proof of my indulgence, I have shortened my Prefatory Discourse and this Introduction, above *One Hundred Pages*, and shall proceed directly to the History.

JEREMIAH CONNOR, the Father of JOHN, whose Story I now write, had been a well made, athletic Man, and a Soldier in King WILLIAM'S Army

Army in the War in *Ireland*. When that Matter was settled, he quitted that sort of Life, and passing thro' fundry Services, at last settled with Sir Roger Thornton, a Gentleman of great Honour and Fortune, in the County of *Limerick*; in *Ireland*. Here he liv'd, and his Warlike Scars of Credit, made him assume some Authority, and furnish'd a large fund for Conversation. He found the Happiness of being virtuous in the Cause of Liberty and Common-Sense. Though he was one of the famous *Enniskilliners* that joyn'd King William, yet his Reward, like other great Men, was confin'd to the secret Pleasure of having done his Duty.

IN this Family liv'd DOLLY BRIGHT, who perform'd the Function of *Landry-Maid*; she was young and handsome; and Jerry observing, she had a docile and tractable Turn, he encourag'd her in it. Being himself a Man of Learning, he took some Pains to inculcate all his Knowledge, and taught her to Read and Write. The Fame of her Erudition a little heightened her Vanity, especially when Sir Roger examined her himself, and declaring her a very surprising Genius, gave her a Kiss and two Guineas to buy a Gown and Linen.—This unfortunate Present, and a few more of the same Nature, at last alarm'd Lady Thornton, and brought on some Alteration, in which the Lady seem'd in the Right. All Sir Roger's Affirmations were of no Effect; my Lady most violently protested the impudent Slut should quit the House, or she would—. Sir Roger knew the World, and what's more, he knew himself and his Wife, which determin'd him to make all this easy. He told Jerry Connor, that if he would marry Dolly Bright, he would give him a Cabin and five Acres of Ground at a small Rent, and compleat his Happiness, who had been so careful of her Education.

LADY THORNTON objected to this, but finding Sir Roger grow warm and somewhat peremptory, she acquiesced.—Though *Ferry Connor* was thirty Years older than *Dolly*, they willingly consented to the Match, and Peace was restor'd to the Family.

THUS *Jack's* Parents were fix'd in a Farm about twenty Miles from *Thornton-Castle*. *Ferry* was Fifty-five and *Dolly* Twenty-four Years of Age. To compleat their Joy, the *Hero of this History* stepp'd forth, and was usher'd into the World the 15th Day of *December 1720*, just *seven Months* after their Nuptials, a fine healthy Boy, and the *very Picture of Ferry Connor*.

WHETHER it was from the frequent Visits Sir Roger paid them, or from some other Motive, my *Lady Thornton* never rested till she had persuaded him to remove his Family to *England*. This was a mighty Loss, and poor *Connor* felt it more and more every Day. They were much in Arrear, and as the Steward could no longer indulge them, they were put to vast Difficulties. This shagrin'd Mrs. *Connor*, and her Husband was sometimes peevish. Every Misfortune was imputed to *one* or the *other*, consequently many bitter Invectives passed between them, and sometimes *Blows*. Mrs. *Connor*, generally conquer'd, for an *old Wound* broke out in his *Knee* and lam'd him. The good Woman had always *great Spirits*, which rais'd itself on certain Occasions, to that noble Ardour, which the Vulgar call *Termagant*, in which her *Neighbours* and *Husband*, gave her Opportunities to *improve*.

AT last another Wound appear'd in his *Head*, and oblig'd him to have Recourse to the Surgeon of the next Town, though ill able to bear the Expence of, at least, a *Shilling* a Day. However, the Surgeon was a *skilful Man*, and so managed his Patient,

JACK CONNOR. 11

tient, that in a Month he brought a Humour into *his Eyes*, and in *six Weeks*, he was quite *Blind*. The *Surgeon* declared his sorrow for the Accident, but believed, that had it not *providentially* happen'd, it must have cost him *his Life*. The Wound at last heal'd, but *Connor* thought, and his *Wife* saw, they were ruin'd, which the Seizing their two remaining *Cows*, and a Barrel of *Potatoes*, completely finish'd, and next Night the good Woman threw *Jack* on her Back, took her *blind Husband* by the Hand, and march'd off, with about *six Shillings*, to seek better Fortune.

C H A P. II.

He tells us,

“ When one Sense is suppress'd,

“ It but retires into the rest.”

So Poverty, against the Will,

Gives Cunning to assuage the Ill.

ANONIMOUS.

SULLEN and *silent* were their Travels all that Night, but when Day appeared, they determin'd, to repose themselves at the first Inn that seem'd proper to entertain such Guests, mutually agreeing to postpone all Talk of Affairs, till their Bodies were a little refresh'd. At length a *Cabin* appear'd, to which they bended their Steps, and, by the Information of a *Linen Rag* over the Door, and a *Pipe* stuck in the *Thatch*, they boldly enter'd and call'd for *Milk* and *Bread*. Before this could be had, the Woman of the House demanded *three Half-pence*, and Mrs. *Connor* pulling out a Piece of an *old Glove*, which contained all her *Treasure*, paid for the approaching Breakfast.

A T

AT this Repast the *good Creature* seem'd very tender of Mrs. *Connor*, whose Eyes were swell'd with Crying. She ask'd many Questions, as, *Where they came from, and whither going*; to which she received a melancholy Account of the past, but not of what they intended to do, being ignorant of it themselves. The poor Woman sympathiz'd with her Guest, who, by a change of Fortune, grew *strangely humble*, and was now all *Humility and Meekness*.—God Almighty help you, said the Landlady, 'I'm sure you've Troubles enough; — 'I pray the *sweet Jesus* to comfort you, and 'send you safe in your Journey;—but my dear 'sowle, added she, rocking herself, you must not 'set Grief too much about your *Heart*, for my poor 'dear Man in his Grave (God be with his Sowle) 'left me the Mother of *three Children*, and one in 'my *Belly*, and the Devil a Farthing to bless myself, but three Shillings and Five pence in *Silver and Brass*. To be sure it was the *Holy Virgin* 'put it into my Head to speak to the *Quality* that 'travell'd the Road, and by my own Sowle I got 'Pence enough, and bred my poor little *Creturs* 'to get their Bread as well as myself; for *Thady* is 'a fine Boy, and a poor *Scolard*, and speaks his 'Latin, and brings home many a *Happenny*; sweet 'Jesus bless him! and send me once to hear him 'say *Mafs*! for my dear *Child* will be nothing 'but a *Priest*, and *Father O'Shoughnessy* will send 'him to *France* on his own Means, God's Blessing on the *sweet Man*! —Then my dear little 'Terence, drives the *Cows* out and home for Mr. 'Flaherty, and brings me *broken Meat*, and a 'Bottle of good *Ale* when he finds it after the Servants; for the *Rogue* is as cunning as a Fox.— 'Pray Jesus I could see him a *Priest* too!—And 'my Daughter *Noragh*, poor Sowle, is always
' busy

‘ busy enough, and minds the *Hens* and the *Turf*,
 ‘ and digs the *Potatoes*, and serves the *Carriers*
 ‘ very well ever since *Father O’Shaughnessy* got me
 ‘ this good House.’

SHE was going on, but finding Mr. *Connor* was more inclin’d to sleep than Hear, she call’d to her Daughter *Noragh* to settle the *Straw* in the other Room, and advis’d the Travellers to rest for a few Hours; assuring them, that the *Cow* and the *Pigs* at one End of it, kept it *pure and warm*. Mrs. *Connor* conducted her Husband to the Apartment, where, in Spite of every Calamity, *Sleep* attended and diverted every anxious Thought.

‘TWAS about Twelve o’Clock at Noon when they join’d the Landlady. Mrs. *Connor* was putting her Hand in her Pocket to pay for her *Bed*, but the kind *Woman* held it fast and prevented her, swearing she would not take a *Farthing*, and order’d *Noragh* to give them a large *Bowl of Milk*; then putting some *boil’d Potatoes* into her Apron, she fix’d the *Child* on her Back, and with a sweet *Jesus be with you*, let them depart.

JERRY greatly prais’d the *Tenderness* of the poor Woman, and a Conversation ensu’d on their present Circumstances. ‘ To be sure, *said his Wife*,
 ‘ since *God Almighty* has made you *stone blind*, and
 ‘ given me this *helpless Infant*, you can’t *Work*,
 ‘ nor can I go into Service, *God help me*; so, to be
 ‘ sure, *myself* can’t find out a better Way than to
 ‘ speak to the *Quality* on the Road, as the *Land-*
 ‘ *lady* did, though to be sure none of my *Kiff* or
 ‘ *Kin* ever did so before; but you know, *Jerry*,
 ‘ *God’s Will* must be done,’—and then she cry’d heartily.

‘ DON’T cry, *said Connor*, for what Good will
 ‘ that do us?—Though we never begg’d yet, ’tis
 ‘ a Trade

“ a Trade soon learn’d, and *God knows*, our Poverty ought to make us set up very soon.---I formerly mimick’d an *old blind Man* for Sport, and now I must do it in reality for Profit.---Take care of the Child *Dolly*, and don’t leave your poor *Ferry*, and I warrant we shall eat and drink well enough,---and, *what more can any body do?*”

THE Transition from an *Irish Cottager* to a *Beggar*, is very natural and common in the Country. The many Examples of that Sort, enabled the poor Couple to bear, and in some Measure lighten’d their Afflictions---They now seriously determin’d to begin this new Occupation on the first proper Object, resolving with themselves, not to touch the *Capital Stock*, but at the last Extremity.

THEY had march’d about seven Miles without meeting any Passengers, but what seem’d as poor as themselves; at last she cry’d out, that a Gentleman in Scarlet appear’d, with two Servants well-mounted. This put them into some Confusion, but *Ferry*, boldly raising his Spirits, assisted his Voice, and in the most pathetick Manner, begg’d a little Charity to a poor blind, old Soldier, who once serv’d most faithfully his King and Country.---His Help-mate was not Eloquent on this Occasion, but the Abundance of her Tears, supply’d her want of Speech; and perhaps inclin’d the Gentleman to throw them a few *Half-pence*, which he did in a hasty Manner; and riding smartly on, was followed by a Million of Blessings: But how great was her Surprise and Joy, when she pick’d up Three *Half-pence*, and a *Shilling*?---She kiss’d the Silver a thousand Times, and in her Transport, as often kiss’d the Child and *Ferry*, who were now squatted in the Ditch. She talk’d of Providence and the blessed Virgin; and in Rapture concluded, that please God they’d chear their Hearts by a Pot of Ale,
at

at the first House.—The poor Man objected to this, and begg'd of her only to spend the *Brass*, but to put the *Shilling* in the Glove with the rest.—After much Dispute, and sundry Dissertations on *Extravagance* and *Stinginess*, she consented.—But, who can paint the *Wildness* of her Looks, and the *frantick* Motion of her Limbs, nor describe her dreadful *Shrieks* and *Exclamations*, when she neither found *Glove* nor *Pocket*? ----They were fairly cut off----*Heaven* and *Hell*, and *Purgatory*, and all *Mankind*, were in an Instant engaged in her *Quarrel*, till fatigu'd and tir'd with the Violence of her *Passion*, she threw herself on the Ground, and in a Torrent of *Tears*, assuaged the *Storm* in her swelling Breast.

CONNOR bore this Misfortune with great *Patience*, and comforted his Wife out of the *Proverbs*. He gave her many on this Occasion; and concluded, that *Solomon*, who was a wise Man, told us, that *Riches* made themselves *Wings* and flew away.—‘Don’t tell me, *Ferry*, said she, of such *Stuff*. I say again and again, our poor matter of *Money* would have been safe enough in my *Pocket*, if we had not slept at that *curst* Inn; and as for your *Wings*, I’m sure they must have been in the old B——’s *Fingers*.’—‘Or, said *Ferry*, in her *Daughters*.—But hang it, ‘its gone.—What can’t be cur’d must be endur’d.—‘A Pound of Sorrow never paid an Ounce of Debt.—I’ve heard a wise Man say, that when the worst has happen’d, we ought to be content, because we know the worst.—Many a cloudy Morning turns out a fine Day.—We are now Beggars, *Dolly*, and ’twould be a Sin to be Rich; for, sufficient to the Day is the Evil thereof,—and St. PAUL says—Hold your foolish Tongue, cry’d *Dolly*,—this is fine prating indeed!—Will your

‘Solomon

‘ *Solomon* provide a *Bed* for us to Night? Or will
 ‘ *St. PAUL* pay for our Supper?—Not they by my
 ‘ *Sowle*;—They’ll *talk* and make a fine *Story*, but
 ‘ the *Devil a bit* will they give to fill a hungry
 ‘ *Belly*?—Come, come, *said he*, we have a *Shil-*
 ‘ *ling* still left: let us keep that and our Wits, and
 ‘ my Life for it, we shall pick up a *pretty Living*.’—
 So saying, *Jack* took his Post on his Mother’s Back,
 and got safe to the next Village. They finish’d
 the remainder of their *Potatoes*, had their Pint of
Ale, and went to *Rest* pretty much as in the former
 Manner.

C H A P. III.

Begging is not so vile a Trade
As some imagine--some have made.
Vary the Stile, or change the Dress,
You’ll find ’tis what we all profess;
The Difference lies ’twixt Rich and Poor,
Some beg for little—Others more.

HUDIBRASTICK.

THE good People continued their daily Tra-
 vels, and wander’d through many Countries,
 and greatly improv’d in the *Art* and *Mystery*, that
 was to furnish them with Bread; and indeed, every
 Day produc’d its Supply. Three Months past in
 this Manner, till the *old Man* complain’d of the
 Fatigue, and most ardently wish’d for a settled Ha-
 bitation. They were now in the great Road, and
 within a few Miles of *Clonmel*, on a pretty Emi-
 nence that commanded a good Prospect. ’Twas
 agreed to fix here, and lodge about a Quarter of a
 Mile from the Road; where was an *old Hut*,
 which a few Boughs covered well enough for the
 present.

THE

THE Venerableness of *Ferry's* Beard, which no *Razor* was suffer'd to visit, had a very good Effect, and the tatter'd Condition of *Dolly's* Cloaths; Her *Hair* hanging about her *Eyes*, a dirty Clout on her Head, and *Face* and *Hands* almost of the same Colour, made her look near as old as her *Husband*, and procur'd the Charity of well dispos'd *Christians* so amply, that they had no Reason to repent of their Situation.—In a short Time, the Hut was better cover'd; and they provided themselves with two *Cadows*, a small *Pot*, two wooden *Platters*, two *Trenchers*, one *Knife*, and two *Horn Spoons*. However, this Abode being so distant from what they might call *their Shop*, made it very inconvenient, and lost them many *Customers*. This determin'd them to double Diligence, and to save as much as would build a *Cabin* by the Road Side, on the *Common*. A few *Shillings* compleated this Structure, and their Effects were soon remov'd.

THUS were they fix'd in a more comfortable Manner than could be imagined, from the Appearance of the *Hovel*. Business went on in a very prosperous Way; and, as Money came in, they increas'd their Conveniencies and Utensils; but every thing was added externally that gave an Idea of *Misery* and *Wretchedness*.—They often drank *Ale* eat *Bread*, and sometimes *Meat*, which most Cottagers in the *Kingdom* are utter Strangers to. In short, they lived as happily as the Impetuosity of *Dolly's* Temper would admit, which at some Seasons, vented itself on *Ferry*, in old *Rogue* and old *Scoundrel*, and such affectionate Epithets, which he bore with the calmness of a *Philosopher*, seldom answering but in *Proverbs*.

SCARCELY had they been settled three Months before some of their Neighbours smoak'd a *Pipe* with blind *Connor*. and poor *Doll*. Their great Knowledge

ledge surpriz'd them, particularly when they found *She could both Read and Write.* The *Priest* of the Parish who was a young Man, being at last made acquainted with this *Prodigy*, determin'd to pay her a Visit. One Morning, when she was *cleaner dress'd* than usual, she was *sweetly singing* on the Ditch Side, and his *Reverence* surpriz'd her in the Act of giving Suck. As she knew him, she blush'd, and was going to cover her Neck, which the *holy Man* prevented with his Hand, saying, ' *God speed your Work, my dear Child.—Don't be ashamed at what God has given you.—I'm well enough us'd to such Sights!*—Perhaps he was; but Mrs. Connor had a *Skin* of such an wholesome *Sanguineness*, and *Breasts* so prominent and firm, as puzzled his *Reverence*, and made his *Blood* rise in his Face, and his *Speech* to falter.

As Mrs. Connor durst not disoblige the *Priest*, she made all the fine speeches in her Power, and told him almost as much, as if she had been at *Confession*. His *Reverence* spoke very compassionately on her unhappy Circumstances, and, in a *tender Manner*, insinuated the hard Fortune, that *so young and well-spoken a Woman*, should be reduced to ask a Favour of any *Man*; when, if she had *her due*, they ought to ask Favours of her.—Not, my dear Child, said he, that I would be after finding-Fault with your *Industry*, or putting *bad Thoughts* in your Head. No! no! God forbid! But as you are a *sensible Woman*, I may tell you, we ought to know *Good* as well as *Bad*, that we may avoid the *one* and follow the *other*: But when we make a *Slip*, as we are all *frail Mortals*, it must be great Comfort to a *good Catholick*, to have a *Holy Priest* to pray for, and *absolve us*.—At this, he put on a Countenance of *primitive Piety*, or at least, so much of it, as his *Eyes* would permit, which still sparkled,

sparkled, and being fixed on the *beautiful Part*, before mention'd, spoke a Language *truly Catholick*.

JACK's Mother was quite confounded at all these fine Words; and not perfectly understanding *Logical Distinctions*, was afraid the *Holy Father* was endeavouring to make her Proof against *good or bad Fortune*, not against *good or bad Morals*. *Father Kelly* soon solv'd her Doubts; for as the *Child* still continued at the *Breast*, he prais'd its *Beauty*, patted its *Cheeks*, and utter'd every *infantine Expression*, which Mothers are so naturally fond to hear.--
 'The sweet little fellow, *said he*, it looks like an
 'Angel, I must *kiss it*, were it but for the Sake of
 'the Nurse.'—He kept his Word; but guiding his *Head* a little more on *one Side*, he feasted his Lips (as if by accident) on *those Charms* his Eyes had been witness of for half an Hour.

HIS Reverence recover'd himself at last, and—
 'I ask your Pardon, good Mrs Connor, *said he*,
 'for by my *own Conscience* I had no Harm in my
 'Thoughts; but God forgive me! in troth I was
 'going to t'other Side, for fear it would be jealous;
 'tho' if I had, you know, there would be no Sin
 'in it neither; for what is a *Breast* but *Flesh*?
 'and so is *your Hand*; and what Sin, my Dear,
 'in touching a *Hand*?—This Reasoning was so strong that Conviction sat on Mrs. Connor's Countenance; which the *good Man* perceiving, he very fervently transported his *kisses* from *one Side* to the *other*.

SOME Travellers appearing, and *Ferry* being summon'd to his Post, the charitable *Priest* slipped Sixpence into her Hand, and gave the old Man a Yard of good Tobacco; so wishing them *good Luck*, added his *Benediction*, and promis'd to call in his Walks.

IT would be endless to point out the Virtues of this *good Man*. He visited frequently, and always left *something* behind him. He mentioned to *Dolly* the most charitable Families in the Country; and taught *Ferry* how to tell the weary Traveller the *Hour of the Day*. He repair'd the *first Hut*, where she always cook'd the Victuals when he *honour'd* them with his Company. He put a Door to it, and sent in good Store of *Whiskey* and *Straw*, with *two Cadows*. This serv'd *his Reverence* for a Country Retreat; and answered every End of a *Confessional*. His Conversation was *truly pious*, and his Pains were great to convert *Ferry* to the *Bosom of that Church*; out of which there is *no Salvation*. Sometimes, indeed, his *Zeal* was rather too great; for when Mr. *Connor* made strong Objections, he *most charitably*, and with a *truly Christian Spirit*, hurry'd poor *Ferry's* Soul to the Devil and all his *Angels*; in which Journey his Wife always added an hearty *Amen*.

ABOUT the Age of Five Years, JACK remembers his daily sitting on a Ditch with his *Father* and *Mother*, industriously employ'd in that *most antient* and *most noble* Profession of *Begging*. The Situation was well contriv'd, and three Roads terminated just at their Mansion, and, as it were empty'd themselves into the *great one*. Besides the Beauty of the Prospect, I apprehend, *his Parents* had some *Regard* and *Love* to Society; for no Traveller could pass, but were attack'd with all the *Oratory* in their Power. Without Vanity, I may say, few People of *their Distinction* enjoy'd that *Talent* to greater Perfection, especially Mrs. *Connor*. When she was determin'd to *extract* a Penny from a *good Christian*, she mounted the Ditch, and with Eyes rais'd to Heaven, and uplifted Hands, she bespoke his Favour: She saluted him with every *tender, moving*

moving Expression. The *Tear* was ready; and sometimes she pleaded a *numerous Family of Orphans* and sometimes an *antient helpless Husband*.—Did his *hard Heart* pass by *untouch'd*, she follow'd him with her rais'd Voice, invoking every *Saint* to prosper his Journey, and to commiserate her *wretched Condition*.—Many a Time, and oft', has she compelled the most *obdurate Lawyer* or *Parson* to *Rein-back*, and fumble for *Farthings*.

JERRY had his Excellence: He was really advanced in Years; was infirm and *blind*. The Loss of Sight, so dreadful to many, was to them of infinite Use. From this he drew the *Pity* of the *Good-natur'd*, and the *Compassion* of most Travellers; but his being an *old Soldier who had serv'd by Sea and Land*, afforded an Addition to his *Revenue*; to which a *red Coat* contributed not a little.

YOUNG as our *Hero* was, his Employment had its Use; for whilst his dear Parents were solacing themselves in *their Castle*, and enjoying the Comforts of *Ale, Tobacco*, and the Conversation of *Friends*, he was on the Watch for the Approach of Passengers; when his *Father* or *Mother*, and sometimes *both*, sally'd out, and he always attended to join in the *Cry* and pick up the *Copper* that *Humanity* threw them.

JACK now grew a sturdy Fellow, of Six Years old. As his Mother had been so good to teach him to *read*, he was a great Comfort to his *Father*, and entertained him out of *The whole Duty of Man*, which he took particular Care of, ever since Mrs. Connor had sold his *Bible*. The Child read so frequently, that at last he was very *expert*, and began to relish the Subject. One Day, he asked his Father, if there was any more *Books in the World*, for he would read them all. 'God bless you, poor Child,' said Jerry, and give you *Grace to learn*,
'and

‘and *practice* all good Things.’—Then, folding him in his Arms, with many Tears, and uplifted Hands, beseech’d the *Almighty* to succour his helpless *Age*, and guide his Steps, that he might live by *Honesty* and *Labour*.—Tho’ *Jack* knew not what he meant, yet his Words made so great an Impression, that he *cry’d* most heartily.---In this Situation the Mother found them, which soon changed the Scene: She storm’d like a Fury, and swore he was sending the Boy to the Devil, as well as himself; ‘But, *continued she*, with all my Heart, an obstinate Bastard as he is; but I’ll take Care, I warrant, of your *damn’d Book*.’—She then *curs’d herself* most bitterly, for teaching *Jack* to *read*; and mutter’d something of *sending him far enough out of his Reach*.

No, *Dolly*, said her Husband, you need not do that; for *Father Kelly* and *You*, will soon send me to my long Home!—’Tis too good News to be true,—*said she*.---Well, well, *reply’d Jerry*, I shan’t trouble you long;—you may let me have a little Peace whilst I live.’—Some Passengers interrupted this Conversation; and the common Occurrences of the Day, gave *Jerry* some Respite till Dinner—He said *Grace* as usual, but could not eat. At Supper ’twas the same Way; and in the Night a Fever came on, which open’d his Wounds, and, for Want of proper Care, a Mortification ensued, and the fourth Day he slept with his Fathers.—The pious Priest was determin’d to have the better of the Argument at last, and make him a good Catholic, by performing the final Rites of the Church, before the Body was quite cold.

ON this melancholy Occasion, it must be confessed, the poor Widow behav’d as the most fashionable of her Sex.—She shrieked and wrung her Hands, and call’d on Death to ease her Misery—
She

She *fainted*, and fell into *Fits*; and the Neighbours, with great Difficulty brought her to herself.— When recover'd, she bore her *Fate* with great *Resignation*, and gave Directions about the *Funeral* with much composure of Mind, except when more Friends dropt in, which renewed her *Sorrows*; and then the whole Company sympathiz'd in the *most doleful Cadences*.

THE Deceased being stripped and washed, was laid out on some *Straw*, cover'd with a Sheet that was formerly white. On his *Breast* was a large Dish fill'd with Salt, which undoubtedly had its Use. The good People, three Miles round, flock'd to *blind Connor's Wake*, with Loads of *Whiskey* and *Tobacco*; *Pipers* were in Abundance; and sundry *Gentlemen* amused the Company with the *sweet Harmony* of their *Trumps* or *Jews-harps*.—When *Father Kelly* had declared that *Jerry Connor* died a *True Son of the Church*, being by him converted almost by a *Miracle*, a *Buzz* of Content ran through the whole Assembly, and he finished a few Prayers for the *Repose of his Soul*.

THE common *Irish* are chearful at a *Wedding*; but, at a *Wake*, their *Joy* and *Mirth* is seemingly *extravagant*, *Ill Nature*, and the want of *Compassion* and *Tenderness*, are not placed amongst their *natural Vices*. If the Moral of this antient Custom be examin'd, and found to proceed from their Pleasure, in believing that their *Friend* or *Companion* has quitted all *human Infirmities*, and now enjoys a Fulness of *Bliss*, we cannot think the Practice *irrational* or *absurd*.

MIRTH in every Shape abounded; but *Jack* seem'd to drop all the romping Sporters. He listened with great Attention to a Knot of *Old Ladies*, who entertained each other with true *Stories* of *Giants* and *Witches*, and *Spirits*, and *Kings of Ireland*.

Ireland.—From these he went to another Cluster, who spoke of the Deceased, like the *Egyptian Priests*. They magnify'd his *supposed Virtues*, and gave him *Vices*, to which he was a *Stranger*.—*Scandal* and *Malice*, and *Envy*, were present! Some hinted, that *Dolly* was not *his Wife*; some called her his *Niece*, and some his *Daughter*; but all agreed, in wondering, what the Devil *Father Kelly* could see, to make him so *civil to her*.—I much fear many grand Societies are but *humble Imitators* of this *equally polite Assembly*.

AT last the *Funeral* set out, directing their Course to a *ruin'd Monastery*, about Six Miles distant. The March was solemn; and ever and anon a *Sacred Dirge* was rais'd, that shook the *Hills* and echo'd through the *Vales*. The Company still encreas'd from the neighbouring Cabins, whose Inhabitants having walked two or three Miles, and rais'd their *Notes* of Condolence with the rest, perhaps would at last find Time to ask, *who is dead?*

THE necessary *Rites* being finish'd, Mr. *Kelly*, with some of the Company, return'd to the *Hut*, where *Jack* soon found he wanted a *Father*, and had not a *Mother*.

CHAP. IV.

What by this Name, then, shall be understood?

What? but the glorious Lust of doing good?

The Heart that finds it Happiness to please,

Can feel another's Pain, and taste his Ease.

The Cheek that with another's Joy can glow,

Turn pale, and sicken, with another's Woe,

Free from Contempt and Envy, he who deems

Justly of Life's two opposite Extremes.

Who to make all, and each Man, truly blest,

Does all he can, and wishes all the rest.

FIELDING on Good Nature.

I May with Truth affirm, that Jack's Parents, tho' Beggars, gave better Education to their Son, than most of their Neighbours; witness his reading at so tender an Age, when not one in a Thousand know a single Letter. His Dress was pretty much the same with young Gentlemen of his Years, or rather with almost all in the Parish. He had something on that resembled Breeches, and a Remnant of a Rug very artfully hung over his Shoulders, and fastened round his Waist by Pieces of Wood nicely carv'd, of the Size of a Packer's Needle.—A Shirt was an idle and uncomfortable Ornament; and Shoes and Stockings made Youth too tender and delicate. This noble and manly Dress is most carefully preserved; and scarcely has Novelty and Fashion found an Opportunity of making any Variations—Tho' the Romans never visited Ireland, yet their Dress certainly did. Were our Virtuosi seriously to consider this, they might save the vast Expence they are at in purchasing a Piece of Leaden, or Marble, or Copper Roman Figure and Drapery; when, by stepping to Ireland, they

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may

may see *Thousands*, even at this Day, in the *Original Habit*, and whole *Groups* in the antient Manner, *eating on the Ground*.

PERHAPS I may be thought too free with so great a Name as LOCKE, when I say I imagine he borrows Part of his Treatise on *Education* from this People, to whom, I've been told, he was *no Stranger*. All the World knew that the common *Romans* wore no *Shoes*; but Mr. *Locke* could not infer from thence, with all his *more than Human Understanding*, that going without *them*, or having the *Feet* constantly *wet*, was conducive to *Health* or *Vigour*, till he saw such numberless Examples--- But to return to the Family.

FATHER KELLY'S Visits to the *Widow* were more frequent than usual, as she stood in Need of more frequent *Consolation*. From his *pious* Intentions the evil-minded of the Parish drew Conclusions no-way favourable to either, especially as Mrs. *Connor* dropt her former *Occupation*, and retir'd to the first *Hut*, where she suffer'd herself to be visited but by a few select Friends; and was never publicly seen but at *Mass*.---How different: How chang'd in her Appearance!---Her *Face* was *wash'd*;---her fine black Hair was *comb'd*, and nicely plaited;---her *Kercher* was clean, which passing under her Chin, was neatly ty'd at the back of her Neck;---her brown *Jacket* with *red Cuffs*;---her *red Petticoat*, and, above all her *yellow Stockings* and new *Brogues*, drew the Eyes of the whole Congregation; some to *admire* her real *Comeliness*, but more to whisper, *They wished she came honestly by them*.

WHATEVER were their *private* Opinions, *Father Kelly* received many *publick* Marks of their Dis-esteem. The old Ladies, and the young, extremely resented this *open* and *particular* Attachment,

ment so injurious to their own Beauties and superior Merit. They wrought on their Husbands, their Brothers and Sweethearts ; and the good and charitable *Priest* was condemn'd a Sacrifice to *Malice* and *Envy*.

WHETHER the People had just Cause to complain to the titular *Archbishop* of *Cashel*, or whether *Father Kelly* and Mrs *Connor* were conscious of *Guilt* ; or, whether they found the Current of *Slander* too strong to stem, I know not ; neither can I tell the Resolution they took on this Occasion, but certain it is, they came to one very speedily.

MRS. CONNOR had converted the old red Coat into a sort of Waistcoat for *Jack*, who having a Pocket, never failed carrying his *Book* in it. One Morning she call'd him up earlier than usual, and with more than common good Humour, wash'd his *Face* and comb'd his Head, and having put on something like a *Shirt*, she kiss'd him, saying, ' *he was a charming pretty Boy*. In Reality he was so.—' Come, *Jack*, says she, now we'll walk to ' *Town* and see your Aunt.'—Poor *Jack* was vastly pleas'd at going to *Town*, though he knew not where, and followed his *Mother* with great Chearfulness. They had not walk'd above a Mile or two, when a Man overtook them, whom Mrs. *Connor* knew. Some Questions being ask'd, ' I am going, said she, to leave *Jack* at my *Sister's* for a Day or two, and must be back to *Squire Disney's* to Night.—That's too far, said the Man, ' to walk in one Day ; go you to the *Squire's*, and ' I shall take care of *Jack*. '—The *Child* cry'd, but his *Mother* coax'd, and prevailed on him to go without Murmuring. She kiss'd, and promising to see him To-morrow, turn'd about and *Jack* and the Stranger march'd on.

NOTHING remarkable happened in this Journey, but *Jack* complained that the *Town* was a great ways off.—That he wish'd he was there;—that he was *Hungry* or *Dry*, or *Sleepy*, and some childish Talk of that Sort, to which the Man gave Answers, and relieved all his Wants.—Many Days passed in small Journeys, till the Fellow found he was in the *County of Meath*. He fed the Child as well as he could, and having got a Woman to wash his Rags and clean him, march'd on till he came to a large fine House.—‘ Now *Jack*, said he, we shall soon see your Aunt; stay here, my good Child, a little, and I'll be with you *by and by*; but be sure don't go beyond that *great Gate*. (Pointing to the Gate of the House.) The Man walk'd off, and *Jack* never saw him after.

THE poor Child waited a long Time for him with great Patience, till *Hunger* and *Night* coming on, he cry'd till his little Heart was almost broke.—At last he ventur'd to walk to the Gate, and found it open. He went into a large Court-yard, and finding a House, which was a deserted *Dog-kennel*, he boldly enter'd; and what with his Fatigues, and little Sorrows, he lay down and slept soundly 'till next Morning.—One of the *Grooms* going by, heard the Cries of the Boy, and reliev'd him from his Prison.—He was ask'd many Questions, to which he could give no Answers; except that a Man was going with him to his Aunt's, and that his name was *Jack Connor*.—The Groom ask'd him ‘ if he was hungry? Yes, said *Jack*, and very dry too, and my Feet are very sore.’—The Servant was good natur'd, and taking him into one of the Stables, gave him a Piece of Bread and some small Beer. He wash'd his little Feet with warm *Brandy Water*, which was ready to be given to a sick Horse, and laid him on some clean Straw.

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The poor Child went to Sleep, but waken'd so refresh'd, and so happy, that, on seeing the Groom, he *smil'd*, and utter'd every Expression, that shew'd the *Gratitude* of his Heart.

THUS was he fed for a Fortnight, and all Enquiry was made by the Servants about him, but in vain.—*Jack* grew quite well, and mightily pleas'd with his Situation, for *Providence* had directed him to the House of LORD TRUEGOOD, a Nobleman less remarkable for his *large Fortune*, than his *Humanity*, and extensive *Charity* to all Mankind.

MR. KINDLY, his Lordship's Domestick Steward, had heard something of this Story, and determin'd to see the Child.—He watch'd when the Servants were out, and stole privately into the *Stable*.—*Jack* was mounted in one of the Windows, with his *Book* in his Hand, but when he saw the Gentleman, he stuff'd it into his Pocket, and got on his Feet in an Instant. Mr. *Kindly*, with a Smile of good Nature cry'd out—'Who have we got here? —Where did you come from, Child?'—'Indeed, Sir, *reply'd Jack*, *almost in Tears*, I don't know.'—'Don't cry, my Dear, *said the good Steward*, I shall do you no Harm;—Have you a *Mother*, and where is she gone to?—I don't know indeed, Sir, *reply'd Jack*, but she gave me to a Man to see my Aunt, and he bid me stay at the Gate, and so I did, and so he did'nt come for me.'—'That's my good Boy, *said Kindly*; come, now tell me all the rest.'—The poor Child was not at a Loss, but told as much of his Affairs as he possibly could know, and in so innocent a Manner, that greatly pleas'd the good Man.—'That's my good Dear, *said he*; but what *Book* was it, you put in your Pocket? Let me see it, my Man.'—*Jack* deliver'd it, telling him,

his Father said it was a good Book, and would make every Body good.—Mr. Kindly look'd at the Title, and was greatly surpriz'd.---‘ Your Father, said he, was a good Man, and you'll be a very good Boy, when you can read it.’---‘ Oh dear, said Jack, indeed, Sir, I can read it very well.’---‘ Can you so, reply'd the Steward, let me see.’---He opened the Book, where least mark'd, and Jack began, and pretty distinctly read.—“ So also for the Calamities and Miseries that befall a Man, be it Want or Sicknefs, or whatever else, these also come by the Providence of God, who raiseth up and putteth down, as seems good to him, and it belongs not to us to judge what are the Motives to him to do so, as many do, who, upon any Affliction that befalls another, are presently concluding, that sure it was some extraordinary Guilt, which puts this upon him, though they have no particular to lay to his Charge.”---As the Boy read, the Tendernefs of the good Man mounted to his Eyes.—‘ That's enough my Child, said he,---‘ God blefs you.’---So quitting him in an Instant, got into the Yard, and gave vent to a few Tears.—Good God, cry'd he, how infinite is thy loving Kindnefs who, out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings, teacheth us our Duty.

MR. KINDLY walked to the House, and having call'd Mrs. Mathews, an elderly Servant, begg'd her to get him a Leg or Wing of a Fowl, with a Piece of Bread, and some small Beer. ‘ Lord, dear Sir, said Mrs. Mathews, may hap your Morning's Walk has gotten you a Stomach ; pray let me broil you a Pigeon, and give you a Glafs of white Wine.’---‘ Thank you heartily, good Mrs. Mathews, reply'd the Steward, you know I seldom eat in a Morning, but I never drink. What I want is for a poor Stranger.’---‘ Lord blefs you, dear Sir, said

' said Mrs. Mathews, you are so good, all the Servants are bound to *pray for you*.---She did not wait for a Reply, but ran to the Pantry, and soon returned, properly loaded.---' Thank you, my dear Friend, said Mr. Kindly, now I have a great Favour to beg of you; which is, to carry these to the farthest Stable, where you'll find a poor little Boy. See him eat his Dinner, and take him to mohn Long's Wife.---' Yes that I will, said she.---' The Lord preserve your good Heart.---I'm sure you're always the poor Man's Friend.---The Lord keep you your Health, for you're too good for *this World*.---' We must assist one another, said Kindly, but pray go and help the Child, and I'll walk on to John Long's.

MRS. MATHEWS thought there was some *Mystery* in this Affair, but resolved to *hear and see*, but say nothing. She determin'd to be as *secret* as could be expected from her Sex and Station; so, wisely took Jenny the House Maid to the Stable, to whom she communicated the Matter, with many notable Remarks.---' You know, Jenny, said she, Mr. Kindly is a Man as well as another, and though he is *antient* or *so*, yet, let me tell you, 'tis an old Rat, that won't eat *Cheese*.---He's a hearty Man, Jenny, and a good natur'd Man, and they say lives a Widower for the sake of his Children; now putting *Things* and *Things* together, who knows what may have happen'd?---But *please God* it shall go no farther for me;---nor for me neither, said Jenny for I wou'd not hurt a Hair of his Head, poor dear man.

THEY got to the Stable and found Jack with the Groom.---So so, said Mrs. Mathews, have I found you, young Spark.---' Come, sit down my little fellow, and try how a bit will agree with you.---What, Jenny, said the Groom, are you

‘ come too ? I’ll say that for you, you’ve as good
 ‘ a Nose at finding out a *pretty boy*, as any Wench
 ‘ in the Parish; I suppose he’s some Relation of
 ‘ your’s, *Eh, Fenny?*—The Fellow’s a Fool, *said*
 ‘ Mrs. Mathews, tho’ may hap he may have as
 ‘ good Relations as any here.—Come, my brave
 ‘ Man, eat heartily, and much good may do you.
 ‘ —So—you say your Name is *Jack*,—‘Yes, Ma-
 ‘ dam, *said the Child*, my Name is *Jack Connor*.—
 ‘ Very well, *said the good Woman*, very well; now
 ‘ come, my dear, and take a Walk with me,
 ‘ we’ll not go far, only to *John Long’s*.----Then
 ‘ turning to the Groom, *said*, with a Wink, ‘ Mr.
 ‘ *Kindly* bid me fill his little Belly, and, carry him
 ‘ to *John’s* Wife.’

THE Groom was well pleas’d, and the Ladies
 marched on.--‘ *Fenny*, *said Mrs. Mathews*, look
 ‘ at the little Fellow, how sturdily he walks and
 ‘ for all the World, like good Mr. *Kindly*. ‘ Faith
 ‘ and troth, *said Fenny*, and so he does, and his
 ‘ Name is *Jack* too.’ ‘ Faith, *said Mrs. Mathews*,
 ‘ I forgot that, and then the little Rogue has the ve-
 ‘ ry Smile of him.—Now I think on it *Fenny*, I’ll
 ‘ be hang’d but I knew the Mother of him. Do
 ‘ you remember *Bryan Connor* the Miller, that
 ‘ liv’d at the Ford two Miles off.’—‘ Yes that I
 ‘ do, *reply’d Fenny*, and by the same token, he had
 ‘ four Daughters and three Sons.’—Very true, *said*
 ‘ Mrs. Mathews, and all the Neighbours believ’d
 ‘ Mr. *Kindly* was a great Help to the Family, for
 ‘ he went very often there. The old People died,
 ‘ and the Children went up and down, I don’t
 ‘ know what became of them all; but *Molly Connor*
 ‘ was a *pretty Hussy* enough, but was no better than
 ‘ she *should be*, and about seven or eight years ago,
 ‘ she contriv’d to get her *Belly* up, and then went to
 ‘ *Dublin*.’—‘ Goodness Sirs, *said Fenny*, how
 ‘ strangely

‘strangely Things comes about; so, to be sure this
 ‘is her Child.’ Ay, ay, said Mathews, as sure as
 ‘I’m in this spot alive. Murder will out, you
 ‘know, but that’s none of our Business,---we are
 ‘only Servants, and must hold our tongues; so,
 ‘besure Jenny, said she, don’t open your Lips about
 ‘it, for it shan’t be computed to me, for I hate
 ‘sending and proving, and wou’d’nt be brought
 ‘into a Primeiniron for all I’m worth in the
 ‘World.

THE Steward and Mrs. Long were waiting at
 the Door till Jack arriv’d.---There, Madam
 Long, said Mr. Kindly, There’s a Boy for you;
 ‘don’t you think him very like me? Heaven
 ‘knows, reply’d Mrs. Long, for the poor little
 ‘Face of him is so dirty, ’tis impossible to tell who
 ‘he is like; but please God, I’ll know more of him
 ‘by To-morrow! Do so, said Kindly, and in a little
 ‘Time I hope to see him look as well as my own
 ‘Son.---Then turning to Mrs. Mathews, thank’d
 ‘her for her Civilities, and promis’d her a present
 ‘of some good Bohea Tea.

THE Ladies made great haste Home, and by Mr.
 Kindly’s Words, they were more confirm’d in their
 first Conjectures, and in the Necessity of being very
 Secret.---No doubt they were mighty cautious, but
 on Mr. Kindly’s Return to Bounty-Hall, he found
 a strange Alteration in the Countenances of the
 Servants.---When he spoke, he was answered with a
 Smile or a Grin.---A general Titter and Whisper ran
 through the Family, and on his Enquiry into the
 Cause of so much Mirth, they vanish’d with a loud
 Laugh.---Though a little surpriz’d at their Behavi-
 our, he knew there was no Mischief done, so was
 perfectly easy. He always permitted them to be as
 chearful as they pleas’d, for he thought an Open-
 ness and Freedom of Manners, was an Indication of

The HISTORY of
an *honest Heart*; but he ever suspected a *Servant*
of a *gloomy or sullen Countenance*.

CHAP. V.

*There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame :
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.*

HARVEY'S JUVENAL.

A SECRET, like many other Disorders, is *Epidemical* and *Contagious*, but in the whole History of Physick, none is more *Instant*, or whose Quality is more *Diffusive*.—Every Part of *human Matter* is immediately affected, and the first Symptom, most commonly appears on the *Tongue*. To curious Persons, this Malady would afford an Infinity of Observations.---Where a *Secret* takes its rise from *Charity, Good-nature, Friendship, Benevolence*, or other remarkable Virtues, be assur'd the *Disorder* is not of long Continuance. It attacks us, and we must be a little sensible of its Power, but it soon flies off by the Operation of the *Lips*.---Some have been cured by saying, *I never thought him that sort of Man---He's a great Cheat, if what you say be true.*---*That may be, but to be sure, he had his Ends in it.*---*I find Miracles are not ceas'd.*---*I've a little of the THOMAS in me*--and so on.---Against this Sort of *Pestilence*, the *Bishop* need never order *public Prayers*, for when it happens, it seldom goes beyond the neighbourhood, but never marches to the *next Parish*.

ON the other Hand, when the *Plague of Secrecy* has its source from *Scandal, Malice, Envy*, and sometimes, *mere Ignorance*, the Effects are astonishing. Every Breast is inflam'd, and the Fire communicates

municates itself like *Electricity*. The Heart swells, and the *Tongue*, with loud Clamour, utters Millions of *Falsehoods*.--The farther the Contagion spreads, the Disorder encreases its Force, nor does it stop, till it encounters some *new Frenzy* or *Secret*.

THOUGH the learned Dr. *Mead* has been silent on this Article, yet it certainly is of as subtil and poisonous a Nature, as any mentioned in *his History*.--Indeed it seldom carries its baneful Influence to the *Life* of the Person pointed at, but it violently attacks, and often *destroys* the *Reputation*, the *Bread*, the *Peace* and *Happiness* of whole Families. The *Doctor* may cure th'enraged *Mastiff's Bite*; but who can heal the *Wounds* that *Slanderers Tongues* have made? --Dr. *Monroe*, is a Stranger to this Species of *Madness*, nor did I ever hear that Mr. *Ward* has attempted to palliate it. If 'tis not in *Physick* to relieve this dreadful Malady, what *Prayers* should we not offer up, to avert the *Evil*!

Do thou therefore, *kind Reader*, give up thy Neighbour or thy Friend, who labours 'under this *Madness*.--Avoid him;--his Breath is *Infectious*, and the *Saliva* of his *Tongue*, will destroy thy *Peace*.--Listen not to his Words, neither repeat them.--Be firm in *Truth*, and the *Pest* may escape thee, and perhaps, in Time, the Name of the *Malady* may be lost.

BUT to return.---The mighty Secret was now in the Possession of every Servant, mounting by Degrees, till it arriv'd to Mrs *Betty Tittle*, Lady *Truegood's* Woman; who, like a good Christian, suffer'd not *the Sun to go down*, till she imparted the valuable Discovery to her *Ladyship*.--' *Tittle*, said her *Ladyship*, I can't imagine what ails the Servants: Surely something must have vastly pleas'd them, they seem so merry!--*Tittle* put her Handkerchief to her Face to hide her Blushes.'--'Pray, said

‘ *said my Lady*, What is the Matter ?---I suppose
 ‘ some *Maid* has got a *Sweetheart*, or stolen a *Wed-*
 ‘ *ding*, or some such thing.’---‘ No indeed,
 ‘ *Mem*, *said Tittle*, I assure your *Laship*, there’s no-
 ‘ thing like a *Wedding* in the Case.’---‘ I hope, *re-*
 ‘ *ply’d my Lady*, there is nothing worse, though you
 ‘ are all too apt to laugh at *Mischief*; but whatever
 ‘ it is, I insist *Mrs. Tittle*, you’ll instantly tell me.
 ‘ ---Lord *Mem*, *said Tittle*, I don’t know how to
 ‘ speak of *naughty Things*, especially to your *Laship*;
 ‘ but all the Servants *knows* as well as I, for *Mrs.*
 ‘ *Mathews* and *Fenny* told me of it, and they went
 ‘ to see the *Child*.’---‘ *Child!* *cry’d my Lady*, greatly
 ‘ *alarm’d*, what *Child*.’---I once more desire, and I
 ‘ lay my commands on you, to tell me the whole
 ‘ Story this Moment.’---‘ I hope, *said Tittle*, your
 ‘ *Laship* won’t be angry with me; but ’tis only,
 ‘ please your *Laship*, that *Molly Connor*, the Miller’s
 ‘ Daughter, made *Mr. Kindly* a present of a *fine Boy*
 ‘ this Morning. The Nurse brought it Home, be-
 ‘ cause *Mr. Kindly* would not pay for its Keeping
 ‘ this *four* or *five Years*, so the poor Man was
 ‘ forced to take the Child, and send it to *John*
 ‘ *Long’s*; and indeed, please your *Laship*, that’s
 ‘ all, only they say, that the *Boy* is *seven* or *eight*
 ‘ Years old, and as like *Mr. Kindly* as *two Peas*;
 ‘ but they say *Mem*.---‘ Hold your impertinent
 ‘ Tongue, *said my Lady*, is this the Occasion of so
 ‘ much Gigue?---You are an ungrateful Pack. I
 ‘ am sure ’tis false, therefore I charge you all, not
 ‘ to appear before me with such *saucy Airs*.’---‘ In-
 ‘ deed *Mem*, *said Tittle*, If I’ve said any thing to
 ‘ offend your *Laship*.--Yes, *Madam*, *said my Lady*,
 ‘ you have very greatly offended me, and so you
 ‘ have all; but hold your scandalous Tongue, and
 ‘ leave me this Minute.’

POOR

POOR Mrs. *Tittle* was not only vastly disappointed, but greatly frighten'd, as she had never heard her *Ladyship* speak in such a Manner, or seem in such a *Passion*.—She inform'd the rest, of the Reception she met with ; and the Faces of the Servants seem'd more compos'd at Supper. They were quite surpriz'd at the *Oddity* of her *Ladyship's* Temper, and quoted many Examples diametrically opposite.—‘ I'm sure, *said Mrs. Tittle*, had I told ‘ as much to *Squire Smart's* Lady, we should have ‘ laugh'd together about it, the whole *live long* ‘ *Night* ! — Ay, ay, *said Mrs. Mathews*, God ‘ bless the good *Lady Malign*. When I waited on ‘ her in *Yorkshire*, many a *Gown* and *Petticoat*, and ‘ *Smock*, have I gotten for telling her half as much ; ‘ but to be sure some People think themselves wiser ‘ than all the World.’—‘ Hold, hold, *said Tom* ‘ *Blunt the Butler* ; ‘ Now d'ye see, if so be that ‘ as how, my *Lady* is wrong, she'll do you *Right*, ‘ and if my *Lady* is right, how like *Fools* and *Ninni-hammers* will you all look ? So d'ye see, take a ‘ Fool's Advice, and go and sleep upon't.—*Tom* ‘ went to Bed, and as he left them no more to say, ‘ we may suppose they followed his Example.’

My *Lord* and *Lady* were now retir'd, when she reveal'd to him with an air of Concern and Emotion, what Mrs. *Tittle* had told her, every now and then asking his *Advice* and *Opinion*.—‘ My dear ‘ *Betty*, *reply'd my Lord*, don't be uneasy ; I've ‘ heard of this Affair pretty much in the same Manner. I've privately examin'd into it, and have ‘ great Reason to applaud Mr. *Kindly's* Conduct. ‘ As you always judge right, I am not surpriz'd at ‘ your checking the *Tattling* of Servants, which, ‘ if once encourag'd, as ignorant People too frequently do, 'tis impossible to say where it may ‘ end : However, *continued his Lordship*, as trifling
as

‘as this Affair is, I hope to make it useful. When I bring it on the *Carpet* ; I must beg your Assistance.’ — ‘My dear *Harry*, said my *Lady*, I shall not fail ; but come to *Bed*, and if you think proper, tell me *then* all the rest.’

THE Curtains were drawn, but, as nothing of the Conversation *transpir’d*, I cannot draw this Chapter to a greater length.

C H A P. VI.

*Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law ! true
Source*

*Of Human Off-spring ! sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all Things common else !
By thee adult’rous Lust was driv’n from Man
Among the Bestial Herds to range : By thee,
Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known !*

MILTON.

AS the Reader must reside with *Lord* and *Lady Truegood* for some Time, perhaps they will be pleas’d at being properly acquainted with them. To those who know not their Persons, I can only introduce them to their *Personal Conduct*, and *Family Behaviour*. This may be as useful and entertaining, and rather less tedious, than a Description of their *Features*, their *Stature*, or other visible Marks of *Elegance*, *Beauty*, or *Deformity*.

His *Lordship* had about Five Thousand a Year in *Ireland*, and about Two Thousand in *England*, all in his own Power. Her *Ladyship* was the Daughter of Sir *William Templeton*, of *Lancashire*. She was Heiress to Two Thousand Pounds a Year in that County ; and his *Lordship*’s Estate lay

lay contiguous to it. Miss *Templeton* was endow'd with all those Charms that *Men of Sense* admire, because they know they are *lasting*. Her *Wit* and *Knowledge* had that Sort of sprightly and solid Turn, that enliven'd, at the same Time, it pleas'd and improv'd her Hearers. Her many Virtues were more admir'd than imitated; and her Person, tho' not a *Beauty*, was so genteel and *elegantly neat*, that she rais'd *Desire* in every Breast, and commanded more than common Respect. They had been well acquainted when Children; and from the Intimacy of each Family, a Friendship, if not something stronger, insensibly grew up with them. His Collegiate Studies being over, and his Father dead, he was sent to finish the Accomplishments of a Gentleman by *Travel*.—In this Time he constantly corresponded with Miss *Betty Templeton*, and the most agreeable and entertaining Letters pass'd, greatly to their Satisfaction and mutual Improvement. Mr. *Johnston*, a Clergyman, and his Lordship's Tutor and Companion, vastly encourag'd these good Dispositions in his Pupil, foreseeing the *happy* Consequences that might arise from it.

AT Twenty-four Years of Age, *his Lordship* return'd from his Travels, a *truly polite*, and *well-bred Man*.—He found Miss *Templeton*, now about Nineteen Years of Age, with every Qualification he could wish in a *Wife*.—He spoke to her, at some Distance, on that Head, and found her Answers sensible and just, and no-ways against his Views.---His *Lordship*, then, apply'd to Mrs. *Jordon*, a Widow Lady, and Aunt to Miss, who had bred her from a Child, and supply'd the Loss of a Mother. The good Lady was overjoy'd to put her dear Niece into the Hands of a Nobleman of such Fortune; and whose great Good-nature, and many
Virtues

Virtues, promis'd a Life of real Happiness and Content.

Mrs Lordship now paid his Addressees publicly ; every one agreeing, they were born for each other. — A Jointure was soon fix'd on ; but the Settling his Estate, was a Matter of some Difficulty, as his Notions on that Head were uncommon. — He always thought, that the Undutifulness of Children to their Parents, especially of the *Eldest Son*, proceeded often from a Knowledge of the Fortune they were entitled to, at their Father's Decease. — His Lordship convinced the young Lady of the *Absurdity* of placing Children out of the power of Parents, either to *reward* some for their Goodness, or *chastise* others for their Mis-deeds. At last he perswaded her Guardians, and Four Thousand Pounds a Year was settled on the Issue of the Marriage, in such Proportion, as my Lord thought proper to make by Will, or any future Deed or Gift, except an Estate of Five Hundred Pounds a Year, which should follow the Title : Two Thousand Pounds a Year, and Ten Thousand Pounds in Money, was settled on Miss *Templeton* ; and my Lord reserv'd the remainder as a Settlement on any future Wife, or to be disposed of, as he thought proper. — The young Lady was so weak, that she absolutely insisted, that *Pin*, or *Alimony*, should not be mentioned in any of the Writings. — All these Matters being regularly adjusted, the Day was fix'd, and Mr. *Johnson* joyn'd their Hands, and compleated the Happiness of this truly affectionate Pair.

My Lord and Lady stay'd above Two Years in *England* ; but finding his Presence quite necessary in *Ireland*, to settle his Fortune, which had somewhat suffer'd by the Death of his Father, and his own long Absence, he hasten'd over, and determin'd chiefly to reside there. — He took with him his

two Sons, *Henry* and *William*, with my Lady's Aunt *Mrs. Jordan*, and a numerous Retinue of Servants.—*Mr. Johnston* had been already there Twelve Months, and settled in a good Living, which my Lord had procured him.

BOUNTY-HALL, the Seat of Lord *Truegood*, was a regular, well-built House, tho' not altogether in the *Modern Taste*.---The Company to congratulate my Lord and Lady on their safe Arrival, was very numerous and very gay. They seem'd free, and of chearful Dispositions, inviting my Lord and Family to their Houses, in such an hearty, sincere Manner, as quite pleas'd and surpriz'd my Lady and *Mrs. Jordan*, who were not a little prejudiced against the *Irish*.---*Mrs. Jordan* could not avoid telling my Lord, she lik'd them extreamly, but wish'd they'd speak with another Tone of Voice.—My Lord laugh'd, and said, 'I assure you, one of the Ladies ask'd me, if all the *English* spoke in so strange a Manner as *Mrs. Jordan*? but she added, she believ'd you were a very good Lady, for all that.'—My Lady and her Aunt smil'd, and took this tender Rebuke in the proper Manner; acknowledging, that *Infant Prejudices* were difficult to remove, but hoped, Time would get the better of some of them.

MRS. JORDON took great Pains to reform the Pronunciation of the People. She made such Progress in transplanting the *Lancashire* Dialect, that on her return to that County, she was heartily laugh'd at, and by her Friends was constantly called an *Irish Bog-Trotter*,---a *Brogue-a-neer*,---a *Teague*, and sundry other endearing Names.---But I must follow my Lord.

His first Care was to get out of Hands of the *Lawyers*, for he had three *Chancery Suits*: Two of them he soon finished in an amicable Manner, but the Third was so glaring an Affront on his Understanding

derstanding and his Right, that he would hear of no Composition, lest he might be tax'd with *Weakness*, and draw on himself *others*.—This determin'd him to prosecute the Suit with the utmost Vigour; and the *Expedition* of the *Law* was such, that the Cause was ripe for an Hearing, just as my Lord—
became a *Grandfather*.

WHILST his Law Affairs were put in a Channel, he at the same Time settled with his different *Receivers*, two of whom he discharged, as likewise his *Auditor*, taking that Branch into his own Management. He oblig'd his Receivers to return him Monthly Abstracts of their Receipts and Payments, by which he was enabled to settle each Tenant's Account, and at *one View*, knew their Arrear, and gave Orders for *Severity* or *Indulgence*, as the Circumstances required.

As my Lord's chief Residence was in the Country, he saw, with real Uneasiness, the *wretched Condition* of the poor Inhabitants. Their *Idleness* and *Sloth*, with the Swarms of *ignorant Priests*, and the Treatment of *some Landlords*, kept them in a constant *miserable* Situation, and even depriv'd them of sufficient Spirits to *wish* a Change of Condition. My Lord clearly saw, that such Dispositions could never improve the Face of the Country. He considered that the People, however *poor* and *miserable*, were by Nature, strong; and when set on by Example and Encouragement, were not the *least Docile* of all Nations. These Sort of Reflections, as a faithful and good Subject, engrossed his whole Thoughts. He knew, that the Strength of the Crown, was in the Number of faithful Inhabitants; and, to reclaim those who were otherwise, was a Duty worthy the Attention of every Man who lov'd the *King* or his *own Happiness*.

AT a Meeting of the Justices of the Peace for the County, his Lordship very pathetically laid before them, what *Popery* was productive of, in a *Protestant Government*; or, as it is elegantly express'd by the brightest Genius of the Age * ' *That the speculative Errors (of POPERY) would only deserve Pity, if their pernicious Influence upon CIVIL SOCIETY did not both REQUIRE and AUTHORIZE Restraint.*' That the *Laws* against *Papists*, tho' severe in the Letter, and tho' mostly taken from the *Edicts of France* against *Hugonots*, but greatly soften'd, were connived at, and, in a great Measure, made useless.—That the Condition of the poorer Sort in *Ireland*, was a *Scandal* to a Nation who piqued themselves at being *Polite* and *Humane*, and almost compell'd the few *Strangers* who visited the Country, to imagine they were rather with the Natives of the *Cape of Good Hope*, than in a *civilized Kingdom*.—That as natural Justice and Tendernefs oblig'd us to indulge them with a *Priest* in each Parish; yet Justice and tendernefs to ourselves, ought to oblige us to prosecute every *Interloper* who attempted to officiate.—He added, that he was so convinced of the Necessity of it, he was determin'd to begin in his own District, and wish'd every one present would concur with him.

MANY Debates arose: but the chief Opposition was from *tender Minds*, who fear'd such a Conduct would be call'd a *Persecution*. One of the Gentlemen answer'd, he did not doubt, but *Popery* would blacken it with every *odious* Name.—That whatever was the Practice of other Nations, he was far from *Oppressing* or *Forcing* the *Wills* or *Consciences* of Men in *religious Matters*.—That the
present

* *The EARL of CHESTERFIELD'S Speech to the PARLIAMENT of IRELAND.*

present Debate was not so much levell'd at their Religion, as the preventing the Ignorant being deceived and impoverished by those who pretended to the *Name of it*---as in the Case of *Gypsies* and *Fortune-tellers*, who rob the Weak, where a Justice of the Peace may, and ought, to send them to the House of Correction, if not to the Plantations. —That the *Maxim* was perfectly true, in Regard to *Ireland*, that *Ignorance* was the *Mother of Devotion*; and that, were it possible to give the poor Natives a *little Learning*, they would be *Honest*, more *Industrious*, and in Time, find out how grossly they were deceived.

MUCH more was said on the Occasion, and all agreed to do their utmost for the Relief of the *Poor*, in Respect to Supernumerary *Priests*, and in every other Way for the General Good.—A few Examples being made, obliged those *Holy Nufances* to shift their Abode, and fly to a County in the *West*, where *One or Two Hundred* extraordinary, were little regarded; and where *Fryaries* are common, and *Nunneries* more open, than at *Hammer-smith* near *London*.

THAT the poorer Sort might not want Examples of Industry to spur them on, my Lord annually settled two or three poor *Lancashire* Families on the Home Estate. He built them decent Dwellings, and Lett them proper Farms. The more Children they had, his private Encouragement was the greater.

HIS happy Imagination suggested to him a *Scheme*, productive of more Good, than was at first thought on. --He gave out, that in Compassion to the Poor of the Parish, he would take and maintain *Ten Boys*, not older than *Twelve*, or younger than *Seven* Years of Age, and have them taught some *Trade* or *Business*, that they might earn their Bread in an honest

honest Way. The poor People press'd their Children on him with such Eagerness, that he might have had an *Hundred*. His Number was fix'd for Boys; but he permitted my Lady to add *Ten Girls* to his Plan. For these he built a convenient House; maintain'd and uniformly cloath'd, and fix'd a Protestant Family from the North, to teach them *two Hours* a Day to *Read*, and the Remainder, in such Branches of the *Linen Manufacture*, as their Age would admit of.

My Lord made Regulations as he saw convenient. The Progreſs they made gave him vast Pleasure, and her Ladyship a rational Amusement, as she frequently visited the Children, and heard them say their *Prayers* and *Catechism*, and encouraged them in their Work. In a little Time they were able to join in the *Psalms* on *Sundays*, and their Voices were a great Addition to the Service in a *Country Church*. Some few Attempts were made to pervert the Children, and make them return to their Parents, and consequently to *Sloth*, *Ignorance* and *Filth*, but the Actors were soon oblig'd to quit the Country, and they were found to be *Popish School Masters*, who, generally speaking, are *Priests* in Disguise.

FROM this Hint, so self evidently advantageous to the Kingdom, and from the Bounty and infinite Labours of a truly RIGHT REVEREND PRELATE, sprung those Schools of Industry, now known by the Name of the *Incorporated Society, for promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland*. The Application of the first Subscription had so good an Effect, that HIS MAJESTY supported the Scheme by a *Royal Charter*; and encouraged the Spreading these Schools over *Ireland*, by a Grant of *One Thousand Pounds* a Year. This, with the annual Bounties, and casual Legacies from both Kingdoms, have enabled

enabled the Trustees to extend their Views, and make the Charity more General. A Charity! where not a single Instance of Misapplication can be given. A Charity unparallel'd ! and for which the next Generation must Bless the Promoters, as they must feel the happy Consequences.

FOR fuller Particulars of this *noble Charity*, I must refer my kind Readers to the annual Accounts publish'd in *Ireland*, and by their *Correspondent Society* in *London*. When they examine and seriously consider it, if they have Hearts, they must rejoice.

BUT to return to my Lord.—Though Part of his Time was given to the Publick, his private Affairs were not neglected. He employ'd the Poor, which is the best Sort of Charity, in draining and making good Land of some Boggs. He planted Trees of all Sorts. He mended and shortened the Roads; and, in a Word, he contrived, and spared no Expence in executing, what he judg'd of Publick Utility.

C H A P. VII.

*Children like tender Oziers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow :
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by second Nature prone.*

DRYDEN.

THOUGH his Lordship had began and forwarded these *great Works*, he attended the *British Parliament* three Winters, as a Member of the House of Commons. He thought himself ill us'd at a new Election, and declined engaging too far, lest it might frustrate his future Views. In some Disgust at the Treatment he had met with, he return'd to *Ireland*.

His

HIS SON HENRY was now about Five, WILLIAM, Four, and his Daughter HARRIOT, Three Years of Age. These began to demand his particular Attention. Her Ladyship was an uncommon Mother, for she had not only taught them what their Age was capable of ; but had most prudently prevented their being taught sundry bad Habits, which might never be thoroughly erased. Scarcely were any of her Children able to *walk*, when she took Opportunities of sending them into the next Room at Night *without a Candle* ; and as they grew up, she found Reasons to oblige them to go over the *whole House* in the same Manner, neither did she ever permit a *Servant* to stay with them, or a *Candle* to burn in the Room, when they were put to Bed. No *Nurse* or *Domestick*, durst venture to mention a single *Word*, or *idle Story* that could inspire *Fear* into the Minds of the Children, except they chose their immediate Discharge, which happened twice or thrice.---By this Method they had no Notion of *imaginary Dangers*, which saved them many uneasy Hours in their Lives, which others feel for Want of such a *Management*.

THEIR little Learning was not inculcated by the common Means of *Obligation* and *Duty*. If my Lord gave them Halfpence, and they listen'd to the Story of a *poor Person*, and relieved him, he was in great Delight.---When he had mentioned all the Blessings attending a *Charitable* and *Compassionate* Temper ; he'd turn to my Lady and say, ' My dear, the Children have been very good, and I desire you will *love* and encourage them, and give them Leave to *learn* as much as they please.---' To this my Lady answer'd, ' Because they have so much Sense as to oblige you, I will take that trouble on myself.'

ON

ON the contrary, was any one of them guilty of a Fault, the highest *Correction*, was being depriv'd of their *Book*, refused being taught their Lesson, and not regarded in the usual Manner. On these Occasions, the poor Delinquent was oblig'd to make his Peace, and enter into Grace, by *Prayer*, *Repentance*, and double Diligence ; yet still, this Matter was so contriv'd, that no *Jealousy* could arise amongst them. The *Good* were suffered to pity the *Faulty*, and intercede for them ; and, after the necessary Difficulties, always succeeded. Often have they requested, and even supplicated her Ladyship to teach them, and she often refus'd, as what gave her too much *Pain*, or, having other Matters to mind of *more Consequence* : However, she commonly suffer'd herself to be prevail'd on at last.

WHATEVER some may imagine, there is certainly an Activity or Impulse in the Soul, that gives it a Desire and Longing for *those Things* that are attainable but by *Difficulty* and *Labour* ; and a Disregard, and sometimes, a Loathing even of our *real Happiness* or *Pleasure*, when, in a Manner, they are *forced on us*, or too *cheaply purchased*. Whether this arises from the Obstinacy or Perverseness of our Nature ; or, is given to convince us, that the *Love of Freedom* is strongly implanted in our Breasts ; or whether for the wise End of employing the Mind, in searching after, and *surmounting* Difficulties, and to raise in us the Spirit of *Emulation* and proper *Ambition*, so absolutely necessary to Mankind, I shall not determine, as it is out of my Province ; but I can safely say, that whether this Principle springs from a *Defect* or *Perfection* in our Nature ; these Parents chang'd the *strong Bias*, if the *First*, and *cultivated* and greatly *improv'd* it, if the *Latter* ; ---if a *Defect*, their Manner is still
more

more Praise-worthy, as they made it answer all the Ends of a *Perfection*.---The same Scheme, varied in Proportion as Age open'd their Minds, was constantly pursued in their Education, and the *Lessons* and *Customs* that were sown, and had taken Root in their *Childhood*, grew up insensibly into *Habits* with their Years, and became *Constitutional*.

PRIDE, another Attendant on our Frame was to be encounter'd and conquer'd by my Lord.---As the little ones were, what is commonly call'd, *fine Children*, Care was taken to prevent their having *too good* an Opinion of their *Persons*.---The Servants had particular Instructions on that Head; nor could they, without greatly disoblising my Lord, praise a Child for its beautiful Face, Skin, or the like. Even the *Visitors* were privately requested to avoid any Applause of that Sort; but when some began to *extol*, my Lord or Lady always *drew back* the Flattery, by assuring the Person, that all the Merit *Harry* had, was his being a *good Boy*; did what he was *bid*, said his *Prayers*, and thank'd *God* that he had given him all his *Limbs*, and not made him *crooked* or *deformed*, like many poor Children.

If my Lady caught *Miss* looking too frequently in the Glass, and seemingly admiring her *Features*, she order'd a beautiful *China* Figure to be brought, and desiring her to observe its *Complexion*, its *Eyes*, its *Teeth*, &c. would add,---' Perhaps this *fine Lady* ' is as fond of her dear Person as *other Folks*, and ' indeed I think, with as good Reason; for, do ' you know, my dear *Harriot*, what this *pretty Thing* ' is made of?---I assure you, 'tis of *dirty Earth*, ' just like *you* or *me*; so you may well imagine this ' Lump of Clay has great Reason to value itself, ' when in an Instant, if I think proper, I can break ' it into a Thousand Pieces, and make it *Dirt* a- ' gain.'---Here, said she to a Servant, ' take this

‘*Thing away, it seems too much pleas’d with itself, to please me, or any body else.*’—There needed no more to persuade Miss *Harriot* to retire from the Mirror, asham’d of herself and of the Comparifon.

WHEN the Business of their Book, which was always a voluntary Duty, or rather a Pleasure, was over, they were indulged in every Amusement, and not kept up in *warm Rooms*, to weaken their *Sinews* and enfeeble their *Constitutions*. The Boys were permitted to ramble in the Fields with a careful Servant or two, and use as much *Exercise* as they pleas’d, and their being *dirty* or *wet* on those Occasions, was never counted a Fault.—Sometimes my Lord and Lady were vastly amus’d, in entering into the *Spirit* of their Plays, and my Lord tumbled about the Room and join’d in their Mirth and Pastime. By this Means, the Children were never happier than when with them. They seem’d like *Companions* and *Friends* to each other; and, as they had no Secrets to hide, their Behaviour was *cheerful* and without *Restraint*. If sometimes, they were timorous, it was the Consequence of Love and Affection, and Fear of disobliging.

AT their Meals my Lord and Lady instructed them without their perceiving their main Design; for they never directly applied to any one, or gave them Directions or Advice to *do this*, or *avoid that*.—Their Counsel was always given *obliquely*, by praising such a Gentleman’s Son, ‘who was so *extreamly good*; that, though no more than Five Years Old, he read exceedingly well, had all the *Psalms* by heart, and wanted much to learn to *Write*.’ Then my Lord would add, ‘I have entreated his Father to *indulge* the Child, and have prevail’d.—‘I told you, *reply’d my Lady* that, *that Boy* would do well, for I have always found him fond of his *Book*.’—Sometimes my Lord

Lord much pity'd a Gentleman, who had spent a great deal of Money on his Son's Education, 'The Boy, *said he*, was such a *Fool* he would learn nothing, but was always with the *Servants*; so that now, the poor Man is obliged to bind him *Apprentice* to a Captain of a *dirty Ship*.'—'I am heartily sorry, *replied my Lady*, for the good Man, and for his *filly Son*; but since the Boy would not be a *Gentleman*, I think his Father was in the Right to oblige him to live in *Dirt* and *Nastiness*, especially since he lov'd it.'

NOT a Word of these Sort of Insinuations was lost to the Children. Their little Thoughts were set to work, and they never failed making the Application. They were very fond of *Gay's Fables*, and always apply'd to my Lord and Lady for the just Meaning when in Doubt, and received Answers, not only satisfactory, but pleasant and entertaining. On these and every other Occasion, they were spoken to by their Parents and Tutor in *proper* and *elegant English*, and were set right if their Answers were not in the best Terms.

A severe Reprimand was scarcely ever used, but when they were guilty of some *Act*, that had the least Tendency to *Cruelty* or *Ill-nature*.—The *Torturing a Fly* or a *Sparrow*—a *pert Answer* to a poor Person or a *Servant*, were *Crimes*, that brought a *Rebuke* and a *Lesson* that ended in *Tears*, and an Acknowledgment of the Fault; but if they told an *Untruth*, or *prevaricated* on any Examination, no *Interest*, nor all the Promises they could make, were capable to prevent a *Chastisement* that made the Guilty and innocent tremble. The Maxim of my Lord was, never to punish in a *Passion* and as seldom as possible; but when really necessary, to do it *effectually*; and not make it a mere *Ceremony*.

WITH

WITH regard to their *Servants*, they were look'd on, almost in the Light of *Children*, and had a natural Right to *Protection* and *Advice*. As *Servants*, they were oblig'd to a Strictness in their *Duty*, but as *Men*, they were treated with that *Humanity* and *Tenderness* every Creature is intitled to. They obey'd their orders with *Alacrity* and *Cheerfulness*, because they were never given with *Haughtiness*, or in an *angry* Manner.

FOR a Nobleman, he had many uncommon and singular Notions. He had *Prayers* every Morning and Night, and all the Family assisted with great Decency. His Lordship thought, that the Duties of *Religion*, were of the utmost Consequence to *Society*, and the only Security for the *Faith* and *Confidence* of Man to Man.--He was surprized, how People could, with Justice, complain of the *Theft*, *Drunkenness*, and other Immoralities of their *Servants*, when they not only took no Care to persuade them of the odiousness of such Practices, by ordering them to attend the Service of the *Church*, but too frequently gave Examples of *these Vices* themselves.

THOUGH I have mentioned *Theft* amongst the Vices of Gentlemen, surely those who run in *Debt* to Tradesmen, and suffer them to waste their *Time* in vain Enquiries after their *Property*, commit a *Robbery* of the blackest Kind, and deserve equal Punishment with those Wretches, who have openly ventur'd their Lives to maintain their Extravagancies, and sometimes to satisfy their *real* Wants.

THIS Sort of Conduct was unknown in the Family, where, on the Delivery of any Commodity, the *Value* was instantly paid. By this Means, he was better served, less impos'd on, and bought cheaper than most of his Neighbours. Few things surpriz'd him more, than how a Man can live and pretend to any *Degree* of Comfort or Content, when *indebted* to Numbers, and for large Sums.--He imagined

gined that the many Examples of the *fatal* Consequences of such absurd Management, ought to persuade them into an opposite Behaviour; but the Want of Thought or proper Reflection, plung'd them into Extravagance, then into Mortgages, Law-Suits and Discredit.--If possible, they avail themselves of an infamous and scandalous Practice,

And fly from Bailiffs into Parliament.

Still the Evils accumulate, and often end in a *Gaol*, in the *Ruin* of their Families, and the Families of many of their *Creditors*.

My Lord was not only punctual and exact in his Dealings, but every one under him was almost compell'd to the like Conduct, for they knew his being a *Nobleman* gave them no *Authority* to commit, nor would protect them from the *Punishment* due to an *illegal* or *unjust* Action.

METHOD makes seeming Difficulties quite easy, and a prudent Conduct brings that Peace and Satisfaction of Mind, which we term *Happiness*. His Lordshi.'s Felicity was not merely confin'd to the Prospect of his own regular Family; for he had the Pleasure to observe, that *many* of his Neighbours adopted some of his Rules, and that the *poorer Sort* began to practice a few.--If my Lord and his whole Family were constant at *Church*, the Gentry round, ceased to think it *ungenteel*, and were as constant as they.--If my Lord made the *Responses* of the *Service*, or sung *Psalms* with an audible Voice, and was really *intent* on the *Duties* of the Place, the rest of the Congregation were brought to believe, that their assembling was for other purposes than shewing their *Finery*, *Gigling*, *Laughing*, *bowing*, and the like. The Prevalency of Example, ought to oblige us, to a Rectitude of Conduct, for a *bad one* makes us, in some Measure, guilty of the Faults of *others*, as a *good one* adds to their Virtues and *our own Merit*.

As my Lord and Lady were blessed with great Good-nature and Understanding, so were they happy in a sincere mutual Affection. The World was not convinc'd of this from a *Foolish idle Fondness*, when in Company; but by their *Chearfulness*, good *Humour* and *Complacency* to each other, and all present.—My Lord knew of what *Human Nature* is compounded, and that, to keep up this Harmony, so essential to their *Happiness*, a little Management was sometimes necessary. He knew that the most precious Cordials become *insipid*, if too frequently used, and that nothing contributed more to preserve the true Relish of *Conjugal Felicity*, than a *Decency*, even to *Delicacy*.—They rose early in the Morning, and instantly retir'd to their own Apartments, and never appear'd to each other, but, if not *as fine*, at least *as clean*, as when going to Court. They were so exact in this Point, that they had *two Beds* in their Chamber, and frequently slept asunder. This gave a *Relish* and a *Poignancy* to their most *refined Joys*, and brought with it that Sort of *Pleasure* that attends on *Novelty* without the Assistance of *Variety*.

WERE I to be minute on the whole *Oeconomy* of the Family, this would rather be the *Memoirs* of Lord TRUEGOOD, than the History of JACK CONNOR.-----The many Methods he practiced to avoid *Drinking to Excess* himself, and preventing it in others;---His sundry Contrivances to convince the *Poor* of the Necessity of *Labour* and *Industry*; His successful Arts to abolish *profane swearing* in his Family and Neighbourhood, and the many Schemes made use of to persuade the Natives into *Justice* and *Honesty*, would fill a Volume.---What has already been said, are merely *Sketches* and the *Out-lines* of the Picture: The nice finishing of the *Features*, with the *Colouring* and *Drapery*, I must leave

leave to the Management of the *skilful* Reader, whilst I pursue the Account of my little Friend.

CHAP. VIII.

*From Thomas Thumb to Thomas Jones,
You'll find some Diamonds and some Stones.
Read where you will, and all remark,
Much will be Light, but more be Dark.
If Judgment guides not your Intention,
The Poet loses his Invention.*

ANONIMOUS.

NEXT Morning Mr. *Kindly* found the Servants in the same merry Mood, and very cheerfully agreed with them, but could by no Means guess the *real Cause*. He forgot not however, to send Mrs. *Mathews* to *John Long's*, to enquire after little *Jack*. She return'd in Raptures.--
 ' Lord, Mr. *Kindly*, said she, I never saw so fine a
 ' Child in all my *born Days*; to be sure his Father
 ' was a healthy Man, and a good natur'd Man,
 ' for the little Fellow is as strong as *Herclus*, and
 ' his Complexion is as fine *White* and *Red*, as any
 ' *King's Son* in the Land, and he laughs and smiles,
 ' and is as happy as *any Thing*. God bless it!--
 ' Though I am a *Virgin* as I may say, yet I *thinks*
 ' I should not blush if he was my own Son, and I
 ' am sure you need not be ashamed of him, for 'tis
 ' no Harm for a Man.'--' How, how, said *Kindly*,
 ' so Mrs. *Mathews*, you would infer that the Child
 ' is mine.'---Eh? Lord, Sir, said she, He's so
 ' like'.---She would have said more, but the *Mus-*
 ' cles of her Face took an involuntary Motion, and
 ' oblig'd her to run off in a loud Laugh.'---' I be-
 ' lieve, said he, I have at last found out the Rea-
 ' son of so much Diversion in the Family. How

‘ apt are People to think *amiss* and *invent* Scandal.
 ‘ They are happy when they can indulge the
 ‘ Thought that their Superiors *do wrong*; because,
 ‘ in some Sort, it brings them down to their own
 ‘ Level, and when we walk in the same Line,
 ‘ no wonder if our *Authority* is diminished.’—I’m
 ‘ pleas’d however, they think no worse of me, for
 ‘ in this they will soon find their Error.’—He was
 going on with many moral Reflections, and considering how to proceed, when the Bell summoned him to Dinner.

AT Table, my Lady’s Woman was a little merry, and gave such Hints about *old Men* and *young Girls*, that my Lord’s Gentleman could not forbear joining in the Satyr. He declar’d, that if venerable *Nestor*’s practis’d such Gambols in the Parish, he and all the young Fellows would be obliged to run away for Shame.---No, no, Mr. *Sympson*, cry’d
 ‘ Mrs. *Tittle*,’ You ought rather to stay, when you
 ‘ are sure of finding an *old Fellow* to Father your
 ‘ *bandy Work*.---Very true indeed, Madam, said
 ‘ *Sympson*; but you know they say an *old Cock*
 ‘ treads sure.’-----At this witty Stroke Mrs. *Tittle*
 laugh’d immoderately, and fix’d her Eyes on Mr. *Kindly*, but the *Butler* look’d grave, and having empty’d his Glafs, said ‘ Why lookee, Madam,
 ‘ *d’ye see*, when I am in Company I love to under-
 ‘ stand what the Company say, so, *d’ye see*, because
 ‘ as *how*, I don’t know what you and that Gentle-
 ‘ man laugh at, mayhap it is at me. If so, out
 ‘ with it a God’s Name, for if it be *true*, I’ll own
 ‘ it, but if it be a *Lye*, as I suspect it is, keep it to
 ‘ yourselves, for I can’t scold with a *Gilflirt*, and I
 ‘ have something else to do, than knock down a
 ‘ *Butterfly*.’--- Then clapping his Hand on Madam
 the Governant’s Shoulder, who had not spoke a
 Word, cry’d,---What say you, Madam, to all this?
 ‘ You

‘ You that know the very *Marrow* and *Quintessence* of good Manners. For my Part, *d’ye see*, I am for letting every *Tub* stand on its own Bottom.-----
‘ That’s my Way, *Mamzell*.’

‘ Mon Dieu Monsieur de *Butler*, said *Mademoiselle le Meagre*, I protes I am quite confus. *Mademoiselle Tittel*, she talk of *de Men*, and of de Girl, and lass so mouch, dat I assure you is ver mouch contre de *bien seance*. Monsieur *Kindly* say noting, but Monsieur de *Sympson* he lass at one Monsieur *Nestor* and Monsieur *Oldcock*, but say noting *non plus*, and Monsieur *Butler*, he look serieux and make a beau Discours on de *Gil-fleur*, de *Papillon* and a *Tub*.—Bon Dieu! I understand not one *Syllabe*.’---‘ I protest, *Mademoiselle*, said Mr. *Kindly*, you are just on a Par with the Rest of the good Company; but People of *Wit* and *fine Teeth*, are apt to shew their Excellencies.—In all Probability Mrs. *Tittle* was going to make some very smart Answer, when a Servant entered, and told Mr. *Kindly*, that my Lord desired the Favour of his Company, which broke up the Party for this Time.

MR. CASSOCK, a young Clergyman, who was Tutor to the Children, constantly dined with my Lord, where Mr. *Kindly* was often sent for, as his Lordship particularly esteemed him; for he was most careful and diligent in his Duty, of just Principles, and strong and nervous Understanding. Mr. *Kindly* found only my Lord, my Lady and the Chaplain at Table. When two or three Glasses and some common Chat had gone round, my Lady ask’d him when he heard from his Sons?—‘ Very lately, Madam, said Mr. *Kindly*, thank God, and this good Family, the Boys are in a way of advancing themselves; for they know that their *Virtue* and *Industry* only, can recommend them.

' to his Lordship's Favour and Protection.'---They
 ' shall not want that, *reply'd my Lord*, my last Let-
 ' ters mention your Son *Jack*, as the most dili-
 ' gent Reader in the *Temple*. I was so pleas'd
 ' with the Character they gave him, that I have
 ' wrote to my Friend and Relation the *Lord*
 ' *Chancellor* in his Favour; so that, who knows
 ' but *Councillor Kindly* may be imported into this
 ' Kingdom with the next *Chancellor*?---The good
 old Man could not refrain from Tears of Joy.
 ---' You have not mentioned, *said my Lady*, how
 ' my Favourite *Billy* is; he was always fond of
 ' going to *Church* and Reading *Prayers*, so, of
 ' Course he must be a *Parson*.'---' Yes, Madam,
 ' *said Kindly*, he was so inclin'd.---Thank God
 ' he is in good Health, and minds his Duty in
 ' the *College*, but I fear he reads too much, for
 ' I'm informed he intends to sit for the next
 ' *Fellowship*, unknown to his Friends.'---' Mr.
 ' *Kindly said my Lady*, you are very happy in
 ' your Sons, and I assure you, your Daughter
 ' *Polly* has her Share of Merit. She is a very
 ' good Girl, and minds her Work with Mrs. *Le*
 ' *Meagre* extreamly well. In a Year or two she
 ' will be able to manage a *House*; so, Mr. *Kind-*
 ' *ly*, you must open your *Bags*, and I shall try
 ' and get her a good *Husband*.'---' I humbly
 ' thank your Ladyship, *said Kindly*; but a Child
 ' of Sixteen, bred up so much under your La-
 ' dyship's good Instructions, I hope can't enter-
 ' tain Thoughts of that Sort.'---' Who, *reply'd*
 ' *my Lord*, can tell the thoughts of Girls? We
 ' must leave them to Time; but Mr. *Kindly*,
 ' since your *three Children* are in some Measure
 ' *provided for*, I should be glad to know, if you
 ' have *any more*, that I could assist you in.'-----
 ' More, my Lord, *said Kindly*, I protest I don't
 ' rightly

‘ rightly comprehend your Lordship.’---‘ Why, Mr. Kindly, *said the Chaplain*, you blush, and that is a sure Sign of your comprehending; but since your *Memory* is so bad, permit me to rub it up, by asking you a single Question.’---‘ Sir, *replied Kindly*, you may ask as many as you please; but, as I am ignorant of any particular *Obligation*, I shall certainly only give you such Answers as I think proper.’---‘ Guilty, guilty, my Lord, *cried the Parson*, ’tis plain by his *Evasions*.---Come, come, old Gentleman, to the Point, answer fairly, Have you not been *Flesh and Blood*?’---Did not Temptation appear in the Shape of *Molly Connor*, the Miller’s Daughter; ---And was not the Fruit of your Labour a--- a Bastard, *said Kindly*.’ Is it not so you mean, Sir?’---‘ Just so, indeed, Sir, *replied the Chaplain*, ‘ a fine chopping Boy.’

‘ SINCE, *said Mr. Kindly*, my Lord and Lady are present at the heavy Charge laid on me by this *very young Gentleman*, I think myself bound in Duty to answer.---Your Lordship knows me incapable of *Falseness*, therefore I aver, in the most solemn Manner, there is not the least Foundation for so *malicious* and *scandalous* a Report. I am not ignorant of the Cause, and shall fully satisfy my Lord and Lady, but not before this worthy Gentleman, to whom I hope to be permitted to ask a Question or two, in my Turn.’---‘ Undoubtedly, *said my Lady*, ’tis but fair and just.’---‘ Stand fast, Mr. *Cassock*, *said my Lord*, or Old *Kindly* will be too many for you,’---‘ Oh, my Lord, *answered Cassock*, I fear no one but an old Woman; if he will prove himself such I shall run for it immediately.’---‘ Very well, Sir, *said Kindly*, very well; will your Reverence permit me to ask, How would you have be-

‘ haved

' haved to me, had I vented on you the same *Wit*
 ' and *Slander* you were just now so good to bestow
 ' so liberally upon me ? --I hope, Sir, reply'd
 ' *Cassock*, the Dignity of my *Function* makes a
 ' wide Difference between me, and *People* in your
 ' Sphere.'---' You mean, Sir, said Kindly, that
 ' it ought to make a wide Difference ; but as you
 ' seem to want that Knowledge, I shall, with my
 ' Lord's Permission, tell you wherein the *Dignity*
 ' consists.---When we, the poor *Laity*, who work
 ' for, and pay you, are *Proud, Tyrannical, En-*
 ' *vions*, and the like, your *Function* obliges you to
 ' *Meekness, Modesty, Love*, and universal *Cha-*
 ' *rity* and Good-will, to all Mankind, that we
 ' may see and admire the *Charms* of such a Con-
 ' duct, and be almost compell'd to imitate it ; 'tis
 ' then, and then only, that a real *Dignity* is added
 ' to your *Function* ; but when a *Parson* busies
 ' himself only about his *Tythes*, is *immoral*, too
 ' low-minded, or too full of *Grandeur* to help or
 ' administer Comfort to his poor *Parishioners* ;---
 ' when he notoriously follows God for the *Loaves*
 ' and the *Fishes* ;---when he performs the *Offices* of
 ' the Church, with his *Eyes* wandering to every
 ' Object, and his Hand adjusting a new-acquir'd
 ' *Tippet*, or displaying a *Brilliant Ring* ;---when
 ' he forgets the *Fervour* of his *Duty*, and seems
 ' to Read with a slighting *Indifference* ;---when
 ' he takes no Pains to reconcile the Divisions of his
 ' Neighbours, but foment little *Animosities*, and
 ' adds *Slander to Slander*, 'tis then, tho' his *Func-*
 ' *tion* remains, his *Dignity* is lower'd even below
 ' the *Sexton's*,---Now, Mr. *Cassock*, if you know
 ' any of your *Brethren* who act in this Manner, tho'
 ' they preach like *Angels*, you may assure them,
 ' the ignorant *Laity*, will hold them and their *Dig-*
 ' *nity* in very great *Contempt*,---at least I promise
 ' you *John* Kindly will.

' WELL.

‘ WELL said, old Gentleman, cry’d my Lord,
 ‘ upon my Word a notable Discourse !---Discourse,
 ‘ said my Lady, I really think it a most admirable
 ‘ Lesson.---Why, Mr. Cassock, continued she, Mr.
 ‘ Kindly has furnish’d you with *Texts* enow, for
 ‘ twenty Sermons.’---Ay, ay, said my Lord, but
 ‘ I hope Mr. Cassock’s good Sense will rather in-
 ‘ cline him to apply the Moral which will certain-
 ‘ ly add to my good opinion of him.’

‘ MR. CASSOCK blush’d, but answer’d, I am
 ‘ not so vain as to believe myself faultless; but
 ‘ perhaps I may be guilty of some, that I have not
 ‘ properly attended to. To shew your Lordship
 ‘ my Willingness to amend, I am extreamly
 ‘ pleased at Mr. Kindly’s plain Dealing, and shall
 ‘ endeavour to take the Hint.’---‘ And I am, said
 ‘ my Lord, as much pleas’d, you take his *honest*
 ‘ Freedom, in the true Light; for, believe me,
 ‘ ’tis less criminal to commit a Fault, than impa-
 ‘ tiently to bear a gentle Admonition.’---Sir, said
 ‘ Kindly to the Chaplain, since you are so good to
 ‘ forgive me, I most heartily ask your Pardon, if
 ‘ I have made use of any unguarded Expressions.’

---‘ Why, said my Lady, this Matter is settled
 ‘ just as it ought to be;---but about this Boy, for
 ‘ a Boy there certainly is.’---‘ Madam, said Kind-
 ‘ ly, if you will permit me, I shall mention all I
 ‘ know of this Affair.’---‘ We can spare you that
 ‘ Trouble, said my Lord, for my Lady and I know
 ‘ it already; but let us send for the young Stran-
 ‘ ger, for I long to see him.’---I was, said my
 ‘ Lady, as impatient as you, and have sent for
 ‘ him already.’---She rung the Bell, and having
 ‘ enquir’d of the Servant, was told, John Long’s
 ‘ Wife had been in the Kitchen this half Hour.---

‘ Then, said my Lady, pray desire her, and her
 ‘ littl

‘ little Charge to come in.’—All the Servants had been admiring poor *Jack*, and mounted with him and Mrs. *Long*, almost into the Parlour. Mrs. *Long* made her profound Honours, and my Lady spoke very tenderly to her, and of her Family. —Mr. *Kindly* then presented *Jack Connor*, saying, ‘ My Lord, this is my *little Boy*, who is much ‘ improv’d since Yesterday.’

Mrs. *LONG* had taken great Care to wash him well, and clean, and comb his Head. His fine light-brown Hair hung in natural Curls, and his Complexion was remarkably good. He had clean Linen, and his own *red Waistcoat* and *old Breeches* ; but the good Woman had not yet given him a *Coat*, nor *Shoes* nor *Stockings*.

My Lord and Lady seem’d charm’d with his Countenance, tho’ the poor Child was in the utmost Confusion and Astonishment.—My Lord’s two Sons now came in, and my Lady call’d them to her,---‘ My dear *Harry*, *said she*, here is a poor ‘ little Boy that has lost his Father and Mother, ‘ and was stripp’d of all his Cloaths. I believe he ‘ is a very good Child ; so, you know, ’twould be ‘ a Sin to let him go quite naked, and starve.’--- ‘ O dear, *said Harry*, indeed I’ll give him my ‘ Brown Coat and Breeches.’--- ‘ And indeed, ‘ Madam, *said Billy*, I’ll give him a Shirt and a ‘ Pair of Stockings.’--- ‘ And I’m sure, *said Harry*, ‘ my Shoes will be large enough.’---They saw my Lady’s consenting Looks, and instantly ran to perform their Promise. All were pleas’d at the Tenderness and Good-nature of the Children ; and whilst they were absent, Mr. *Kindly* ask’d *Jack*, where was his Book ? The Boy could just say, ‘ *here, Sir*, and gave it him.--- ‘ This Book, my ‘ Lord, *said Kindly*, has greatly prejudiced me in
‘ Favour

‘ Favour of this *poor Child*. I caught him reading in it, and I made him turn to another Part, which he distinctly read ; and, by Accident, it was this Paragraph.’-----Mr. *Kindly* gave the Book to Mr. *Cassock*, who read it, which affected my Lord, but brought Tears into my Lady’s Eyes.

‘ THERE seems to me, *said my Lord*, some-what remarkable in the Story of this Child ; I’ll try him a little.’ Then turning to Mrs. *Long*, told her to leave the Boy with him. When Mrs. *Long* had retired, he took *Jack* between his Knees, and with great Fondness and Good-humour, ask’d him many Questions, and received short, but very proper Answers. He then shew’d him a *Guinea* and a *Shilling*, but the Child knew not what they were. At last he produc’d an *Halfpenny*, and *Jack* readily told the Name.—‘ Well, my Dear, *said my Lord*, what will you do with that Halfpenny ?—I must, *reply’d Jack*, give it to my Mother, for I always give it to her.’---‘ and which Way, *said my Lord*, do you get an Halfpenny ?’—‘ I run, *said the Child*, after every Body in the *Road*, and they give me an Hapenny for the *Love of God*.’ ‘ That’s my good Child, *said my Lord* ; and turning to Mr. *Kindly*, added, I can easily discover the Profession of his Parents, or those he was with ; but his *Reading* and his *Accent*, I own surprize me. However, since *Providence* has directed him to take Sanctuary in my House, I am determin’d to take Care of him.—I think, *continued he*, the saving an *Innocent* from Perdition, and breeding him up in *virtuous Principles*, is in Fact giving him a *new Birth*, and encreasing our own *Happiness*, in the same Degree we give it to *others*.’—‘ The Power, *said my Lady*, of doing Good, is certainly the
‘ highest

‘ highest Gratification a *rational* Mind is capable
 ‘ of receiving.’—‘ True, indeed Madam, *said*
 ‘ Kindly, your Power to do Good, is Great, but
 ‘ Heaven has added another Blessing to you both, in
 ‘ giving you *Hearts* and *Minds* ready and willing
 ‘ to exercise that *Power* on every *proper Object*.—
 ‘ In the Name of this poor tender Creature, I hum-
 ‘ bly thank your Lordship, and my good Lady;
 ‘ and I *pray God* he may live to shew his *Gratitude*
 ‘ to such *bountiful Benefactors*.’

THE two Boys, by this Time, had got the
 Cloaths, and running with them into the Parlour,
 were going immediately to strip poor *Jack*, but my
 Lord stopp’d them, and kissing *Harry*, told him,
 ‘ He was so good and *charitable*, he would give
 ‘ him the prettiest *little Horse* he could get, and a
 ‘ Bridle and Saddle.’---‘ And because, *said my*
 ‘ Lady, my dear *Billy* follow’d his Brother’s good
 ‘ Example, I shall do as much for him.’---The
 Children were quite happy, and *Harry* ran, as my
 Lord bid him, for Mrs. *Long*.---‘ Here, Mrs. *Long*,
 ‘ *said my Lord*, take back your little Fellow for
 ‘ this Night. Dress him in these Cloaths, and
 ‘ be so good to come with him To-morrow, for
 ‘ we all intend to take some Care of *Jack*,’---His
 Lordship then put the *Boy* and *Half a Guinea* into
 her Hand, and she bless’d their Honours and re-
 tir’d.---Before Mrs. *Long* quitted the House, Mr.
Kindly desir’d her to pack up all the *old Rags* be-
 longing to *Jack*, and bring them to him.

CHAP. IX.

*What can our Judgment or our Prudence do
If Chains of Accidents concur not too ?
One happy Accident, One lucky Hit,
Out-ballances our Wisdom and our Wit.*

ANONIMOUS.

MRS. LONG found the Coat and other Things fitted *Jack* very well, and had dress'd him with great Neatness. On his Arrival at my Lord's, the whole Family admir'd his *Strength* and his exact *Make*, but he seem'd more *awkward* than before, and was very uneasy with Shoes. Mr. *Kindly* provided him with some Necessaries and employ'd him in attending my Lord's Sons in their Amusements, and in cleaning their Shoes, and brushing their Coats. At leisure Times he heard him read in the *Bible*, or his own Book, and my Lord and Lady often did the same.

IN six Months the Boy was quite chang'd. The chearful and happy Disposition indulg'd him by Nature, shew'd itself on a thousand Occasions ; in-somuch, that he became a general Favourite, and was sensible of his Happiness. Mr. *Kindly* from Time to Time gave him such Lessons of *Duty* and *Gratitude*, as suited his Age, and Mr. *Cassock* taught him his *Prayers*, *Catechism*, and other Matters, equal with my Lord's Children.

ONE Day as Mr. *Kindly* was writing in his Office, *Jack* approach'd him, and blushing, but with a modest Smile, look'd up, and seem'd as if he had a Favour to ask.---' Well *Jack*, said the good Man, d'ye want another Book.'---' No indeed, Sir, reply'd the Child, I don't want a Book.'---' Why, you Rogue, said *Kindly*, I hope you are
' not

' not tir'd of Reading? Yes indeed, Sir, *said Jack*.
 ' O ho, *said the old Man*, very well, since you
 ' will not read, and be a good Boy, I shall get
 ' you a Leather Coat and Cap, and you shall be a
 ' Postillion, and lie with the Horses.'--*Jack's Coun-*
 ' tenance chang'd ; his Eyes swell'd, and he burst
 ' into a violent fit of Crying.--Mr. *Kindly* was a
 long Time before he could dry his Tears, or get
 him to speak and explain what he wanted.--' Sir,
said Jack at last, indeed and indeed, I am not
 ' tir'd of Reading, for if you please, I would be
 ' very good and write as you do, if you'd give
 ' me Pens and Paper.'--The Tenderness of the
 old Gentleman was touch'd at the Child's Request.
 --' Yes, *said he*, my dear *Jack*, you shall have
 ' Pens and Paper, and I will get you a little Desk
 ' in the Office, and teach you to write myself.'
 --*Jack* was quite delighted, and the Novelty of
 the Employment diverted and pleas'd Mr. *Kindly*,
 particularly as his Pupil was so apt a Scholar, that
 in eighteen Months he wrote a very good Hand,
 and perfectly understood the four first Rules of
 Arithmetick.

He was now about Ten Years of Age, and
 seem'd to have a Facility in learning whatever he
 undertook. In the Plays of Children he was dex-
 terous, and in the little Occupations of the Family,
 he was Handy and Neat. He had a certain Man-
 ner of doing Things, that *Nature* alone can give,
 and what some can only *imitate*, even by *Labour*
 and *Pains*. Another natural Gift began at this
 Time to be remarkable, for he had a fine Voice,
 and greatly diverted the Maids with *Irish* Songs.
 Some were of Humour, and requir'd a proper
 Management of Voice and Words to keep up the
 Drollery. This he was a perfect Master of.

THE

THE Boys were one Morning at Play in the Fields, and Mr. *Cassock*, who commonly attended them, was, by Accident at a good Distance. Master *Harry* and *Jack* had some Words, and *Harry* gave him a Blow on the Face. *Jack* greatly resented this, and told him, if he was not my Lord's Son, he'd beat him heartily. *Harry*, fir'd at the Rebuke and Menace, pull'd off his Coat and flew at him like a little Tiger. *Jack* defended himself without returning a Stroke, though his Hair was almost torn off his Head. At last he receiv'd a violent Cuff which stunn'd him, and made his Nose bleed. He then cried out most bitterly, and run directly Home. The Tutor heard his Cries, and saw him running, and joining the Boys, Master *Billy* told him the real Truth. As *Jack* was entering the House, my Lord saw him from a Window in his Study, and order'd a Servant to bring him up. With some Difficulty he got the Story out of him, and Mr. *Cassock* and the two Boys entering with my Lady, my Lord was confirm'd in the Truth of what he said, and looking very *serious*, and in great *Concern*, sat down and took up his Book.

'I AM, said my Lady, quite surpriz'd and astonish'd, that *Harry* could behave in so brutal a Manner to a poor Boy that loves him.'---Come hither *Jack*, said she,---'Do you think you could beat *Harry*, if you were to box and fight fairly?' 'Yes indeed please your Ladyship, said *Jack*, for Master *Harry* knows I'm stronger than him.'---'Very well, reply'd my Lady, I believe what you say, and now remember, you have my Lord's Leave and mine, to beat him soundly whenever he strikes you again.'---Then turning to a Servant, order'd *Jack* to be taken down and clean'd.---Poor *Harry* was in great Tribulation; but when
my

my Lady, very gravely, directed him to go to the
 ‘ Kitchen, and dine with the Servants, he cry’d
 ‘ most dreadfully.---’ Why, Sir, said my Lady,
 ‘ you are fit for no other Company, for when a
 ‘ young Gentleman will fight with his Servant,
 ‘ does he not make him his equal? But I suppose
 ‘ you think you may do what you please with *Jack*;
 ‘ but to convince you, Sir, you are no better than
 ‘ him, except you behave better, you shall wear
 ‘ his *Cloaths*, and he *yours*, and then I believe e-
 ‘ very Stranger will take him for *Master Harry*,
 ‘ and you for *Jack Connor*.’

HARRY begg’d and intreated, and gave many
 Promises of never doing the like again.---‘ You see,
 ‘ said my Lady, when one does a naughty Thing,
 ‘ no body speaks in our Favour. I cannot forgive
 ‘ you, except my Lord does.’---Then turning a-
 ‘ bout. ‘ Will your Lordship, said she, pardon
Harry this one Fault, he promises and is penitent.
 ---‘ My dear, said my Lord, what can I do in the
 ‘ Affair? If Mr. *Harry* was a Gentleman, and
 ‘ had beaten a Servant of mine, I should certainly
 ‘ resent the Affront, except he begg’d, and ob-
 ‘ tain’d my Servant’s Pardon.’---‘ That’s true in-
 ‘ deed, said my Lady, so, my dear *Billy*, call up
 ‘ *Jack*, and I am sure *Harry* will beg his Pardon
 ‘ very sincerely.’---Mr. *Cassock*, who knew his
 Time, began now to intercede for Master *Harry*,
 and assur’d my Lord he never knew him do a
 Thing of that Sort, or put himself into so violent a
 Passion before; That, as it was the *first Fault*, he
 begg’d my Lord to forgive him, and could almost
 promise it would be the last.

My Lord shak’d his Head, and the two Boys
 entering, my Lady spoke to *Harry*, who immedi-
 ately went and kiss’d *Jack*, and very heartily ask’d
 his Pardon. *Jack* blush’d, but with a smile bow’d,
 and

and kiss'd him again.----*Harry* then went to my Lord, and on his Knees begg'd his Forgiveness. My Lord rais'd him, saying, 'I forgive you, my Dear, this Fault, since you are sorry for committing it, but I depend on *your Honour*, that you will keep your Word, and never vex your Papa again. Now go and beg my Lady's Pardon, for you have greatly offended and fretted her.---My Lady took him in her Arms, and the Affair ended much to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Two Days after, the three Boys, the Chaplain and a Servant with a Gun, went in the Morning to walk as usual. A small Rivulet run by one of the Fields, which they generally cross'd by the Help of large Stones, but an Abundance of Rain having fallen, it was rais'd above four Feet, and very rapid. This stopp'd their Progress; but, as they mounted the Brook to find another *Passage*, *Harry* saw a *Jack-daw* in a Tree on the opposite Side, and the Boys begg'd the Servant to fire at it, and they mounted the Ditch to see it fall. *Jack* went a little lower to get a convenient Stand, but scarcely had he been there a Moment, when, the Earth breaking under *Harry's* Feet, he fell into the River.---His Brother shriek'd, but *Jack* instantly took hold of a Bough of a Tree that fell near the Water, and stretching out as far as he was able, caught *Harry* by the Hair, just as he rose, having been carry'd by the Stream about ten Yards, and held him fast.---*Billy* roar'd and stamp'd, and the poor Parson and Servant were frighten'd almost into *Stupidity*, till *Jack* call'd out *here---here---* They got to him just in Time, for his whole Weight resting on his left Arm, his little Force was almost exhausted.--*Cassock* and the Servant jump'd in directly and rescu'd *Harry*, but, not immediately attending to the Care of *Jack*; the poor Boy could not retire, but fell in between

tween them. However, they divided their Labour, and brought the Children safely out.

Jack had only got a Ducking, but *Harry* was some Time before he could speak, but being laid on the Grass he soon recovered. The Tendernefs of the Boys is not to be exprefs'd. They kifs'd him a thousand Times, and even cry'd with joy. Mr. *Cassock* fearing they might catch cold, walk'd pretty smartly towards the House, near which they met my Lord looking over some Improvements. He was greatly surpriz'd at the Condition they were all in, but much more so, when the Chaplain told him of the Accident, and particularly of *Jack's* ready Thought. My Lord was much mov'd, and most affectionately embracing the Children, carry'd them to my Lady, who waited their coming into Breakfast.---As my Lord told her the Story, *Love Tendernefs*, *Surprise* and *Fear*, were visible in her Countenance. Her Heart seemed ready to leap from its Habitation, and the whole *Mother* rushing violently on her Spirits, she seiz'd *Harry* in her Arms, and would have fall'n with him, had not my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* supported her to her Chair, where she did not recover till her Tears were suffer'd to come to her Assistance.

THE Boys were put into warm Beds, and the Chaplain was advis'd to change his Cloaths. My Lord and the Women stayed with my Lady, and indeed she had great Occasion for them.---Mr. *Kindly* had been absent on Business; but when he return'd and heard of the Affair, he trembled excessively; but Joy succeeding, he ran to my Lord and Lady, then to the two Boys, whom he almost smothered with Caresses, then to the Chaplain, and then to my Lord again. In a Word, the poor Man could think and speak of nothing else, and even of that not very distinctly.

THE

THE Hurry of the Family ceas'd by Degrees, and all Matters were set right by Dinner Time, and *Jack* took his Place behind the Boys, whom he always waited on. A Neighbouring Gentleman hearing of the Accident, came to felicitate my Lord on Master *Harry's* providential Escape.---At Dinner it was the particular Conversation, and Mr. *Cassock* was compell'd to repeat the Morning Adventure with all its Circumstances, which often oblig'd *Jack* to blush and hold down his Head.---My Lord bid him never to be ashamed at doing good, and the Gentleman was very lavish of his Praises.---My Lady look'd at Master *Harry*, and hinting at the Quarrel said,---' We may plainly see how much it is our *Interest* to be *Good* and *Friendly* to, and avoid giving Offence to the *poorest Creature*, since every Man, however *low* or *mean*, may, if he pleases, be of *great Use*, or do an irreparable *Injury* to the *Greatest*. Let what will be our Situations, we are born to *help* and *assist* each other, according to our Power and Abilities, and he, who does it not, destroys the End of his Creation.---This, *said she*, is a plain Truth, and I hope you and your Brother will remember and practice it, as long as you live.'

THUS, out of every Accident, or the most common Occurrences, did these *wise Parents* inculcate *Virtue* and *Humanity* in the Minds of their Children, and gave them a moral Certainty of their being hereafter *happy* in themselves, and of making others *happy*.

IN the Evening the Gentleman took his Leave, and calling *Jack*, kiss'd him and put a Crown in his Hand, which he immediately deposited with Mr. *Kindly*. My Lord gave the Servant which had been with the Children, a Farm worth Ten Pounds a Year.

Many

Many poor neighbouring Families, felt, on this Occasion, his Goodness and Liberality, and he added ten Children more to the Charity Scheme before-mentioned. The Chaplain was not forgot in my Lord's Thoughts, and my Lady order'd *Jack* new Cloaths from Head to Foot.

As the Family was extremely belov'd, no wonder if all the Gentlemen round continued for some Time to visit and congratulate them on their good Fortune. Scarcely one quitted *Bounty Hall* without a Mark of Regard for *Jack*. These he always consign'd to Mr. *Kindly*, so that his Riches at last amounted to the mighty Sum of *Ten Pounds*.

CHAP. X.

The Reason why so few Marriages are happy, is, Because young Ladies spend their Time in making Nets, and not in making Cages.

SWIFT'S MAXIMS.

PERHAPS my merry Readers are extremely angry at being so long detain'd in Company with *Boys*, whilst others of a more serious Turn are pleas'd with the opening of the Heart, and the gradual Increase of Knowledge in the Minds of Children. Others again, reading only as a mere Amusement, and to *kill Time*, are in an actual State of Indifference, and provided the great End is answer'd, are equally charm'd with *Clarissa*, as *Tom Jones*. That these Classes may be gratified, I shall beg Leave to introduce a young Lady, by way of Episode; and, because she is the Daughter of my good Friend Mr. *Kindly*.

MISS

MISS BETTY KINDLY, now turn'd of Twenty, was a most agreeable Girl, with good Sense and good Humour. Mr. *Cassock* had a small paternal Fortune, a good Allowance from my Lord, and forty Pounds a Year for officiating for the Minister of the Parish, who was about fourscore Years of Age. This young Gentleman was not insensible of the Charms of Miss *Betty*, and of her more essential Qualifications; and knowing my Lord's Sons would soon be removed from *his Care*, determin'd to take the Advantage of the general Joy, and solicit my Lady's Interest. He suffer'd not the Time to elapse, but took the first Opportunity when my Lady was alone.—She rally'd him a little at first, on his being *in Love*, but assuring him of all her good Offices, added,—‘ I believe a *little* of my Interest will go ‘ a *great Way*, for I much doubt if you have not a ‘ powerful *Friend* already in the *Garison*.-----Mr. *Cassock* blush'd, and, awkwardly thanking her Ladyship, retir'd.---It seems Mademoiselle *Le Meagre*, had inform'd her of what pass'd in Miss *Betty*'s Heart, which she was convinced of by some Observations on her late Conduct.

MY Lord was extremely pleased at this Discovery, and declar'd it was what he had always wish'd. After Dinner he sent for Mr. *Kindly*, and the Chat at last fell on *Jack Connor*.--- ‘ I wish, my Lord, ‘ *said* Mr. *Kindly*, you would permit my instructing ‘ that poor Boy in the Duty of my Station. He ‘ is surprisingly *diligent*, *notable*, and *honest*; and, so ‘ expert at his Pen, that, young as he is, he has ‘ often assisted me.---I think I have been a faithful ‘ Servant to your Lordship, and your truly *noble* ‘ *Father*, who bred me from a Child; and it would ‘ give me the greatest Joy to have almost a Certain- ‘ ty, of leaving as just a one to succeed me.---Age, ‘ my Lord, steals on, and should Heaven indulge

D

‘ me

‘ me with a few more Years of Strength and Abilities, I must then submit to our common Destiny.’---My Lord wink’d at her *Ladyship*, and, she at Mr. *Cassock*, who instantly withdrew, and my Lady soon follow’d.

‘ *JACK*, said my Lord, has sav’d my Son. If I had no other Motive than that, you may be assur’d he is greatly in my Thoughts; but I love the Boy for many Reasons, having notic’d particularly his Behaviour; but as I am determin’d to send him with my Sons to Mr. *Johnston’s*, where he may learn a little more, we must postpone your Scheme till his Return.---Since you think, continued my Lord, so much of my *Jack*, give me leave to think a little of your *Betty*.---The Girl is of Age, and you know young Wenchies are *Flesh and Blood*.---In two Words, poor *Cassock* loves her; and, if my Intelligence be right, *Betty* is far from disliking him; therefore, if you approve of the Match, the *Parson* must have some Money to buy a new *Gown*, and a fresh Cargoe of *Sermons*.’ ‘---Does your Lordship approve of it? said Kindly?’ ‘I do said my Lord.---Then, reply’d the old Man, I have no Will, but your Lordship’s, and To-morrow, Sir, I shall put into your Hands the Value of three hundred Pounds, and submit my dear *Child* to your Lordship’s Judgment, thinking myself the happiest of Men, by the Favour and Indulgence of the *best of Masters*.’

‘ I thank you, said my Lord, for your Compliment, and to shew you how much I approve of this Union, and that your Daughter may be under your own Eye, I intend to present Mr. *Cassock* to this Parish, on the Death of the present *Incumbent*. You know ’tis worth two hundred Pounds a Year, and that Dr. *Canter* is superannuated and cannot last long.’---Kindly, with uplifted Hands

was

was attempting to utter his Gratitude, but my Lord stopp'd him, saying,--- ‘ No more of that, Mr. ‘ *Kindly*, I am now going to advance this Matter,’ And retiring, left the happy *old Man*, but the Power of thanking *Providence*, and admiring the Goodness of my *Lord*.

IN a few Days Mr. *Cassock* was presented in Form to Miss *Kindly*. All the Conversation of the Family was on the approaching Wedding, which was fix'd at no longer a Distance than a Week, and some neighbouring Families were invited.

WERE I a *French* Memoir Writer, I should naturally embrace this Opportunity to extol the *Virgin Charms* of the Bride, and describe the Beauty and Propriety of every Part of her Dress without a slavish Regard to Truth. I should then have said, ---“ Scarcely were the Curtains drawn which permitted the Sun’s Appearance, when *Miss* opened “ those *Eyes*, that alone could eclipse his *Brightness*. “ She sigh’d, and sometimes wish’d, and sometimes “ trembled at the Approach of the Time, when “ she was to be,---*she knew not what*,--*she knew not “ where*. Hope and Fear ingross’d her whole Imagination till the Hour arriv’d, when she bid an eternal Adieu to that Bed, destin’d never more to “ embrace her *Virgin Innocence*. Mademoiselle *Le “ Meagre* and Mrs. *Tittle* assisted in adjusting her “ Dress, and her Ladyship deigned to give her Advice and Help. Her *Tresses* were of the finest “ Brown, which hanging behind in small natural “ Ringlets, were nicely order’d to crown her Forehead, and touch her Ears which were ornamented “ with *Brilliants*; and, though of the first Water, “ her *Charms* added a particular *Lustre* and *Refulgency* to. Diamonds likewise sparkled round her “ lovely *Neck*, and, a little above the heavenly *Orbs*, “ hung the glittering Cross.

Which JEWS might kiss and Infidels adore.

“ Her Stays discover’d a Shape the most exact and
 “ delicate, and the Robe that clos’d on it, was of
 “ the finest white Silk of *Padua*. A Bunch of *Jas-*
 “ *min*, *Hyacinths* and *Roses*, took their Place near
 “ her Neck, and seem’d to envy the Vicinity of a
 “ *superior* Fragrancy. She descended to the Apart-
 “ ment where the Company, and her desiring Lo-
 “ ver, impatiently attended, and where a most
 “ magnificent and elegant Dinner was provided.
 “ The first Course consisted of”---- I hope the
 courteous Reader will excuse my not proceeding
 farther in *mere Sound*, and permit me to say in plain
English, that the Wedding-Day at last came, and
 that Miss *Betty* behav’d as Girls naturally do on the
 Occasion. My Lady had made her a Present of
 genteel *plain Cloaths*; and her good Complexion,
 Shape and Size, made her a very desirable Object.
 Mr. *Cassock* look’d, and seem’d to think her a Sub-
 ject *worth handling*.--When the Ceremony, and the
 usual Compliments were over, my Lord declar’d
 his Intention of giving the Parish to Mr. *Cassock*, on
 the Death of Doctor *Canter*.---- This was a *Com-*
ment on the *Text*, that Mr. *Cassock* had not known
 before; and, as it perfectly agreed with his Way
 of Thinking, he look’d on the *Author* as a very
learned and *wise* Man.---The Truth is, he was so
 struck with my Lord’s Bounty, that neither he nor
 his Bride could return their Thanks but by their
 humble Obeisances.

My Lord had still in Reserve what was to com-
 plete the Reward of Mr. *Kindly*’s Fidelity.--He first
 bestow’d many Compliments on him before all the
 Company, and then added,---‘ When my Boys are
 ‘ settled at Mr. *Johnston*’s School, my Lady and I
 ‘ pur-

‘ purpose staying for some Time in *England*. You will then, Mr. *Kindly*, be so good to audit the Accounts of my Receivers, and take the Charge and Management of my *Charity Children*. You and the young Couple must keep this House warm in my Absence; and, that the Roof may be always in good Order, and to defray the Expences attending your Increase of Business, I desire you will charge me with one hundred Pounds a Year extraordinary; and now, Mr. *Kindly*, give me leave to regard you as my *Companion* and my *Friend*.’

A PROFOUND Silence ensu’d, till the *old Man*, finding his Tongue, he pour’d out whatever his *grateful* Heart suggested, and ending in most fervent Prayers, retir’d in Haste to give his Tears of Joy full Scope.---At Dinner he was pretty chearful; and *Mirth*, *Good-humour* and *Happiness* admir’d *Bounty-Hall*, and resided there.

As I am call’d another Way, it cannot be expected I should wait on this Company the whole Evening, much less pretend to conduct Mr. *Cassock* and his *Bride* to that *Theatre* where we are suffer’d to see the *Actors*, but by the Reflection of *Fancy*.—Let it suffice to say, that the young Lady was next Morning Mrs. *Cassock*.

So much has been said of this *noble Family*, that I fear some will be apt to suspect my Veracity.—*Envy* will positively assert, that the Characters are *absurd*, *unnatural*, and without a *Precedent*.—*Ill-nature* will discover the *Sarcasm*, in placing in full View, what the *Nobility* ought *truly to be*, in Opposition to what some *really are*.-----The Thought of such *scandalous* Insinuations, determines me to quit *Bounty-Hall*, and shift the Scene.

’Tis necessary to inform my Readers, that Mr. *Johnston*, who I am now going to visit, is the *Clergyman*

gyman that was a Companion to my Lord in his Travels.—During their Stay at *Paris*, Mr. *Johnston* became acquainted with Madam *Bonfoy*, the Widow of a Captain who had been kill'd in the Service. She had solicited for a Pension; but being known to be a *Hugonot*, could never obtain it. As she had two thousand Livres a Year on the Town-House of *Paris*, and the Interest of some Money, she kept genteel Apartments, and liv'd in a very decent Manner with her *Niece*, who was about four Years old.

THE Temper of Madam *Bonfoy* was so like Mr. *Johnston's*, an Inclination for each other ensu'd, which ended, or rather increased, in Matrimony.--- My Lord got him a good Living in the North of *Ireland*, but afterwards advis'd him to exchange for one of less Value near *Portarlington*, in the *King's County*, inhabited mostly by *French Protestants*, and where little of any other Language was spoken. My Lord gave him the Plan of a *School*, which, by Mr. and Mrs. *Johnston's* good Management, could not fail of being extremely advantageous to them. Mr. *Johnston* had now been in that Situation near four Years, and met with great Approbation, as he had Talents peculiar to that Profession.

MASTER *Harry* was now twelve Years of Age, and all Things were preparing for the Journey of the three Boys. Every one in the Family began to dread the Loss of such Children, who, by a thousand little Pranks, were extremely dear to them. Miss *Harriot* began to pine and cry, that she was to lose her Brothers, and her Favourite little *Jack*. In short, it is impossible to express the silent Grief that reign'd in the House.

MR. KINDLY took up whole Days in preaching to *Jack*, and in giving him good Advice.---‘Perhaps, my dear Child, said he, I may never see you again;

‘ again; if so, mind my Words, and I shall be always present with you, and shield you from those Evils the World is full of. If you *despise* and *neglect* them, depend upon it, *Calamity* and *Misfortunes* will attend you. That my Counsel may not be forgotten, I have wrote it down, and put it in your Trunk, that you may read, and get it by Heart. They are the same Instructions I gave to my own Sons when they went from me, and, in general, will answer your Purposes. I have likewise, *continued he*, put up a good Store of Paper and Pens, and I insist on your Writing frequently to me, with a particular Account how the young Gentlemen behave, and how you employ your Time.’——*Jack* cry’d most heartily, and faithfully promis’d to obey all his Commands, and be a good *Boy*——The Children took Leave of the Neighbours, but *Jack*, in a very tender and particular Manner, took *his* of Mrs. *Long* and the good-natur’d *Groom*.

THE Coach and Servants were prepared, and the young Travellers were to set out next Morning with my Lord and Mr. *Cassock*. Her Ladyship being with-Child, prevented her being of the Party.

THE Morning came, and the Horses were ordered to be put too.-----Mr. *Kindly* took *Jack* in his Hand to the Office, and, shewing him his little Effects in a small Trunk he had provided, put therein a Purse, saying,-----‘ *Jack*, here is all your Money, with some Interest, amounting to *Fifteen* Guineas. I know you will take great Care and keep it, till you really want it. You are no Fool, my Dear, and he must be the greatest Fool that spends his Money idly.’----*Jack* gave him his Word, ‘he should find it all when he came back.-----Yesterday, said Mr. *Kindly*, I told you I might never see you more. I have this small Box

‘ to give you as my last Legacy. It contains a
 ‘ Book, that in Time you may read ; but as I
 ‘ know you *love Truth*, I must have your Promise
 ‘ never to open it, but at the Time I direct.’——
Jack fell on his Knees, and assur’d him, he would
 never open it, if he order’d—‘ Then, *said the old*
 ‘ *Man*, mind what I say : I lay my Commands on
 ‘ you, never to open this Box, except you be re-
 ‘ duced to the greatest Necessity, and almost want
 ‘ Bread,——So saying, he lock’d it in the Trunk,
 and gave *Jack* the Key.—— ‘ Now, *said Mr.*
 ‘ *Kindly*, I have but one Word more to say :——
 ‘ If God should prosper you in the World, and your
 ‘ Heart should swell with *Pride* and *Arrogance*, re-
 ‘ member that *Drawer*, and correct those *Vices*.’
 ‘ —Pray, Sir, *said Jack*, what is in that Drawer ?
 ‘ ——You shall see,’ *said Kindly*, and, producing
 his *old red Waistcoat*, *tatter’d Shirt* and *Breeches*,
 said,——‘ This, *Jack*, is your *Original*, so judge
 ‘ if *Pride* and *Haughtiness* will agree with such a
 ‘ Dress.’——The Boy blush’d, and embracing Mr.
Kindly’s Waist, assur’d him, he would always re-
 member the *Drawer* and the *Dog-Kennel*.

THEY now join’d the Children, whom they
 found in Tears, having just quitted her Ladyship.
Jack was sent in by my Lord, and on his Knees,
 most humbly thank’d her Ladyship for all her
 Goodness to him.——The parting with her Sons
 made her scarcely able to speak, but she bid him
 mind his Business, and *serve God*.—She could utter
 no more, but with a tender Embrace let him de-
 part.

THE Servants had their Turn, and the Boys were
 almost hugg’d to Death.—With great Difficulty
 they quitted this moving Scene, and the Coach
 driving off, were followed by the Prayers and Bless-
 ings of a thousand of the poor Inhabitants.

CHAP XI.

*Seek you to train your fav'rite Boy?
Each Caution, ev'ry Care employ;
And e'er you venture to confide,
Let his Preceptor's Heart be try'd;
Weigh well his Manners, Life and Scope,
On these depends thy future Hope.*

GAY.

THE Occurrences on the Road are not worth mentioning; but my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* gave the Lads a good Impression of their new Master, and explain'd the Rules and Customs of the School. Mr. *Johnston* was prepar'd for their Reception, and thank'd my Lord for the Honour he did him. After Supper, my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* went to private Lodgings. The two Brothers had a Chamber to themselves, and Jack had a small one near the Back-Stairs at the End of the Gallery.

BEFORE Eight next Morning, my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* went to Mr. *Johnston's*. All the Scholars had not yet made their Appearance; but the Bell ringing, the rest soon were in the School, where Mr. *Johnston* and the Family attended my Lord. When all were seated, one of the *Lads* mounted a Desk, and with great Reverence began the *Morning Service* of the *Church*; another read the *Lessons* of the Day; Mr. *Lilly*, the Usher, rais'd the *Psalm*, and the first Boy finish'd the *Prayers*, except the *Blessing*, which Mr. *Johnston* always pronounced. — This over, an Hour was employ'd in examining their Exercises, and giving others for the following Day, and then they retir'd to Breakfast.

My Lord was again conducted to School, when one of the most *ingenious* of the Gentlemen ascended

the *Pulpit*, and made a *Latin Oration* on the *Rise of Nobility*. He very artfully insinuated, how happy some *Families* were, in always leaving Heirs to their *Virtues* as well as their *Titles*; and, that he could point out, even in these degenerate Days, a *living Example* of that *Blessing*, were he at *Liberty* to speak, without being suspected of *Flattery*; and concluded, that tho' many *Patricians* were a Scandal to their *own* and every *other Order*, yet some were always found who added a *Lustre* to the *Dignity*, as their *Lives* were an *Ornament* to human Nature, and their *Actions* the *Glory* of their *Fellow-Citizens*.

WHEN this Gentleman had finish'd, another mounted, and made a short Speech in *English*, on the *Happiness of a good Education*, which he compar'd to a *tender Plant*, under the Management of a skilful *Gardiner*, who not only made it bear *exquisite Fruit*, but gave the Branches such an *elegant Turn*, as added a *Beauty* to the Place, and a *Delight* to the Eye.

His Lordship was extremely pleas'd with this Entertainment, but particularly with the distinct, emphatical and graceful Manner with which they pronounced their Words. He was not wanting in returning his Thanks to the young Gentlemen, and, giving the Usher *Ten Guineas*, begg'd he would be so good to buy a Dozen *Bows and Arrows*, and erect two *Butts* in the next Field, which would not only agreeably entertain them, but be a most healthful Exercise.

His Lordship then gave some private Directions to Mr. *Johnston*, and recommending the Boys to the Care of his Wife, took a most tender Leave, and return'd to *Bounty-Hall*.

I MUST continue at *Portarlington-School* above three Years. If my Reader pleases, I shall indulge his residing with me, and making all the Re-
marks

marks and Applications his Understanding may suggest. Imagination must furnish him with the many *Pranks* and *Tricks* School-Boys are wont to play, as I am not at Leisure, at present to entertain him in that Manner. I shall confine myself to the narrow Compass of hinting at the Conduct of this School, as there is somewhat *peculiar* in it, and what I could wish every other had a *Part* of, if not the *Whole*.

Mr. JOHNSTON was a Gentleman of very extensive Knowledge, great Application and Temper, chearful and easy in Conversation, and, above all, knew *Mankind* and the *World* perfectly well. As he had Talents peculiar for *Instruction*, and delighted in it, so his *Virtue* and *Understanding* convinc'd him, that rearing up *good* and *useful* Members of Society, was the *most honourable* Employment of Man.

His House could hold but twenty-five Youths, and each paid *thirty Pounds* a Year. When his Conduct was known, it is not to be imagined what *Interest* was made by Gentlemen, to have their Sons admitted, on a Vacancy.

His first Care was the inculcating into his Pupils, the Principles of *true Religion*, as the surest Foundation on which to build the *moral Virtues*. His next, was the inspiring into them, a *certain* Proportion of *Ambition* and *temporal Happiness*, and demonstrating, that *Learning*, *Honour*, and *Integrity* were the most probable, if not the *only Way*, to attain them. For these Purposes, they constantly attended *Divine Service* at Church and at Home: He made them read the *Prayers* alternately, and, as Occasions requir'd, gave historical Accounts to explain or illustrate some Passages in the *Old* or *New Testament*.—He always treated them, not as Children, but as *Gentlemen*, which made them endeavour

deavour to act as such. If some were negligent of their Duty, he seem'd concern'd at it, and pity'd the *unhappy Youth*, that forgot himself so much as to undo, by a voluntary Neglect, all that his Ancestors had acquir'd by *Knowledge* and *Industry*.

HE took great Pains to give them an early Habit of *Civility* and *Good Manners*; and, by his own Practice, convinc'd them how agreeable such a Conduct was to every Man. He always spoke with a *Bow*, and Marks of Respect, and encouraged them to act in the like Manner to each other. He shew'd them, by sundry *serious* and *comic* Examples, the Use and Beauty of *Politeness*, and the Absurdity and bad Consequences of a *clownish* and *brutish* Behaviour.

THE Mornings were given to School Learning, in which, by his Skillfulness and Affiduity, they made great Progress. As to fix'd *Holidays*, they were Strangers; but when all the Lads were perfect in their different Lessons, Mr. *Johnston* always return'd them Thanks, and then added,---' This ' is very clever.---I find, Gentlemen, you have ' taken more than ordinary Pains; but I am so far ' from desiring too much *Study*, that, please God, ' if To morrow be a fine Day, we will take the ' Diversion of *Hunting* or *Fishing*,---just, Gentle- ' men, as you please.'---Thus they could always command a Day of Amusement; but that Lad pass'd his Time very *disagreeably*, who, by his *Idleness*, had stopp'd the Pleasure of the rest.

THE Evenings, in some Degree, were their own, either to study in their Chambers, or divert themselves in the large Yard or Field. If the Weather did not permit the latter, Mr. *Johnston* us'd to say,----' Well Gentlemen, how shall we ' pass our Time? I have a great Notion Mr.

' *Moore*

' *Moore* can pronounce one of *Cicero's* Orations as well as Mr. *Stevenson*.-----Sometimes he pitch'd on one of *Atterbury's* or *Tillotson's* Sermons; sometimes on Speeches in *Tacitus* or *Livy*; sometimes on *Parliamentary Debates*, and sometimes on *Milton*, or on occasional Pieces of *Poetry*, of Beauty and Elegance.-----The Reader always mounted the Pulpit; but if he err'd from the right Pronunciation and true Meaning of the Author, or lessen'd the Sense by *false Action* or too languid a Delivery, Mr. *Johnston* begg'd his Pardon, and desir'd to be permitted to shew, wherein *he thought* it might be utter'd more to the Satisfaction of the Audience.---He then took his Place, and display'd the Orator----His *determin'd* and *resolute* Voice, stirr'd their young Blood; but when he *softened* into *Pity* at some Distress, it caught the Lads, and their Countenances shew'd it.

HE thought it absolutely necessary that a young Man should be acquainted with the *History* of his own Country, at least as soon as that of *Egypt*, *Greece*, or *Rome*. This was a fix'd Entertainment twice a Week; and his Comments, Observations and Reflections on the different Parts, were adapted to those he made them to, and had always somewhat that shew'd the Value of *Liberty*, and the Danger in not putting proper Bounds to it.---The Effects of *Tyranny* and *Oppression*;---the Nature of *Laws* and *Government*;---the Obligation of a *King* to his *Subjects*, and his *Subjects* to him;---the Happiness of a good *Monarch*, with the *Infamy* and *Punishment* due to those, who wantonly attempt to disturb the Peace of the *Crown*, and the Peace of the *People*.

OF a chearful Evening Mr. *Johnston* has propos'd the Repetition of a good *Comedy*; but, as he did not conceive that acting a Play was of Use to
Youth,

Youth, he placed them in their Seats, and assign'd them their different Parts, which they read from different Copies. The Comedies he generally chose were *Steele's*, *Farquhar's*, and some of *Cibber's*, as they not only had Wit and Humour, but a certain *Moral* in them, not to be found in *Congreve*, *Wycherly*, *Dryden*, or *Vanbrugh*, but by wading through *Obscenity*—If the Gentlemen chose a *Tragedy*, he made them carefully observe the Difference between a *passionate* Utterance, and *Ranting*, and between the *soft* and *tender* Manner of Expression, and the *Whining*, and gave them Examples himself.

BUT the most favourite Manner he had of entertaining them, because he had a Scheme in it, was giving short and pleasing Accounts of the *Lives* of great Men of all Nations.-----The *Conqueror* and *Captive*.---The *Tyrant*, and the *Father* of his People.----The *Law-giver* and the *Incendiary*.----The *Patriot*, and the *Pretenders* to Patriotism.---The *Orator* and the *Declaimer*.----The *Divine*.---The *Lawyer*.---The *moral* and *experimental Philosopher*.----The *Botanist*.----*Physician*, and the *Merchant*.---The many Professions that spring from these *Fountains*, were at different Times set in proper and clear Lights.---Their *Virtues* and *Uses* to Society, or the *Abuses* of Power and Knowledge were touch'd, so as not to descend too deeply into the *Sciences*; but to fix the Attention of the Lads, and give him an Opportunity of discovering the *Bent* of their Inclinations and Geniuses.

SUCH a Conduct, he thought as necessary a Part of the *Duty* of a Master, as teaching them *Latin* or *Greek*, and he never fail'd communicating his Discoveries to their Parents.

HAPPY had it been for many Gentlemen, if their Genius had been properly attended to in their Youth!----The many Absurdities in the World would

would be avoided, and each have the Rank the *Law of Nature* had assign'd them.—The *Martial Spirit* would not be compell'd to expose himself in a Pulpit.—The tender and meek Mind would not be drove to the Field of Bustle and Slaughter.----The Physician would not prescribe at the Bar, nor the Lawyer administer Physick by Act of Parliament.----Each would be in their just Point of View, and each have a fair Opportunity of excelling.

As Nature gives not equal Talents to all, this good Master made proper Allowances: He was never displeas'd at one Gentleman's being less apt to learn than another, provided he found him equally diligent: On the contrary, he encourag'd and indulg'd him, and frequently stole into his Room at Night, and gave him half an Hour's private Instruction for the Business of next Day, but insisted on its being kept secret from the rest.

SELDOM was their Book an Occasion of Chastisement, but they never were excused for any vicious Act. When he found a Lad of an obstinate sullen Temper, who despis'd Learning, good Advice, or Correction, he sent him home to his Friends.—On such Occasions he always made a pathetic Speech to the School, and placed the unhappy Boy separate from the rest.---When he was to depart, Mr. *Johnston* walk'd with him to the Gate, and all the Gentlemen follow'd with profound Silence. Here he embrac'd him and took his Leave, praying God that this gentle Admonition might make him reflect in Time, and change his Conduct, so as to be an Honour, and not a Discredit to Society.—Then, in a ceremonious Manner, all the rest took a melancholy Farewel.

AMONGST

- AMONGST the many Advantages of this Seminary, Mrs. *Johnston*, and her Niece *Nannett* contributed in improving the Boys in *French*; and, as all the Inhabitants commonly spoke it, they acquir'd that Language with great Facility.---Some Evenings, when Mr. *Johnston* could not attend, his Wife has extremely diverted and amused them by *Molier's Comedies*, *Gil-Blas*, *Scaron*, and other Books of that Tendency.

THUS did this good Family look on themselves as Parents to the Children, and the Children regarded them as such.-----Instruction and profitable Entertainment were so agreeably and nicely blended, that the one was never suffer'd to become tedious and irksome, nor the other to cloy or fill the Mind too much.

C H A P. XII.

*Persuasive Folly has strong Charms,
T'allure the Feeble to her Arms.
Weakness and Vice go Hand in Hand,
And seem united by one Band.
Let Reason but assume her Seat,
Folly and Vice will soon retreat.*

ANONIMOUS.

AS *Jack Connor* was not intended for a perfect Scholar, Mr. *Johnston's* Care on that Account was not so exact as to other Lads; but what regarded the moral and social Duties, he received in common with them. In the three Years at this School, he had acquir'd a good Share of *Latin* and some *Greek*, but his chief Pleasure was in Reading, and making Extracts of useful and entertaining Passages from History, Voyages, Poetry, and the like, of which Mr. *Johnston* had a good Col-

Collection always open to the Gentlemen. This improved him in Writing, made strong Impressions on his Mind, and gave him a Facility and a genteel and easy Turn of Language, that much better Scholars are Strangers to. He spoke *French* with great Fluency, for Mademoiselle Nannett, took some Pains to perfect him in it, and as he had a charming Voice, she taught him many agreeable *French* Songs.

HE was now in the Spring of Life, tall and well made. Health, Beauty, and Sprightliness were always present with him, and Mirth and Joy danc'd in his Eyes. These and his little Accomplishments made him caress'd by all, and were so remarkable, that even Madam Johnson has been frequently heard to say, 'Ma foy, c'est une beau 'Garçon!--Voila de quoi faire un Joli Homme?'--If Nannett was silent, she looked, and perhaps thought the more.-----*The Dial spoke not, but it made shrewd Signs.*

THE Juice of the Grape is insipid, nor can yield a Spirit till *fermented*. In this State, the Vessel must be pierc'd, and a Vent given to the jarring Particles, or it will burst its Tenement.----The Hand of Experience knows when to stop this Chasm,---to fine it down, and give it the proper Time to acquire a Mellowness and Flavour that gladdens the Heart of Man, and adds Chearfulness and good Humour to every rational Company.----If Ignorance interferes in the Management, the Wine will become sour, and of little or no Value.

Is there not somewhat of a fermenting Quality in human Nature? Or rather, is it not certain that there is?-----Without this Fermentation, which the Passions only can give, Man would be but a moving Statue. 'Tis the *Passions* that open his Understanding-----They lay the Plan of all his
Opera-

Operations.----They conduct him first to Objects of Pleasure, and then branch out his Imagination to Glory----Honour----Riches. They polish him, and raise a Desire of loving, and of being loved.--- In a Word, they alone, when justly guided, can make him a rational Creature.----If unheeded, and suffer'd to take an unnatural Bent, neither Fame nor Honour can result from them, and the Man becomes the Pest of Society instead of the Pleasure.

OUR little Hero was not form'd without these Passions. If, from Inexperience, they sometimes hurry'd him into imprudent Acts, and brought him into dangerous Situations, he was the first to censure his own Conduct, and recur instantly to the Principles imbib'd in his Youth.----Of what Use these *Passions* and these *Principles* were to him, is too much a Part of this History, to be omitted in their proper Place.-----Since, therefore, it is impossible for me to act the impartial Historian, and omit the Consequences of these *Passions*, I hope the candid Reader will excuse the seeming *Levity* of this Chapter.---My *Hero* is not a perfect *Hero*.----He is young, and without Experience. He has the Seeds of *Man* in him, and consequently is faulty. Besides, as his whole Life turns on this Incident, I am compell'd to insert it, but hope the *Moral* will excuse the *Tale*.

THE Time was now come when *Jack* was to be tempted, and unwarily to yield. When he became *criminal*, he became *unhappy*.----Of late he took a particular Pleasure in *Nannett's* Company, and she, in Return, treated him with great Freedom, and with somewhat more than mere Complaisance. His Years prevented his seeing the secret Motives of her Kindness. He was happy, because she

she was fond of him; but her Fondness arose from a different Principle.----She lov'd.

How far this Passion will extend itself, few are unacquainted, and poor *Nannett* practis'd every female Wile to gain a Heart invincible to her Charms, only from Ignorance. Often has she told him, *he ought, at his Age, to avoid blushing when he spoke to her, and be more a Man than to tremble at touching her Hand.*----These and many other forcible Expressions she has reiterated, and sometimes even kiss'd him, but they only serv'd to give him a secret uneasy Pleasure, and a constant Desire of her Presence, without a Knowledge of the Meaning.---She remark'd his confus'd Behaviour, and found, she must either renounce all Shame by speaking in direct Terms, or absolutely avoid him.----The Delicacy of her Sex as much forbid the one, as her violent Love did the other.

HER Invention was on the Rack, but at last she remember'd a certain *French Book*, where a Lady is placed exactly in her Situation. To this dear Volume she turn'd, and determin'd to try the Experiment. She found Opportunities to oblige *Jack* to read most part of it to her, but defer'd the Lecture of the interesting Scene till the first Day Mr. *Johnston* and the Lads went a Hunting. That Time soon came, and the Evening before she whisper'd him, to avoid being of the Party, and they would finish that charming Story. He with Eagerness consenting, she told him how inconvenient it would be to read in his little Room, 'but, *said she*, as soon as they are all gone, if you will promise to be very secret, and make no Noise, you may come to my Chamber, and we can read at our Ease.'---He promis'd, and this Conversation ended.

It was now *June*, and being fine Weather all
were

were ready for the Sport of the Field at Four in the Morning. *Jack* excus'd himself to Master *Harry*, on Account of a Book he was to finish, and a Letter to write to Mr. *Kindly*, and, sily slipping up into his Room, remain'd there till he saw them all at some Distance. With cautious Steps he quietly mounted the Back-Stairs, and found *Nannett's* Chamber Door on a Jarr ready to admit him. His treading was not so light, but her attentive Ear heard him, and putting the Curtain back, in a low Voice she cry'd----' Lord bless me, *Jack*! Who would have expected you so early?----I thought to have been up and dress'd, and now you surprise a-body in Bed. Indeed I am quite asham'd of myself,----but----shut the Door, and sit down softly.'----She then open'd the Curtain a little more, and *Jack* sat at some Distance. A Silence ensu'd for some Minutes, till at last he ventur'd to say something of the Book.----' Well, said *Nannett*, look for it under my Pillow, and I'll read'.-----*Jack* search'd for some Time, but in vain; and, she calling him an aukward Fellow, rose carelessly and soon found it.---Undoubtedly she had no Intention of exposing to his View her lovely Neck; for, no sooner had she caught his Eyes fix'd on that Part, and saw the Tumult it occasion'd in him, than with great Precipitation she cover'd it.---Her Head was once more laid on her Pillow, and the Book in her Hand.----' If, said she, you keep so far off, you can't hear me, and you had better come and sit on the Bed-side.' ----- The poor Boy, willing to oblige, carefully mov'd, but found her right Arm negligently thrown out. This Impediment he gently remov'd, but not before he had frequently kiss'd it. She call'd him a Fool, but her

her good Nature did not forbid this Sort of Folly.

JACK's Spirits were up in Arms, so we must presume he was going to sit down improperly, otherwise she certainly would not have said----' Bless me !----Why sure you an't so mad as to lie on the Bed ?-----But-----if you are afraid your Shoes will make a Noise, and will absolutely do it, can't you pull them off?'-----His Shoes vanish'd in an Instant, and he placed himself where, before he had no Intention.----

' COME, come, said *Nannett*, let me make an End of the Story, but if you attempt to serve me, as *Amyntor* does his *Phillis*, positively I shan't endure you,---but---here's one Kiss more to keep you quiet.'-----She then fix'd on the Page and began,-----" Thus situated were this happy Pair. Silence and Secrecy reign'd, and no Eyes to witness their Joys, but those of laughing Cupids, who hover'd round the enchanting Bower. *Amyntor* was all Desire and Love, but his invincible Modesty, oblig'd the equally enamour'd *Phillis*, to supply by Management what her Tongue could not utter. She insensibly conducted him to the Beginning of Charms to which the Youth was an absolute Stranger."-----*Nannett* continued to read, and with great Judgment laid the proper Emphasis on every Word; but at every tender or delicate Period, as many such there were, *Jack* became an exact Imitator, and frequently interrupted the Narration. She often wonder'd at his Assurance, and declar'd her Anger, but her Countenance did not seem to imply that Passion, and at last she was permitted to continue.---" Too pressing *Amyntor*, too yielding *Phillis* ! --- The Time, the Place, and every Opportunity conspir'd with their mutual Inclinations.---

“ nations.-----A thousand Dalliances interven’d
 “ ’till Prudence,-----Virtue,-----and *Phillis*
 “ were lost.”

NANNETT would have proceeded, but *Jack*, still faithful to his Copy, preventing it by acting *Amyntor*.---I hope the Reader will not insist on too nice a Description of this Scene, for I am permitted but to add, that at last, as Reading was become useless, she clos’d the Book, and----I must close this Chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

*Ah thoughtless Mortals ! ever blind to Fate !
 Too soon dejected and too soon elate !
 Sudden these Honours shall be snatch’d away,
 And curs’d for ever this victorious Day.*

DRYDEN’S Virgil.

THE Clock struck Seven, which rous’d them from their Dream of Happiness, to think on their Safety. *Nannett* was unwilling to part; but *Jack* now more prudent, took an hasty Kiss or two, and got to his Room unperceiv’d. He now began to reflect on his Conduct, and he judg’d himself greatly criminal. He now remember’d Mr. *Kindly*’s Precepts, which had for some Time been neglected, and call’d to Mind his last Words of *Calamity* and *Misfortunes*, if he departed from *Virtue*. These Thoughts gave him extreme Uneasiness, but he found himself greatly reliev’d by resolving to be guilty no more, and to shun the Object. An unusual Gravity attended him the whole Day, which greatly disturb’d *Nannett*, as he gave her no Opportunity of inquiring into the Reason.

HE was extremely pleas’d with this Conquest over himself, but alas ! he little knew his own Heart;

Heart; and, as he was a Stranger to the Ways of *Men*, how could he possibly know that of *Women*? — *Nannett*, impatient to learn what passed in his Soul, waited in her Chamber till Two in the Morning, not doubting but *Jack* would find his Way there. The Disappointment extremely mortify'd her Pride; however she determin'd at all Events, to have her Doubts *satisfied*, and resolutely ventur'd down, and got to his Bed-side. She prevented a Noise on his awaking, by telling her Name, and as she was undress'd, without more Ceremony slipp'd in, and took him in her Arms.

WHERE now were all his mighty Resolutions? ---Where were all Mr. *Kindly's* moral Lessons?---Vanish'd,--Lost in the Obscurity of the Night, and in the Arms of Youth and Beauty!--She made him many tender Reproaches, but her Love forgave all. --His Reflections that Day, were quite of another Complection to the former, and he even thought himself a *Fool* for being more timorous than a *Girl*. Besides, he argu'd the Impossibility of Danger, or being discover'd; and, that if it was a Crime, he, at most, was answerable but for *Half*; but the strongest Reason for continuing this Affair was, that he believed every Man would do the same, had he the same Opportunity.---Thus, his Understanding was quite defeated by, what he thought, good Reason.---How many are there, who, by such fallacious Arguments, persuade, or endeavour to persuade themselves into Evil, even contrary to their real Opinion? And how many are there, who are but too successful in their Attempts to deceive themselves?

HIS Amour went charmingly on for about six Weeks, nor could there be, in his Imagination, an happier Mortal.----He insensibly dropt all boyish Amusements, and was much less punctual and exact
at

at School, than formerly. His Visage began to change, and the Roses in his Cheeks to fade; in-
somuch, that *Madam Johnston* really thought him
out of Order, and very innocently directed *Nannet*
to take some Care of the poor Boy, and give him
something warm, when he was in Bed. *Nannett*
most punctually obey'd her Commands, but *Jack*
grew paler notwithstanding.

MR. JOHNSTON, at last observ'd an Alteration
in *Jack*, and, for some Time, was of his Wife's
Opinion; but, as nothing could escape his Pene-
tration, he perceiv'd that the Boy's Eyes sparkled,
and his Face had an uncommon Glow whenever
Nannett enter'd the Room. He likewise remark'd
a peculiar Pleasure in their Countenances when
they spoke to each other, and even when their
Eyes chanc'd to meet, which they frequently did.
---'Tis a Question would puzzle *Monsieur de Moi-
vre*, Whether most Intrigues were began, or were
discover'd by the *Eyes*? Certain it is, they are as
apt to betray as seduce. If these faithless Compa-
nions have a Language to persuade us into secret
Deeds, they have another to divulge it.----What
Pity it is, they are placed in so conspicuous a Spot!

MR. JOHNSTON in his Youth was a Master of
this Language, and read in their Hearts, what gave
him extreme Pain. He was tortur'd with suspect-
ing the worst, and reason'd himself into the Con-
duct he was to observe, should his Suspicions be
well grounded.----He knew should his Resentment
vent itself in Words, the *Reputation* of his *Niece*
was lost, and the Character of his School would
suffer a severe Wound.----To chastise the Boy,
would answer but the same End.---To join them in
Marriage was ridiculous, and, to suffer them to live
peaceably in Iniquity was impossible.---For two Days
was he thus agitated, before he could fix on a
cheme

Scheme to save all Appearances, but particularly those that could affect his own Family.-----
When he had revolved his Plan, and taken a Resolution, his next Step was to satisfy his eager Doubts.

THE third Morning about Three o'Clock he quietly stepp'd into *Jack's* Room. He examined the Bed, which he found unruffled and cold, and immediately concluded *Jack* was in a warmer Place. He paused for a few Minutes to stifle his Indignation, and let the Hurry of his Spirits subside, and then, quietly mounted to his *Niece's* Apartment. He gently open'd the Curtain, and found the happy criminal Pair lock'd in each other's Arms, bidding defiance to all worldly Cares, for they were fast asleep.---For some Time he gazed with Astonishment, and scarcely credited the Evidence of his Eyes.---At last he stirred *Nannett*, who weakened with a tender Expression to *Jack*; but when she perceived her *Uncle*, she was just going to scream out, when he put his Hand on her Mouth, and conjured her to make no noise, but lie still.---*Jack*, now opened his Eyes, but the Moment he beheld the *old Gentleman*, he hid himself under the Cloaths.

POOR *Nannett* put on a most supplicating Countenance, which her ready Tears greatly assisted. Mr. *Johnston*, with as much Coolness as he could collect, first desired her to pin her *Tucker*; and, 'Now, said he, Child, though you have been very foolish, yet I promise you, if you will keep your own Counsel, I shall do the same, and it shall for ever be a Secret, even from your Aunt.'---So much Goodness gave her new Life, and she promised never more to transgress, and be all Obedience ----- Dry your Eyes, my Dear, said he, you see I am not angry with you or *Jack*, so bid him
E 'get

‘ get up and meet me in the Garden immediately;
 ‘ where we will consult how to Manage this silly
 ‘ Affair.’—When he was gone, *Jack* ventured
 to peep out, and was quite overjoyed to find Mr.
Johnston in such good Humour, and much wonder’d
 at it. They were both extremely pleased, and
 imagined they even had his Consent to continue
 their agreeable Amusement.----*Jack* soon dressed
 himself, and taking a tender Leave of his dear *Nan-*
nett, promised to meet earlier the following Night;
 but alas! that Meeting never happened.

JACK got to the Garden as directed, but trem-
 bled at Mr. *Johnston*’s Approach, who, assuming a
 Smile, gave the Boy not a little Courage.---‘ Well,
 ‘ Sir, said his Master, it seems you have lately passed
 ‘ your Time very chearfully, and turn’d over other
 ‘ Leaves besides Latin and Greek; however, I am
 ‘ not now here to upbraid you with Ingratitude,
 ‘ or with the Breach of all Laws, Human and
 ‘ Divine; neither shall I now correct you, or
 ‘ send you to Prison and have you hang’d, as the
 ‘ Laws direct; but, as I shall always have it in
 ‘ my Power, so I shall certainly put it in Practice,
 ‘ except you will give me your most sacred Pro-
 ‘ mise, to do whatever I shall order.’—‘ Sir, said
 ‘ *Jack*, with great Confusion, I really don’t know
 ‘ how to appear before God or you, after my
 ‘ Transgressions; but I hope my sincere Repent-
 ‘ ance, with my most solemn Vow to obey all
 ‘ your Directions, will atone for my Crimes.’—
 ‘ I know, reply’d Mr. *Johnston*, you abhor a Lye,
 ‘ therefore I will trust you. The last Letters I re-
 ‘ ceived from my Lord, particularly mention you,
 ‘ about a Project I had of sending you to *London*,
 ‘ of which he has approved. Now, *Jack*, if you
 ‘ will set out this Day, in the Manner I shall direct,
 ‘ I will pardon all, and put you in a Way of mak-
 ‘ ing

‘ing your Fortune.’—‘Sir, reply’d *Jack*, (who was fired at going to *London*) I have already given you my Oath to obey, and, to convince you of my Readiness, I am willing to set out this Minute.’

‘IN the first Place, said Mr. *Johnston*, I must insist on your not speaking a Syllable to *Nannett* on any Account whatever, nor to any Person in the Family about what has happened. In the next Place, I desire you will press me this Morning for Leave to visit Mr. *Wilson*’s Family, who have so often invited you.—Go that Road about a Mile, and then turn back through the Fields, which you know will, in about an Hour, lead you into the great Road to DUBLIN. On this Side the Windmill you will find my Man *John* with a Carr, who will have particular Orders to take Care of you, and you will follow his Directions. As I know you will believe me, I give you my Word and Honour that I intend only your own Good; but it is absolutely necessary for your Peace and mine that you promise punctually to obey my Orders, and that on no Account you will ever write yourself, or cause any other Person to write to my Lord, Mr. *Kindly*, or me. These are the Conditions on which my Pardon is founded: If you transgress, be assur’d my utmost Resentment will follow.’

JACK threw himself on his Knees, and most solemnly vow’d, in the presence of God, religiously to observe all his Directions, and rising, ask’d his Master what he intended to do with his Shirts, Books, and his other little effects? But being assur’d he should find them all safe in *Dublin*, was quite easy on that Account.—‘Now, said Mr. *Johnston*, I am satisfy’d, and I hope you will have Reason to be content. Lest you may want

‘ Money on the Road, here is a Guinea, and
‘ more will be given you in Town.’

As they walk’d towards the House, Mr. *Johnston* gave him many good Lessons for his future Conduct.---He very earnestly recommended a modest, sober, and religious Life, as what only could give him true Joy and real Happiness.----He told him, that God sometimes permitted Good to come out of Evil, and pray’d it might be so in the present Case; but, that no Man ought to depend that such a Grace would at all Times be bestowed on us; ---that, as the Mercy of God was great, so was his Jealousy; equally capable of forgiving young rash Sinners, as of punishing obstinate and unrepenting Offenders.

MUCH more was said on this Subject, and in so tender a Manner, as greatly to affect the Boy, and make a strong Impression on his Mind. Mr. *Johnston* concluded, with saying, ‘ You have not
‘ much of the common *Irish* Manner of speaking,
‘ but let me advise you to forget the little you
‘ have, and endeavour to speak like the People
‘ you live with, which will prevent your being
‘ often laugh’d at and ridicul’d by the Ignorant
‘ and Vulgar, and none other can do it.---Your
‘ Name is quite *Irish*, but I shall call you JOHN
‘ CONYERS in my Letters, and henceforward let
‘ that be your Name. And now, Mr. *Conyers*,
‘ I think we have fully settled this Matter; there-
‘ fore go in, and behave as usual; but remember
‘ your Promise.’

THEY got to the House before any of the Servants were up, so their Meeting was a Secret.-----When *Jack* was alone, he began very seriously to reflect on his Situation. He was conscious of deserving very severe Punishment, and thank’d God Mr. *Johnston* had treated him so well.-----On the other

other Hand, he regretted parting with his dear *Nannet*, especially in the Manner he had promis'd, and had a violent Inclination to take one tender Farewel, but his Vow prevented him. The Injunctions laid on him, he thought very extraordinary; but the Dread of Punishment and Shame, and the Anger of my Lord and Mr. *Kindly*, made him acquiesce with Patience to these hard Terms. Besides, as he really had an entire Confidence in, and a Love for Mr. *Johnston*, he doubted not but he had good Reasons for what he ordered.

THO' his Effects were to meet him in *Dublin*, he had the wise precaution of putting on two Shirts, and taking his Purse, which now contained but eleven Guineas. He likewise put in his Coat Pocket the little Box and Instructions given him by Mr. *Kindly*, and all the little Manuscripts he had. Thus dressed and fix'd in his Resolutions, he waited on Mr. *Johnston*, and begged his Leave to visit Mr. *Wilson*, who lived about Four Miles to the West.—Mr. *Johnston* hesitated for some Time, but his Wife interceding, she obtained Permission, provided he promised to go Half a Mile round, and not cross the Ford which was sometimes dangerous.

It seems Mr *Johnston* had given orders to *John* to go that Morning with a Carr to *Dublin* for an Hoghead of Wine; and as he was an old faithful Servant, was the only Person he trusted with the Secret. He gave him his Instructions, and a Letter to his Brother, who was a Merchant of that City.—*John* had set out about Eight o'Clock, and *Jack* took a different Road about Nine.—He went off with tolerable Spirits; but when he came to the appointed Turn, his Heart swelled, and the Thoughts of parting with *Nannet*, Master *Harry*, *Billy*, and all his dear Friends for ever, almost made him distracted, and obliged him to sit down and give Way

to a Torrent of Tears.---At last the Thoughts of seeing DUBLIN and LONDON, and the Hopes of making his *Fortune*, throwing his Situation into a more favourable Light, he found Strength to proceed, and joyned old *John* about Eleven o'Clock.

-----The Man was prepared for him, and, under the Pretence of keeping him from the Sun, seated him on a Bundle of Straw on the Carr, and cover'd him with a Sort of Awning, so close, that no Passengers could see him, and then march'd on to *Dublin*, where he was well received by the Merchant.

PERHAPS the good natured Reader may be desirous of knowing what passed at *Portarlington* when *Jack* was missed, and how *Nannett* and the Family behaved on this melancholy Occasion; and sorry I am that it is not in my Power to gratify so reasonable a Curiosity. He may, if he pleases, suppose with me, that they sent next Day to Mr. *Wilson's*, and that their Surprise was great, when inform'd they had not seen or heard of him. No doubt many were their Conjectures; some, I imagine, thought he had run away; but I apprehend the most probable and general Surmise was, that he had crossed the Ford and was drown'd.

BE this as it will, I must, tho' with some Regret, leave this good Family, and follow my Friend JACK CONYERS through Scenes of a much different Nature.---The calm, tranquil Life he has hitherto led, must give place to the *Hurry* and *Bustle* of the World.---*Deceit*, *Craft*, *Flattery* and *Vice*, must succeed to Lessons of *Honour*, *Probity* and *Virtue*.

C H A P. XIV.

*Take sound Advice proceeding from the Heart,
Sincerely your's and free from fraudulent Art.*

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

HAPPY that *Being*, who sometimes permits himself to think seriously; who suffers his Imagination deliberately to reflect on external Objects, and internally apply those Lessons of Morality, and Instruction that may be drawn from every Action of Man----*Vice* trails with it those Marks, that shew us its *Odiousness*, as some poisonous Animals carry their Antidote.---Affluence and Plenty are not generally productive of such Thoughts; for, in that Situation, we are apt to look no farther than ourselves, nor conceive the Possibility of being wretched and unhappy, till we have experienced some of its Bitters.--There is a pleasing and a useful Sensation, in the Soul, at viewing and commiserating the Distresses of the Unfortunate. The more we have pitied and raised our *Tenderness* and *Charity* to others, the happier we find ourselves, should *Distress* and *Penury*, visit us in its Rounds---Independent of the Christian Duty of *Compassion*, this Consideration alone, makes it *good to have been in Trouble*.

JACK, tho' tenderly treated by the Merchant, and now in a large City where Variety of unaccustom'd Objects presented themselves to his View, yet melancholy Ideas fill'd his Mind. To abandon and be abandon'd by those Friends he had so sincerely loved---To live amongst Strangers in a distant Country, and to begin to labour and work for the Bread he was to eat, were to him most dreadful Vicissitudes of Fortune; and what he imagin'd, were pe-

culiar to himself. In these gloomy Reflections, he acknowledged his manifold Offences, and in his fervent Prayers, which had lately been neglected, most heartily begg'd Forgiveness. He read Mr. *Kindly's* Instructions to his Son, over and over, and made the properest Observations on them in his Power.

As I have now some spare Time, it cannot be better employ'd, than laying before my Reader the Instructions so often mention'd.-----Should he be wise enough not to stand in Need of these Precepts, I beg he will pass them over, and skip on to the mere Narration.

To my Son John Kindly.

Bounty Hall.

“ My dear Child.

“ **W**HEN you reflect on the Relation I bare to
 “ you, and on my Tenderness and Affection,
 “ you must be convinc'd that all my Care and
 “ Pains is to endeavour to make, and perhaps see
 “ you an happy and a worthy Man.-----You are
 “ now to begin a new Scene of Life, where,
 “ instead of the Guardianship of a fond Father you
 “ must be guided and directed by so dangerous a
 “ Tutor as yourself----Tho' you must be far re-
 “ mov'd from my Presence, yet, I conjure you by
 “ every sacred Tye, to think on your Father and
 “ the Advice he now gives you.

“ Be careful in observing every Duty of RELI-
 “ GION. You will find it the surest, and perhaps
 “ the only Way to keep *Peace* and *Content* in your
 “ Heart, and a Serenity and Chearfulness in your
 “ Countenance -----By being a Man, be not
 “ asham'd of being a Christian.

“ CANDOUR, Integrity and Gratitude, are some
 “ of the strongest Links that bind Men to each
 “ other

“ other. When these are absent, Suspicion, Fraud
 “ and Deceit, will fill each Breast, and make us
 “ rather Companions for the wild Inhabitants of
 “ the Forest, than Associates to Animals, who
 “ boast superior Reason.

“ You are to live in the World.----You are to
 “ study the large Volume of Mankind.----Whilst
 “ thus employ’d, forget not that Mankind are stu-
 “ dying you.--Nature has given you an easy flexi-
 “ ble Temper, therefore guard against the Charms
 “ of *Flattery*.--I know you will avoid the *Profligate*
 “ and *Prophane*; Shun likewise the *Demure*, the
 “ *Precise*, and the *Very Godly*.--Experience de-
 “ monstrates that *Hypocrisy*, *Cunning*, and *De-*
 “ *ceit*, generally lurk under it, and that the
 “ *Righteous overmuch*, have other Schemes to
 “ *work out*, besides their Salvation.

“ WITH *Virtue*, *Truth* and *Justice*, which I
 “ trust you will preserve, there are Duties of So-
 “ ciety that give Beauty and Harmony, and there-
 “ fore must not be neglected.

“ A TENDERNESS for our Fellow-Creatures, a
 “ compassionate Turn for their Misfortunes, and
 “ Pity for their Weaknesses, are what we owe our-
 “ selves and them.----By not paying this Debt;
 “ we renounce our Claim to Humanity.

“ POLITE Behaviour and Complacency of Man-
 “ ners places every Action in the most advantage-
 “ ous Light, and adds irresistible Grace to every
 “ Word and every Motion.----Be sincere in such
 “ a Conduct, and suffer not your Lips to give the
 “ Lye to your Heart.--There is a Medium to be
 “ followed even to Persons we have an ill Opinion
 “ of.

“ As a general good Behaviour is necessary to,
 “ and required by all, you cannot fail of being re-
 “ markably so to some particulars; but avoid

“ making Friendships, till by Time you are convinced they deserve your’s.---When you have found a Friend, detest the old and false Maxim of *living with him as tho’ he may become an Enemy.*

“ Go not into the Way of Temptation; for, believe me, it will but too often fall in your’s. Resolution is strong; but the strongest is lodg’d in a *frail Body*, therefore depend not too much upon it, but, rather owe your Safety to a timely Flight:

“ IN your Dress, avoid as much as possible the Gaudy and Fluttering, but in the Neat and Clean, endeavour to be remarkable. A Carefulness in properly setting off the Person, is commendable and useful. It argues a Desire of pleasing, and gratifies the Eye of every Beholder. A Propriety in Dress, and a certain Sobriety of Deportment, free from Affectation and Formality, will always add Weight to your Conversation, and make it sought after.

“ COMPANY and Chearfulness are necessary, and of infinite Use; but a constant Jollity and Mirth betray such a Levity in the Mind, that your Presence will never be desir’d but merely to *divert* others, whose Regard ceases the Instant the Laughter is over.---Should your Wit offend, be assured of an Enemy for ever.

“ As your Inclinations lead you to the Study of the Laws, you will soon perceive the Strength of the Foundation on which the *British* Constitution is built.--You will soon observe the Happiness of that Kingdom, where the different Ranks of Men have their different Operations, all coinciding and centering in the Preservation of the Whole.---Let your Heart and your Hand be always ready to support this Structure.--It has often been in Danger, and suffered mighty Re-

“ volutions ;

“ volutions; but, as it is now fully repaired by a
 “ PROTESTANT ARCHITECT, be it your Care,
 “ as much as in you lies, to defend it from every
 “ Foreign *Political*, and from every Domestick
 “ wicked Attempt.

“ AMBITION and Pride are Crimes of the
 “ most dangerous Tendency, yet, like Opiates, a
 “ small Quantity is sometimes necessary, as a
 “ large one gives the Patient up to Frenzy and
 “ Madness, and, in the End, destroys him.-----
 “ To have these in a just Degree, will raise a
 “ Desire of excelling, and prevent a Meanness of
 “ Conduct.

“ A POET says, ‘ *There is a Pleasure in being
 “ mad, which none but Madmen know.*’-----Be it
 “ so, but desire not to experience it. Rather try
 “ what Pleasure *Common Sense* will afford.----*She*
 “ will instruct you in Oeconomy, and in that proper
 “ Management of your Fortune, that will bid
 “ Defiance to a Goal, and make your Sleep truly
 “ a Blessing.---*She* will teach you the right Use of
 “ Learning, and shew the Folly of being impertinent
 “ with it.---*She* will hold a Mirror to your
 “ Person, and point out the Absurdity of being
 “ vain of it.---*She* will advise, direct, and shew
 “ you the World in its true and genuine Colours,
 “ and give you that Taste, which *Ignorance, Pride*
 “ and *Folly*, will ever be Strangers to.

“ LEARN, if possible, to be content with the
 “ Station Heaven has allotted you, and endeavour
 “ to attain that Sort of Philosophy which gives *Patience*
 “ and *Resignation* in all Sorts of Calamities.
 “ ---The happiest of Beings not only are subject
 “ to them, but almost daily feel them in different
 “ Shapes.---To be a Master of this truly noble
 “ Science, believe me, the Heart must be unconscious
 “ of *Guilt*, and a Rectitude of Thought.
 “ must

“ must dwell in it.—In a Word, let your Inten-
 “ tions and your Schemes of Life be always found-
 “ ed in *Virtue* and *Honour*; but, whilst human
 “ and prudential Means are pursu’d, submit the
 “ Issue, with all Humility, unto that BEING, who
 “ is incapable of Error or Falshood, and into whose
 “ Hands I chearfully submit you.

“ JOHN KINDLY”

As often as *Jack* read over these Lessons, he found his Cares to lighten, and received such Strength to support himself, as made him determine to pursue them as exactly as he could.----- He had now been in *Dublin* about a Month, and had received all the Effects he left in *Portarlington*. The Merchaut having prepared all Things for his Expedition, and equipp’d him tolerably well in Cloaths, gave him Five Guineas, and a Letter to his Correspondent Mr. *Joshua Strong*, of *Throgmorton-street*, and embark’d him on board the *Hibernia*, bound for *London*.

I HOPE it will not be expected I should furnish my Readers with the Adventures of this Voyage of ten Days, as there happen’d but the common Occurrences on such Occasions; but I am strongly inclin’d to present them, according to the Practice of other wise Authors, with a most extraordinary and surprizing Dream *Jack* had the first Night.— He dream’d—But I beg Pardon, for I find myself at this Instant so drowsy, that I must request my kind Reader will follow my Example, and by taking a Nap, dream the Remainder of this Chapter.

G. H. A. P.

CHAP. XV..

*When Pleasure stumbles in our Way,
Our best Resolves too oft' decay.
Frail Nature prompts, and giddy Youth,
Falls into Crimes, in spite of Truth.*

ANONIMOUS.

MR. STRONG had by Post received a full Account of *Jack*, and what he was destin'd for, so that when he appear'd with his Letter, he was received with a Sort of Civility that gave him some Uneasiness. Mr. *Strong* was at Dinner, and having asked him a few trifling Questions, desir'd him to go to the Kitchen and get some Victuals. He bore this Indignity tolerably well, for his appetite did not permit his quarrelling with Punctilios. In the Evening some more Questions were put to him, and was told he should be taken next Morning where he was to live. It seems Mr. *Strong* had had Time to prepare Matters.

THIS was not the pleasantest Night *Jack* pass'd in his Life, but the Morning at last came that was to solve some Doubts. Mr. *Strong* took his Hat and Cane, and desir'd *Jack* to follow him. As they walk'd he told him they were going to Mr. *Champignon's* the Weaver in *Spittle-Fields*, with whom he had agreed to bind him Apprentice. 'You may, said Mr. *Strong*, stay seven or eight Months on Trial; but I dare say you will like your Situation so well, that you will have Reason to thank your Friends.'---*Jack*, though not quite pleas'd, was glad to find Matters no worse, and with more Chearfulness continued his March to the Weavers.

MR. STRONG entering, cry'd, 'Well, Monsieur, here is the Boy I spoke to you about; take him,

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‘ him, and be sure don’t keep him idle.’----‘ Ha-
 ‘ hah, said *Champignon*, Parbleau he be a ver pritty
 ‘ Garçon, and I sure you muste workè ver well,
 ‘ for be gar si he no Travail he fall avè de ver good
 ‘ Soupe-maigre!-----‘ That’s right, said Mr.
 ‘ *Strong*, no Work, no Meat; but I hope he’ll
 ‘ plove a good Boy, so, Monsieur, your Servant,
 ‘ --- I’ll call on you as I go by:---‘ Serviteur,
 ‘ Serviteur, Monsieur de *Strang*, cry’d *Champig-*
 ‘ *non*, as you please call en passant---*Jack* eye’d
 his new Master, and could scarcely forbear laugh-
 ing at the Oddity of his Figure. He was about Sixty
 Five or Seventy Years of Age, tall and very thin.
 His swarthy Skin did not seem to belong to what
 it cover’d, and his Cheek-Bones, in particular, dis-
 cover’d a violent Inclination to escape through. He
 had on an old greasy Stuff Gown, and a double
 mill’d Cap, that perhaps was formerly Scarlet.
 In short, *Jack* thought he was bound Apprentice
 to a Skeleton, but a certain good natur’d Smile,
 and an agreeable Vivacity in the old Man, gave
 him some Prospect of being better than he imagin’d.

MONSIEUR. *Champignon*, was one of the Mil-
 lion whom the Religious Wisdom of LEWIS the
Fourteenth compell’d to visit *England* and other
 Protestant Countries, and who brought with them
 many useful Arts and Manufactures. He was a
 Man of great Application and Industry, which,
 with great *Saving* for a Course of Years, made
 him worth about Twenty Thousand Pounds. He
 had a Gaiety in his Temper, and such a Fund of
 natural good Understanding, that his Company
 was extremely agreeable to many eminent Mer-
 chants. His Wife was a good Sort of old Woman;
 but his only Child Mademoiselle TONTON, was a
 most lively and pretty Girl of Twenty-four Years
 of Age. Her Complexion was not of the bright-
 est,

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est, but her sparkling Eyes, and her good Shape,
made her a very desirable Object. Her Father,
from the Stinginess of his Temper, had disappointed
her of two very good Matches, and the scandalous
Chronicle of the Neighbourhood said, she had
taken a proper Revenge.

CHAMPIGNON was so whimsical, that he scarce-
ly ever spoke *French*, and his English was such a
Medley, as to occasion frequent Laughter. When
he was ask'd, Why he spoke not better *English*,
he always answer'd,---'De par tout les Diables !
'--How you avè me speak so better Englis ? Sacre
'Chien ! I avè live dans Londres no more as For-
'ty Year, but avec de Time, me sal avè de Con-
'versation, Piff---Paff---so well as Monsieur me
'for Merè.'

JACK was employ'd in the usual Business of a
junior Apprentice, and in weaving Ribbons, which
he did tolerably well, but found he had not a na-
tural Call to be ty'd to a Loom.

IT would be impertinent to attempt to enter-
tain the Reader with the many arch Tricks *Jack*
play'd his new Master, or with the mirth *Monsieur*
Champignon's English afforded. He was extremely
passionate, and often call'd *Jack* a *Jean Fou-re*, an
Irland son-ma-biche, and many other whimsical
Names that always excited laughter.

HE had now liv'd with Mr. *Champignon* above
Twelve Months and was pretty well reconciled to
the Family, whose Love he had got by Songs, and
a thousand *Irish* Stories. Miss, in particular,
was greatly diverted with his agreeable Chat, and
he overheard her one Morning, tell her Maid ;
'That considering *Conyers* was *Irish*, he was the
'prettiest young Fellow she ever saw in her Life.'
----Though his Manner of speaking was greatly
improv'd, yet there remained enough of his Coun-
try

try to be severely banter'd by Miss *Tonton*. She often insisted on his making Bulls and Blunders. She laugh'd at the Words, *Unwell*---*Big Coat*,---*E're Yesterday*, and the like.---*Jack*, who was now become pretty free, ask'd her, if she understood him when he spoke.---' Yes, said she, I comprehend ' your meaning well enough; but you have such ' unaccountable Phrases, one had need of an *Irish* ' Expositor.'---' I'm glad, Madam, said *Jack*, you ' are pleas'd to allow I speak, so as to be compre- ' hended, but a Gentleman, the other Day, in ' our Warehouse cry'd out. " *Did no body see any* ' *body take up never a Hat.*"---' I beg, Madam, ' you will be so good to explain this *English* Phrase; ' for, upon my *sowl*, I cannot.'---' Upon my *Sowl*! ' said she, and laugh'd violently at his Tone, ' without answering his Question.'

SUCH Sort of Conversation happen'd frequently, and was equally amusing, but as he artfully suffer'd her to have the Superiority in every Argument, and even ask'd her Advice and Instruction, she conceived a vast Opinion of his uncultivated *Genius*, and his natural good Parts.---These Sort of Beginnings, generally lead to, and are but the Fore-runners of Thoughts, not so proper to be plainly set down.---These impertinent Thoughts but too often occur'd,---*Jack* had them not,---Guess who then?

MISS TONTON was one Morning at her Toilet very judiciously adjusting her Head-dress before she fix'd her Stays. Young *Jonyers*, passing her Chamber, was perceiv'd by the Reflection of her Glass, and calling him in a great Hurry, begg'd he'd look down her back for a Flea that teaz'd her immoderately. *Jack* very innocently, examin'd the Part, and declar'd he saw nothing.---' Lord, ' said *Tonton*, you're such an unhandy Booby, ' you'll

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‘you’ll let the Creature escape, but look sharp,
 ‘*Jack*, I beg of you.’—*Jack* look’d, but his Imagination being warm’d by the Touch, his Understanding became the clearer.—‘Now, cry’d he,
 ‘I see it.---There it hops, faith ’tis a Swinger.’—He then vigorously pursu’d the flying Animal, which, traversing the whole Plain of her Back, took its Course to the Eminences in Front, where it afforded a most delightful Chase. It skip’d from Hill to Hill, practis’d all the Craft of the Hare, but *Jack* was so keen a Sportsman, that he rested not till he had fairly caught it.

ASSOCIATES in Amusements become Intimates, and frequently form Friendships. ’Twas so in the present Case. *Tonton* began to be extremely fond of *Jack*’s Company, and found so many Opportunities to hunt, that one would imagine she had collected all the Fleas in the Parish, to afford him Diversion. Her Maid *Bersheba*, who was old and ugly, prevented many an Evening’s Sport, so she was oblig’d to make Use of her as a Whipper in, or as a Groom to hold the Horses. By this notable Contrivance, *Jack* was frequently introduc’d when the Family were in Bed, and stay’d till they were near rising, when he quietly retir’d through the old Maid’s Room, whose *Hey-day of the Blood* was not over, but sometimes mutiny’d in the *Matron’s Bones*.—It seems poor *Bersheba* was likewise subject to Fleas, and the Hunting them became not a little troublesome to *Jack*. It chagreen’d him much, and made *Tonton* very uneasy.—At last he obtain’d a long Respite, but not in the Manner he chose, for he was taken extremely ill, and a violent Fever ensu’d. No doubt he wanted not proper Care, and in Six Weeks he began to return to his Senses, and a little to recover.

THE

THE first Use he made of his Reason, was to confess the Justice of the Punishment for his repeated Crimes.---*Bounty-Hall, Portarlington*, his Friends, and all their good Advice, now came rushing into his Thoughts with such Force, that he relaps'd, and had like never to have given me the Opportunity of writing his History. His youth and good Constitution at length prevail'd, and all Danger was over, except what might proceed from his extreme Weakness, or falling into a Consumption. He recover'd so slowly, that the Doctor, like his Brethren, when they know not what else to do, advis'd a Change of Air for a Month or two. *Champignon* was one of the few *Frenchmen* of Substance, who had not a Country House, and to take Lodgings and maintain *Jack*, would be attended with an Expence he by no means could bring himself to think of.

MR. VILLENEUF, a very eminent Merchant in *Black-Fryers*, was an intimate Friend, and had frequently diverted himself with *Jack*, whose pertinent Answers and good Understanding, made him a Sort of Favourite.---' *Champignon*, said he one Day, Why don't you send poor *Conyers* to the Country?---The Lad will die here, and his Funeral will cost you more than a Month's Lodging'---' Ha, Ha, said *Champignon*, I do no such a-ting.---' *Parbleu* I send *Jean* to de Diable---to Monsieur de *Strang*.---Dat Gentilman he never come say, *Champignon*, how *Jean Conyer* do?---' Monsieur de *Strang* say noting, do noting----' Poor *Champignon* muste do tout.---' *Ventrebleu*! ' Je crois dat de Monde tink me diablement riche! '---I tellê you, *Monsieur Villeneuf*, poor *Champignon* fall dye, alors you will see, you will regardê all my pauvre Richesse.'---A d'autres, said *Villeneuf*, I know you better. Besides, if Mr. Strong

c. be

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‘ be a *Brute*, I hope my Friend *Champignon* is not?
 ‘ ---But I shall make this Matter easy, and honest
 ‘ *Conyers* shall not be lost.---Send him To-mor-
 ‘ row to my House at *Greenwich*, where he may
 ‘ be a Companion for my *sober melancholy Son*, and
 ‘ perhaps do each other good.’---*Champignon* was
 not averse to this Proposal, and *Jack*, with his
 Trunk, were put into a Coach, and sent off next
 Day.

Mr. VILLENEUF, the Son, was a Gentleman
 of Twenty-four Years of Age. He passionately
 lov’d *Reading* and *Retirement*, was extremely good-
 natur’d and *charitable*; but had a *Gloominess* in his
 Temper, that made him averse to much Company
 and mirth. His Father, who had no other Child,
 was oblig’d to indulge him in his Humour, and
 supply him liberally with *Money* to gratify his *ge-
 nerous Spirit*. His large Fortune could very well
 afford this Expence.

JACK was as happy as his disturb’d Thoughts
 would permit, which were ever reflecting on his
 past Conduct, and upbraiding him with Actions of
 which he dreaded the Consequence.---*Repentance*,
 he thought, might avert a further Punishment, and
 set himself seriously to think of it.---He knew,
 that *truly to repent*, he must lead a *new Life*, and
 avoid his *former*, and *all other Crimes*.---But how
 difficult! what Struggles had he to forget *Nannett*
 and *Tonton*! he could not avoid remembering the
 very Thing he wanted to be *blotted* from his *Me-
 mory*; then, how could he say *he would forget*
them?---No, but as he could not prevent the In-
 trusion of *Thought*, he was determin’d to refrain
 from *actual Evil*. As this was the utmost he could
 bring himself to, he rested satisfy’d that this *Reso-
 lution* would hold firm.

THE

THE first Week at *Greenwich* was not extremely pleasant, as young Mr. *Villeneuve* seldom spoke to, or seem'd to regard him, but as the Apprentice of a Weaver, for whom his Father had some Value. *Jack* perceived the Reason of this Coolness, and by Degrees stole in a *Latin Sentence*; and some judicious Observations, but in such Language and Accent (for he had quite lost the *Irish Tone*) that surpriz'd the young Gentleman, and made him desirous of a more intimate Acquaintance. This he easily accomplished, and as *Jack's* Health and Spirits encreas'd, he made great Progress in the Affections of Mr. *Villeneuve*.

THE old Gentleman had determin'd to send his Son to *Paris* for a year or two, that by Travel, and a different Climate and Company, he might be brought insensibly to act like other Men. He found his Son was much pleas'd with *Jack*, and propos'd his going with him as a kind of *Servant*, of whom he might at Times make a *Companion*. The young Gentleman express'd his Satisfaction, and *Conyers* was vastly delighted at seeing a little more of the World, and not be oblig'd to return to the perpetual Motion of the Shuttle.

I MUST leave the Management of *Monsieur Champignon* to the old Gentleman, and bid adieu to *Spittle-Fields*, *Tonton* and *Bersheba*, for in three Months Mr. *Villeneuve* and *Conyers* found themselves in the Capital of *France*.

CHAP. XVI.

*The Learned, full of inward Pride,
The Fops of outward show deride;
The Fop, with Learning at Defiance,
Scoffs at the Pedant, and the Science:
The Don, a formal, solemn Strutter,
Despises Monsieur's Airs and Flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal Fool
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by Rule.
Britain, a Medley of the Twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the Rest,
Laughs at them both,---*

GAY.

JACK was now in his Nineteenth Year, of a good Stature, good Complexion, and, when dress'd, was a very genteel and handsome Fellow. His Eyes were black and sprightly; he had a most agreeable Smile, and something so easy in his Manner, that he prepossessed every one in his Favour almost at first Sight. When he spoke, it was with great Modesty, but his Learning and good Sense made him heard with Pleasure. He had found out the grand Secret of Conversation, which was to speak seldom, but to the Purpose, and he had likewise learn'd to get the better in an Argument, by sometimes giving it up.

His fix'd Allowance from Mr. Villeneuve was but small, but he equipp'd him with decent Cloaths, ruffled Shirts, and from Time to Time with Money sufficient to dine at a good Ordinary, and be always clean and neat. Mr. Villeneuve generally went out about Ten in the Morning, and return'd to his Lodgings about Five in the Evening,

ing, except he went to the Comedy, but never expected *Conyers* till about Eight or Nine o'Clock. *Jack* always attended when he was dressing, but was of little Use, as a *French* Footman performed all that Operation.

Mr. VILLENEUF had a *Fencing* and a *Dancing* Master, rather because it was the *Fashion*, and that his Father insisted on it, than for any Use they might be of to him. The Gentlemen constantly attended, but *Conyers* principally received the Benefit of their Instructions. He likewise was very diligent at a Neighbouring Academy for Riding. This was of infinite Advantage, as it strengthened his Limbs, and gave him a Carriage that still added to the Gracefulness of his Person. When his Curiosity was pretty much gratify'd, he applyed closely to the best *French* Authors, making their *History* and *Language* familiar to him. He examined and enquired, as far as he was able, into their *Laws*, their *Customs* and *Manners*; and made such Observations, that more learned Travellers need not have been asham'd of. He had a Genius for Figures, and made himself a tolerable Master of some Branches in Mathematicks. In a Word, he took care to be fully employ'd.

His young Master, or rather his *Friend*, had Books enough, and in Conversation gave him many Hints which he improv'd. One Night at Supper, *Villeneuve* told him, he wonder'd at his staying so much in the House; and that he ought to go more into the *World*! 'You are always, said he, poring over Books, and advising me against what you practice yourself.'—I confess, Sir, said *Conyers*, it is but too true. I am necessitated to act like the *Gascoin*; for, not having it in my Power to read the *Great*, I must content myself with the *small World*, as I find it in Books.'—'Pray, said

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‘ said Mr. Villeneuf, how did the Gascoin manage?
 —‘ Why, Sir, reply’d Conyers, the Gascoin was
 ‘ just as poor a Fellow as I am, but he took it into
 ‘ his Head to be *Industrious*, and amuse himself
 ‘ with selling Water in *Paris*. An old Friend
 ‘ met him and his Pitchers, and was vastly surpriz’d
 ‘ that a *Gentleman* of his *Noble Blood*, could so de-
 ‘ mean himself as to follow *so low* an Occupation.
 ‘ Lord! reply’d the Gascoin, you quite mistake the
 ‘ Matter, for I am a Man of *great Importance*,
 ‘ and such a Favourite at Court, that the *King* has
 ‘ granted me the *Waters of the Sein*, but as I have
 ‘ not found a *Chap* to buy the *Whole* at once, you
 ‘ see I am oblig’d to *retail it*.’ —‘ So, said Ville-
 ‘ neuf, the Moral of the Story is, that your *Poverty*
 ‘ prevents your following my advice; but hence-
 ‘ forward, that shall be no Obstacle. My Appoint-
 ‘ ment is more than I possibly know how to spend,
 ‘ and must desire your assistance in the Manage-
 ‘ ment of Part of it. To begin, take these *Fifty*
 ‘ *Pieces*, and command more when they are gone.’
 ‘ —‘ Sir, said Conyers, I own I meant to beg a
 ‘ little Money, but could never imagine your *Ge-
 ‘ nerosity* and *Goodness*, extensive and great as they
 ‘ are, could lead you into such an act, that my
 ‘ poor Services can *never repay*.’

CONYERS, like *Numps* in the Comedy, was quite another Creature with *Money* in his Pocket, and so elate, that he could not avoid imparting his good Fortune to *Madam Comode*, the Milliner where they lodg’d. She rejoic’d exceedingly, and extoll’d Mr. Villeneuf’s Generosity to the Skies, but still insinuated, that the *Bounty* was *vastly lessen’d*, when the *Worth and Value of the Receiver* was considered. — Many were the Compliments and Encomiums bestow’d on him by the good Woman and her fair Daughter, *Mademoiselle MADELAIN*. This young
 Lady

Lady was blest'd with peculiar *Eloquence*, and such a Fluency of Speech, that *Conyers* press'd her Acceptance of a Couple of *Lewis d'Ors*, which by some *accidental* Words, he found she stood in need of. With great Difficulty she consented, but assur'd him, *it was owing to his irresistible Politeness*. — He imagin'd sometimes, she was troubled with *Fleas*, but he found those of *Paris* more nimble than those he had before hunted; for, though he often attempted, yet he never could catch one of *Madelain's*.

He din'd most commonly at a neighbouring Hotel frequented by very good Company, where he had the *Honour* of hearing the *English* pretty severely handled, particularly by *Monsieur MAQUEREAU*, and the *Chevalier FANFARON*. — 'I can't conceive, said *Maquereau*, how *London* maintains itself, for most of the *Inhabitants* transport themselves to *Paris*.' — 'True, cry'd *Fanfaron*, those *English* of some *Understanding*, know they can never improve but by *our Company*.' — 'I can't blame them, reply'd the other, for it shews some *Glimmering* of a good *Taste*. The *English*, continued he, have that *plodding Turn*, and that Sort of *blunt Stupidity*, that enables them to make *Money*, and as foolishly to throw it away. Were it not for their *Guineas*, their Company would be *insupportable*.' — It must be confess'd, said the *Chevalier*, that their *Purse* is the best furnish'd Part about them. They are *awkward and clumsy*, and have not the least Spark of *French Politeness*. — 'I'm sure, said *Maquereau* (raising his Shoulders,) we take great Pains to make them reasonable *Animals*, by sending such a constant Provision of *Cooks, Milliners, Tailors, Footmen, Silks, Embroideries*, and a Million of other useful Ingredients in the Composition of a fine Gentleman

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‘ tleman or Lady; and so ungrateful are the Creatures, that they send us *nothing* in return.’----
 ‘ Fo---re, cry’d the *Chevalier*! what the Devil have they to send us? So *Monsieur* BALLANCE comes in *Person* to return their Thanks.’---Many more *vain* and *impertinent* Remarks pass’d between them; and the *Chevalier* concluded by saying, ‘ *It must be allowed, France is the Nation in the World where People see good Manners and true Politeness.*’

CONYERS was very uneasy at this Conversation; but *Monsieur* DE PENSE, an elderly Gentleman, took a Glass of Wine, and said to him, ‘ Mr *Englishman*, I have the Honour to drink your Health. ’Tis the *English Fashion*, and I love it the better. I have great Obligations to the *English*, and regard them as a *brave* and *generous People*. As for their *Politeness*, I swear they have more than what you have seen this Day at Table.’----‘ Sir, said Conyers, I am very glad to find so much in *one Gentleman*, and am disappointed at not discovering the same in *all*.’----
 ‘ How, Sir! cry’d the *Chevalier*, in an half Angry Tone.---‘ Sir, reply’d Jack very briskly, you’ll be so good to indulge me two Words, before your Warmth encreases. Gentlemen, continued he, I am in *Paris* by Command; therefore, am not one of those who come meerly to *learn Fashions*. All Nations have *Fools* in Abundance.---*English Fools* go Abroad, because they have Money, and perhaps the *Fools* of this Country stay at *Home* because they have none. I frequently meet them, and sometimes *dine* with them, and, if you will take their Words, they are Men of *Taste* and *Politeness*; and, to convince you of it, they will tell you the *English* are *stupid* and *barbarous*. They’ll say the *rudest* Expressions with the most *respectful*

‘ Bow, and call it *Good Manners*. I own, Gentlemen, my Ignorance cannot comprehend the vast *Politeness* of such a Conduct, but my little Experience has taught me not to judge of a whole Nation, by a few recent *bad Samples*.’---*Fanfaron* and *Maquereau* swell’d with Choler, but *Pensé*, in a Sort of peremptory Manner, desir’d them to be easy, and added,---‘ I am asham’d of all this. Every one here knew this young Gentleman was *English*, and every one of us ought to strive who could most oblige him. If Gentlemen will strike the *Ball*, they must expect it will rebound, and I doubt not but the young *Englishman* is as capable of handling a *Racket* as either of you; but by G---he that offends him, by Design, offends me.’--- I offend the Gentleman? cry’d the *Chevalier*, I hope I have more good Manners.’---‘ I am truly sorry, said *Maquereau*, any Pleasantry of mine should offend a Stranger, much more one of so respectable a Nation as *England*, and I hope the Gentleman will be so good to grant me his Pardon.’---Sir, said the *Chevalier* to *Jack*, I ask the same with the utmost Sincerity, and flatter myself the *Good nature*, so peculiar to the *English Nation*, will demonstrate itself on this unhappy Occasion; for, be assur’d, Sir, we had not the least Intention of affronting you, or our dear Friend *Monsieur de Pensé*.’--- Mutual Compliments having pass’d, the affair was finally adjusted, but Mr. *Pensé* begg’d a further Acquaintance with *Conyers*, for he was vastly satisfied with his Conduct.

AT Supper, *Jack* acquainted Mr. *Villeneuve* with his Adventure, who seem’d extremely pleas’d he had come off so well.---‘ That idle Partiality to our Country, and the despising all others, said Mr. *Villeneuve*, gives Rise to a thousand Quarrels. Do not

‘ not our vulgar Countrymen most heartily abuse
 ‘ the *French*, and all other Nations? And I believe
 ‘ many of our Great-ones do the same.’—‘ In this,
 ‘ Sir, said Jack, you may very justly say,

*The Great Vulgar, and the Small,
 Differ in little,—if at all.*

‘ The *highest* and *lowest* Class only vary in their
 ‘ *Vices* by the Manner of committing them. They
 ‘ have their *Amours*, and are equally gratified.—
 ‘ One may drink *Champaign* or *Burgundy* to Ex-
 ‘ cels, and the other be as happily drunk with *Beer*
 ‘ or *Gin*.—One may *game* for a Thousand Pounds,
 ‘ and the others be as eager, and *cheat* as much in
 ‘ Play for Two-pence.’---But, said Mr. *Ville-*
 ‘ *neuf*, in *Swearing* and *Cursing*, as their *Capaci-*
 ‘ *ties* are *equal*, they are equal in every Part.’---
 ‘ In abusing the *French*, said Conyers, they may
 ‘ have a Shadow of Reason, because they are al-
 ‘ ways *publick* or *private* Enemies; but what can
 ‘ be said, Sir, when they *abuse* and *insult* a whole
 ‘ Kingdom, govern’d by the *same* Monarch, the
 ‘ *same* Laws, and *inhabited* by the *same* People as
 ‘ themselves?---I suppose, said Villeneuf, you
 ‘ mean the People of IRELAND, for I know you
 ‘ have a warm Side to it.’---Sir, said Conyers, I
 ‘ shall not deny it, neither do I think it a *criminal*
 ‘ *Warmth*; for he who wishes well to a Part of
 ‘ his Majesty’s faithful Subjects, ought to do so to
 ‘ the Remainder.’—‘ Not only so, reply’d Ville-
 ‘ *neuf*, but is bound in *Duty* to wish well, that is,
 ‘ to endeavour to convert the *bad* ones. Your Ob-
 ‘ servation on the *Insults* offer’d the *Irish*, is, I
 ‘ think, rather too general, and holds true, but
 ‘ with Regard to what you term the *great* and *small*
 ‘ *Vulgar*, Gentlemen of a certain Education, think
 F 2 ‘ differently,

‘ differently, and are not Slaves to *old popular Errors* and *Prejudices*. However, I believe you
‘ will confess, that the *infamous* Practices of some
‘ of the *Irish*, don’t much contribute to remove the
‘ *Partiality*.’—‘Tis too true, Sir, *said Conyers*,
‘ and many pay for their Pranks with their Lives,
‘ and die suddenly in *Tyburn Road*. If a poor
‘ Wretch has, or takes on himself a Name, some-
‘ thing like the *common Irish*, every *News-Paper*
‘ charges him to the Account of *Ireland*, when
‘ perhaps some other Part was intitled to the *Honour*. This has often made me wish, that the
‘ *Hibernians* had a *Gallows* erected for their own
‘ proper Use, as they have here for the *Normans*;
‘ and, who knows, but a *certain Shame* might o-
‘ perate more forcibly than the *Severity* of Laws.
‘ WELL, well, *cry’d Villeneuf*, I am for the
‘ *Ford*, let it fit whom it will. As for the *Abuse*
‘ and *Banter* bestow’d in general on the *Irish Tone*,
‘ or manner of Speaking, I think it falls only on
‘ *those* who give it; but as you seem to interest
‘ yourself about *them*, and I believe know little of
‘ the *Conduct* of *England*, with Regard to that
‘ *Kingdom*, I shall give you, some Time or ano-
‘ ther, a short Tract on that Subject, which I
‘ have chiefly collected from the Observations of
‘ my Father.’—*Conyers* return’d him many Thanks,
‘ and Mr. *Villeneuf* desiring him to keep up his
‘ Acquaintance with *Monsieur Pensè*, retir’d to
‘ his Chamber.’

CHAP. XVII.

*Of all the Follies we can boast,
None, sure, can be so strong,
As pay a Fool to rule the Roast,
And guide our Children wrong.
What Man who plows the fertile Soil
And hopes Reward for Cares,
Will call the Crows to reap his Toil,
And be content with Tares.*

ANONIMOUS.

NEXT Morning Conyers paid a Visit to *Monsieur Pensé*, and was genteelly received. The usual Compliments being over, ‘I doubt not, Sir, *said he*, but you were greatly shock’d, Yesterday, at the Impertinencies of the two Scoundrels; but, as you very justly said, that you would not brand a whole Nation for the Faults of a few, I believe I can strengthen your good Sense, by informing you who those Men are.’---‘I am sure, Sir, *said Conyers*, they are Persons of low Minds, which made my Resentment fall the lighter; but I must own my Obligations to you, for extricating me from an Affair that might have been as troublesome as necessary.’---I promise you, *said Pensé*, you owe me nothing, and you will be convinc’d of it, when I have the Pleasure of being better known to you. At present, permit me to give you a short Account of those Gentlemen who gave themselves so many *Airs*.

FANFARON was very early dubb’d a Knight of the famous and ancient Order of INDUSTRY. It is impossible to inform you of his many Exploits in France, Italy, and in England, where I had the Honour of meeting him and *Maquereau* at a Gam-

ing-Table, and detected them of using loaded Dice: *Fanfaron* fell to my Share, and *Maquereau* to a Friend. The Discipline of the *Cane* and *Kicking* lasted a full half Hour, and was so entertaining, that they have ever since done me the Honour of being extremely complaisant.

THE Chevalier got acquainted in *London* with Mrs. *Smith*, the Wife of an *Italian* Merchant. She was a most charming Woman, and her Husband was extremely fond. His Business calling him to *Leghorn*, he prudently settled his Affairs, and made his dear Wife sole executrix, and divided his Fortune between her and a Child. Poor Mr. *Smith* went off, and his tender Consort would have been inconsolable, had not the good-natur'd *Fanfaron* comforted her in her Afflictions.

At last the Chevalier persuaded her into a Scheme to make their Joys more compleat, and not so liable to be interrupted by the Curiosity of a Husband. He very dexterously forg'd a Letter from the Correspondent at *Leghorn* to Mrs. *Smith*, full of kind Expressions and Friendship, and the great Difficulty he was under, by being oblig'd to mention the Loss of so worthy and good a Man as Mr. *Smith*, who took a Fever, and in Spite of all Assistance, and the Skill of Physicians, died in his Arms the Ninth Day, confirming a Testament made in *England*.

MRS. SMITH was now a Widow, and acted that Part to such Perfection, that her Relations thought she could not long survive.'---' Good Heaven! cry'd Conyers, I shudder at the Consequences.---Well, Sir, said Pensé, notwithstanding her mighty Grief, her Weeds and Administering to the Will were not forgotten. In fine, she call'd in the Debts, sold off the Stock in Trade, the House, and every Thing belonging to it, and finding

* finding herself in Possession of *Six Thousand Pounds*
 * in Cash, very fairly bid *Adieu* to her *Husband*,
 * her *Child*, her *Father*, and all her Relations, and
 * flew with her beloved *Fanfaron* to this famous
 * City.

* ‘ POOR Mr. *Smith* return’d soon after to *Eng-*
 * *land*. If his Pleasure was great at the Thoughts
 * of meeting his *dearest Wife*, what were the Tor-
 * ments he endur’d, when he found he had not
 * only lost *her*, but was reduc’d to *Beggary*? Words
 * cannot express his melancholy Situation, and the
 * Manner of it afflicted him more than had he been
 * depriv’d of all, by any other Accident. His
 * Friends did all in their Power to assuage his
 * Woes; and as he had an extream good Character,
 * and was really an honest Man, the *Merchants of*
 * *London* acting like themselves, supported his Cre-
 * dit abroad, advanc’d him Money, and set him so
 * fairly in the World, that I left him greatly reco-
 * ver’d in his Spirits and Fortune.

* ‘ DEAR Sir, *said Conyers*, you give me great
 * Joy, but I am curious to know, if possible, what
 * became of Mrs. *Smith*.--Her Fate, *reply’d Pensé*,
 * was dreadful enough. *Fanfaron*, for some Time,
 * liv’d a gay and splendid Life. *Constancy* and *Hu-*
 * *manity* were not amongst his Virtues or Vices;
 * so that in about Twelve Months, *Madam* was
 * sent to *Graze on the Common*, till at last, having
 * run through every Scene of Misery, attended by
 * a *guilty* Conscience, she finish’d her Days in the
 * Hospital of *La Charité*.

TEARS stood in *Conyers’s* Eyes; but when he a
 little recover’d, ‘ poor Wretch, *said he*, ‘ As the
 * Hand of Providence is so visible, I shall not pre-
 * tend to arraign its Justice or Mercy.---I presume,
 * *continued he*, Monsieur *Fanfaron* enjoys the Re-
 * mainder of her Fortune with *vast* Comfort and

' Satisfaction, and doubt not, but he will some
 ' Day or other, have the Honour of entertaining a
 ' Crowd at the *Greve*;---and very likely, *added*
 ' *Pensé*, attended by his Friend *Maquereau*.--This
 ' other fine Gentleman, *continued he*, was a Foot-
 ' man in *Paris*, and went to *London* with an *Eng-*
 ' *lish* Lord. Had he had common Honesty, he
 ' might have made a Fortune, for he don't want
 ' Sense. He pass'd through many Services, and
 ' was remarkably dextrous in the *nice* Conduct of
 ' an Affair, which in *Italy* is managed by a *Secre-*
 ' *taria de Amore*, and what in *England* is term'd
 ' *Pimping*. The Money he got by this Branch of
 ' Business, was all laid out at the *Gaming-Table*.
 ' However, I found him in *Paris* a few Years ago,
 ' with an *Equipage*; but by some Circumstances
 ' that then happen'd, I have Reason to believe his
 ' last Master was not the richer for him.---But let
 ' us drop these Fellows, for they are not worth our
 ' Thoughts, tho' we are compell'd sometimes to
 ' dine with, and be *civil* to them.

' I OBSERV'D, *said Conyers*, an *Englishman* at
 ' Table Yesterday with a young Lad, and what
 ' surpriz'd me was, they never open'd their
 ' Mouths, but to *eat* and *drink*.---O, *reply'd Pensé*
 ' *with a Laugh*, the Gentleman you mention, is a
 ' BEAR-LEADER.---' A BEAR-LEADER, *cry'd*
 ' *Conyers*! In the Name of Wonder, what Pro-
 ' fession is that?' Why, Sir, *answer'd Pensé*, A
 ' Bear-leader is a Man who understands *Latin* and
 ' *Greek*, and is well paid by a rich Father to take
 ' his *Child* and *expose* him through every great
 ' Town in *Europe*.---I suppose, *said Conyers*, you
 ' mean a Governor to a young Gentleman in his
 ' Travels.---' You may give it, *reply'd the other*,
 ' what Name you please in *England*, but I am sure
 ' they here give it the proper Appellation; for the
 ' Boys

Boys that generally follow these *Leaders*, may very justly be call'd *Cubs*.—*Conyers* smil'd, and the Conversation continued on various Subjects till they withdrew to Dinner.

IN the Evening, *Jack* gave Mr. *Villeneuve* some Account of his Visit, and did not forget the Description of a *Bear-leader*.—'Certain it is, said *Villeneuve*, nothing improves the Mind of a young Man like prudent Travel. We are sensible of this in *England*, but few know how to conduct it.—We generally take a *Lad* from the *University*, where, tho' he has acquir'd some Learning, yet he is as ignorant of the *World* as his *Bed-maker*, and at once *Cafe* him up in fine Cloaths, and let him Run a Winter or two in *London*. He is then taken up and Saddled with a Governour, who Races him round *Europe*, and in two or three Years he returns to his dear Parents loaded with the *Bawbles* and *Vices* of each Country.'—'And is this, Sir, said *Conyers*, the mighty Uses of Travelling?—'Tis but too frequently so, replied *Villeneuve*; but when a Youth of Education, improved by good Company, travels with a Gentleman of Sense for his Companion, his Friends may expect the Harvest of a thorough Accomplishment. This Youth will remark on the Strength and Weakness of different Countries; on the Usefulness of different Manufactures, and endeavour to transplant those Sciences that may advantage his Country, and improve it. This I call travelling, and not riding Post; but to send a Boy of Sixteen or Seventeen Years of Age, who knows nothing of his own Country, with a Pendant as ignorant as himself, is truly, what your friend calls exposing both to the Ridicule and Imposition of Foreigners, and brings a Contempt on our Country.—One will improve by the good Customs and Manners, and the other as certainly

‘ catch the *Follies* and *Impertinences* of every Nation they travel through; and every Nation have some of *one*, and too much of the *other*;

‘ SIR, *said Conyers*, tho’ I do not pretend to be a Traveller, yet I cannot help observing, that the *Courtesy* of this Country is not of *the right Breed*. Their *Civilities*, or, as they call it, *their Politeness*, seems to me rather an *Habit*, and *Jingle of Words*, than to carry a Meaning significant of what they express.’---‘ Sometimes, *said Villeneuf*, it is so; yet, when I find myself deceived, their Manner of doing it, prevents my finding Fault, and even pleases. ’Tis *this Sort* of Manner that makes a Stranger *pass his Time* more agreeably in *France*, than in most other Countries, and what I wish our People had a little more of.’---I believe, Sir, *answered Conyers*, if our *English* want that *Manner*, they make it fully up by their *Sincerity*.’---So we say, *replied Villeneuf*, but suppose it Fact, What have I to do with the *Sincerity* of a People with whom I mean to pass but a short Time; to contract no particular *Friendships*; and to keep myself in that neutral *civil Stile* which every Man has a Title to? Believe me, *Conyers*, Men of Fortune will be naturally drawn to *that Place* where they can purchase most *Pleasure*, and receive most *Honour*. You may, if you please, call it *Flattery*; but since we choose to *swallow*, they are in the Right to administer *the Dose*.’---, I wonder, *said Conyers*, that so much of it don’t turn the Stomach.’-----‘ Just the contrary, *replied Villeneuf*, for the Stomach is so accustomed to it, that it becomes a *real Nutriment*, and a Nutriment, that many *Courts* in *Europe* are so fond of, that they will purchase it, tho’ their *Liberties* may be the Price. ---I have often heard, *said Conyers*, that the *French*

‘ have

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‘have always aimed at *Universal Monarchy*, but I should imagine, that the Fate of the *Romans* who fell by their own Weight, would deter them from such a Project; but *Ambition* and *Glory* have no Bounds.’—‘If, said *Villeneuf*, they have such Notions, they may manage in another Manner. By the Conversation I have frequently had with some Gentleman of Understanding, I have laid down a Plan of *French Politicks* by Way of *Hypothesis*, and not as *Truth*, which is very difficult to come at. If my Conjectures are right, their System is short, and far from *impracticable*.--- But it is now late, so take it, and examine it at your Leisure.’

WHEN both were retired, *Conyers* read, and copied, as he always did, the Observations of Mr. *Villeneuf*. He now began, from the Study of *Books*, to examine the *Truth* from the Study of *Man*, and compare them together.---The Reflections of Mr. *Villeneuf*, and the Additions made by *Conyers*, according to the Time he had occasion to mention them, must be left to that *Time* to discover; for he is now going to Bed, and so am I.

C H A P. XVIII.

‘Tis an Old Maxim in the Schools,
That Flatt’ry is the Food of Fools;
Yet now and then your Men of Wit
Will condescend to take a Bit.

SWIFT.

CONYERS constantly visited Monsieur *Pense* and was much improv’d by his Company. Mr. *Villeneuf* was so extreamly pleas’d, that he supplied him very liberally with Money; but whatever good Sense *Jack* possessed, he by no Means understood.

understood the Uses of *that Commodity*. His *Land-lady* and the fair *Madelain* were determined to enjoy an *equal Share* of it, at the small Expence of a little *Flattery*, and the nice tickling the String of *Vanity* and *Self-Opinion*, so common in *Youth*, and what *Age* and *Experience* are not always Proof against.

THESE Ladies had engaged the Esteem of *Conyers*, by a thousand winning Ways; but now, his *Person* and his *vast Accomplishments* were the Theme of every Hour. When they spoke of him to Strangers, it was with *Rapture*, but they took care that he was *within bearing*. This Sort of Conduct not only produced frequent *Plays*, *Operas* and Parties of Pleasure; but often extracted *half a dozen* Pieces for some pretended Emergency, which were repaid by *Madelain* in *Caresses*, and by every Freedom except *the last*.

THEY often wished that *Conyers* had a Fortune agreeable to his Merit, and insinuated, that perhaps they might be of Service to him.—, It is not, said *Madame Commode*, a New or Uncommon Thing for *Ladies of Fortune*, to make themselves Happy with a young Gentleman of your *Figure* and *Understanding*.—, And I know, said *Madelain*, a most beautiful Lady with *half a Million of Livres*; that, I believe, sees *Monsieur Conyer* oftener than he imagines.—, In a Word cried *Madame*, since my Girl has blabbed out so much, I must tell you a little more. The Daughter of a rich Banker of *Paris*, has seen you, and is actually in Love. Her Companion sups with me this Evening, and you must be of the Party.—, Lord, *Madame*, cried *Madelain*, what a charming Couple they will be! how *delightfully* will they live!—, What a *superbe* Equipage, and *magnificent* Hotel! Good God! What cannot *Youth*, *Beauty*, and
Riches

‘*Riches* do together.’—, Hold, hold, *said her Mother*, not so fast if you please. Fair and softly:
 ‘—This must be a Work of some Time, and managed with *great Address*, or we shall stumt le on many Difficulties.’—*Conyers* blush’d, and gave many Thanks for the good Opinion she was pleased to entertain of him—that he would study to deserve her Favour, and would be entirely guided by her.
 —‘Leave it to me, *replied Madame*, and I will engage to make something of it.—I need not desire you to be chearful and free with the *Lady* to Night, but don’t think of making her any *Present*s till you become a little more intimate, which I hope will be about the third Visit.—*Present*s must be made, but let them be genteel and frequent.
 ‘—They *pave* the Way, and *Oyl* the Hinges,——
 ‘*You understand me.*’—, Extreemly well, *replied Conyers*, and as I know they are absolutely necessary they shall not be wanting.’

CONYERS provided some excellent *Burgundy* and *Champaign*, and in the Evening was presented, with great Form and Encomiums, to the *amiable* Companion of the Fair *unknown*. At Supper he was extremely Gay and Polite, and, at her Request, sung several new Songs in an elegant Taste.—*Mademoiselle FARDE* was highly delighted with his agreeable Company, and gave many Proofs of it.——*Madame Commode* and *Madelain* were very lavish in their Praises, and the Night concluded with mutual Marks of Esteem and Respect.

A SECOND and a Third Evening past pretty much like the First, except that *Mademoiselle Farde* and *Conyers* were very intimate and free; *Madame Commode*, by Accident shewing some fine new fashioned *Caps* and *Ruffles*, *Conyers* embraced the lucky Opportunity of presenting *Mademoiselle Farde* with that she seemed to like most. The Gift was a *Trifle* of about *Twelve Lewis d’Or’s*; and, with
 great

great Entreaty, was accepted. That Night the good Lady of the House brought on the proper Subject, and with some Hesitation *Mademoiselle Fardé* acknowledged that *Monsieur Conyer* was not indifferent to the Lady she had the Honour to live with.—*Conyers* bow'd and assured her he was in Love with the Description of that beautiful Angel, and with many Apologies, begged she would convey a small Billet to her fair Hands. *Mademoiselle Fardé* objected to such a Procedure, and would have absolutely refused it, had not *Madame Commode* and *Madelain* most artfully pleaded his Cause.—He had a Letter prepared, which he most respectfully gave her.—She was equally ready, and, with a wink, slipped a Note into his Hand.

WHEN all were retired he read his Billet which contained these Words, “ *I have my Reasons* “ *Let me see you to Morrow Evening at Six o’Clock* “ *in the Tuilleries. Keep this a profound Secret.* “ *Adieu*”——*Conyers* was punctual, and *Fardé* was exact.——She told him, ’twas impossible to meet so often at *Madame Commode*’s without being observed, and to take him to the Lady’s House was impossible; that to be of Service to both, she had taken a private Lodging, where they could settle Matters, and where the Lady would certainly meet him, were it in her Power. She then added, “ *We may be observed even here, let us retire.*”——*Conyers* attended, and was conducted to a little Lane, and a very indifferent Chamber of which she had the Key.——Here she informed him of many Particulars with regard to the young Lady, and gave him Hopes of bringing Matters to bear, and promised her utmost Assistance.——So much Goodness naturally claimed a grateful Return, and at last she was prevailed on to accept *Ten Pieces*. His Generosity charmed her, nor could she forbear
answering

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answering his tender *Embraces*, which by Degrees became more *Fervent*, so that---*you will permit a Continuance of this History.*

HE had now compleatly fixed *Mademoiselle Fardé* on his Side, yet they met at his Lodgings as usual, but more frequently in this.—The young *Lady* answered his *Billets* in a proper and polite Manner, and permitted him to *Hope*. He reply'd as politely, and the Correspondence went on in the most agreeable Manner, though he sometimes thought that *the Postage was rather too expensive*; however, as he was sure of the Lady's Affections, he judg'd it well bestowed, and waited for the Issue with great Patience for above Four Months.

ONE Morning as he was going out, he found a Letter to *Madame Commode*, which had been dropt by Accident, and he read,

‘ Dear Commode,
‘ **Y**OU have afforded me infinite Pleasure by the
‘ Company of the *English Man*. Were he
‘ richer, our *Profit* would be greater; however,
‘ I shall do my Part to ease the *poor Devil* of what
‘ he don't know the Value of. I send you back
‘ the embroidered Petticoat, which the *Fool* gave
‘ me last Night, so give the Bearer *Six Lewis d'Ors*.
‘ I shall call on you To-morrow, and think I have
‘ a Scheme to keep the *silly Fellow's* Hopes alive,
‘ at least *three Months* longer. Adieu.

‘ FARDE.

No London Citizen look'd so much *Aghast*,
At the dread Shock of first or second *Earthquake*;
Nor Broughton, famous Bruiser! felt such Pangs
When Slack, the Pupil of his Iron Hands,
Rais'd his tough *Fists*, and with a mighty Stroke
Bury'd those *Eyes* that saw to aim so well;
As look'd and felt, the *Poor*, the bubb'd Conyers.

He

He stared and read, but at last cried out, 'I am an
' *English Man*---I am a poor Devil; a Fool, and
' *silly Fellow*, but---*Art to Art*,'---and then he
left the Letter just where he found it.

HE recovered his usual Sprightliness, and went
to find Mr. *Pensé*, to whom he communicated the
Beginning of this Affair in a very serious Manner;
but *Pensé* had no sooner heard *Madame Commode*
named, than he bid him, *have a Care*.---'I am
' surprized, *said he*, that a young Fellow of your
' Understanding, has not found out that *that Lady*
' is but of the middling order of *Bawds*.---You
' are her *Dupe*, her *Cully*, and give me but Per-
' mission, and I shall demonstrate it to you.'---
' Permit me, *said Conyers*, to thank and save you
' the Trouble, for I know it perfectly well, but
' my Knowledge is not Three Hours old.'---He
then told him the remainder of the Story, and
begged his Advice, which *Pensé* gave, with an Ad-
dition of good Instructions.

CONYERS found Means to persuade *Villeneuf*
to change Lodgings, and on various Pretences to
borrow a few *Louis* from *Madame Commode*, and
even from *Mademoiselle Fardé*.---At last he
contrived a Letter as from *London* to a Merchant in
Paris, wherein, among many Particulars, he
expressed his Surprise, that Mr. *Conyers* would choose
to live in the Manner he did with Mr. *Villeneuf*,
when a large Estate waited his Orders, by the Death
of his Father. A Gentleman delivered to Mrs.
Commode this Letter open with Directions where
he lived, but that he would have the Honour of wait-
ing on Mr. *Conyers*, in a few Days.

'TIS not easy to conceive the Impression this
Letter made on the Mother and Daughter. They
gave.

gave it to *Conyers* with prodigious Respect, and formed Projects infinitely more *extensive* than the first.—He told them he knew of this before, there was not elate on any Advancement of *Fortune*; but he likewise found a Time to persuade *Madelain* to accompany him to *England*, and *share* it with him.—As she consented to his generous Proposal, it is not surprising that they sealed the Agreement in the most solemn Manner.

HE was now out of the House of *Madame Commode*, and constantly visited *Mademoiselle Fardé*. This good Creature, was much more liberal of her Favours than he expected; but *Jack* being of a free communicative Temper, Miss *Madalain* shared in her Bounty.—He soon was sensible of his Situation, and applied to his Friend *Pensé*, who, with a Smile, said, ‘ This Affair has ended with strict poetical Justice, and let it there remain. Drop these fine Ladies and make your Court to a Surgeon.’

POOR *Conyers* was greatly mortified.—The Reflections of his *Mind* were not lightened by the Pains of his *Body*. He found he had not only acted imprudently, but wickedly; and, once more, began to repent, that is, to dread a sharper Punishment; for he had that Sort of uneasy Foreboding in the Soul that many feel, but what none can describe or Account for.

HIS Intimacy with *Pensé* for almost two Years, had grown into a strict Friendship.—To this sensible Man, he discovered his present Situation, and almost his whole Life, and received such Consolation and Comfort, that greatly alleviated his Sorrows.—They were now in the *Tuilleries*, and the Surprise of *Conyers* was extream, when Mr. *Pensé* began to Speak in very good *English*.—‘ ’Tis but just, my dear *Conyers*, said he, to repay your Confidence in me, by giving you some Account of myself

‘ myself, which I shall fairly do, and in few Words.’

‘ I WAS born, continued he, in London, of French Protestant Parents, and my real Name is Villars. My Father was a *Mercer*, and bred me to the Business; but it seems, my idle Inclinations led me more to *Plays, Gaming-Houses, and Horse Races*.—My Father thought that a prudent *Wife* would take off my Wildness, and provided me with as good a one as ever Man was blessed with.—We commenced in Trade, and had tolerable Business; but *Diversions* or what they call *innocent Recreation*, was strong in my weak Head. I was often at the *Play Houses*, and a constant Member of two or three notable Clubs.—I sometimes tryed my Fortune at a *Masquerade*, where my Disguise saved my Reputation, but not my *Purse*.—---I kept a Brace of good Geldings, and frequently ventured Fifty or an Hundred Pieces at *Epsom, Tunbridge* and other *Races*.—My poor dear Girl, with gentle Words and Tears in her Eyes, has remonstrated the Injury I did my Credit ;—That I lost not only my Money to *Sharppers*, but my *Youth* and *Time*, which never could be recall’d.---I laugh’d at her sober Follies, but she never replied, but,—“ Well well, I hope my dear Tom will think before it is too late.”

‘ NOTWITHSTANDING my idle Extravagancies, my dear *Wife* managed the Shop so well, that my Circumstances rather increased than diminished. ---The Folly of appearing *rich* in the Eyes of the World; is a sure Way of being *poor* in Reality.—This Folly I had, and without considering my *Force*, I took a House and Garden at *Dulwich*, kept my *Chair* and more Servants ; and, according to Custom, went there on *Saturdays*,
‘ and

' and returned on *Mondays*; but to my Shame I
 ' speak it, I did worse, much worse, for I kept a
 ' *Whore*.--Oh, Mr. *Conyers*! could my Example,
 ' could the Compunction of Mind I now feel
 ' be a *Warning* to Mankind, I should have some
 ' Pleasure in being a *Sacrifice* for their Use!-----
 ' Well, Sir, these Matters took their *natural* Course.
 ' I began to think People asked for their Money
 ' more frequently than they were wont.---I was
 ' pestered with *Duns*.---I practised all the *low Arts*,
 ' and Contrivances to silence their Importunities.--
 ' My *Plate* and *Silks* often visited the *Pawn-*
 ' *brokers*, and sometimes I was privately *arrested*.
 ' ---My Mind was on the *Rack*. I suffered the
 ' Torment of the *damn'd*; and all this, for *Follies*
 ' and Imprudences, that, in the highest Enjoyment,
 ' afforded but an *insipid Pleasure*.----*Good God!*
 ' what exquisite *Misery*! Though my Temper
 ' was soured, my *dearest Girl* bore my *Peevishness*
 ' with a peculiar Sweetness of Manners.---So far
 ' from reproaching my Conduct, she had laid down
 ' a *rational Plan* for retrieving all.---No doubt her
 ' Trouble was *great*, but it was *internal* and her
 ' delicate, tender Nature, *sunk* under the Weight,
 ' and she---*died in my Arms*!----*Oh, Conyers!*---
Poor Pensé could utter no more, for his Heart
 swell'd, and the round Drops chac'd one another
 down his manly *Cheeks*.---*Conyers* was much in the
 same Situation, but at last he said from *Shakspear*.

' *Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep:*
 ' *Passion I see is catching; for my Eyes,*
 ' *Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,*
 ' *Begin to water.*'

They took two or three silent Turns in the
 Walks, and in about a Quarter of an Hour *Pensé*
 had so much recovered as to be able to proceed.

‘ To the Loss of my *Wife* was added the *Infidelity* of Servants, which my Carelessness made an easy Matter.’—‘ Finding the Impossibility of re-establishing my Credit, I secreted to the Value of *Five Hundred Pounds*, and leaving my *Shop* and *Effects* to the Mercy of my *Creditors*, took shelter in *Paris*.—I had but one Comfort in all my Misfortunes, for I had no *Child* to share the Afflictions of a *guilty Father*.’

‘ In this City I have chiefly resided for Fifteen Years, and get a seeming Livelihood by lending Money on Pledges, but the *British Minister* is my principal Support. He has employed me on many Occasions, and to give him Intelligence of every Occurrence these Ten Years past. Four Years ago I went to *London* on his Affairs, where I met those two worthy Gentlemen, *Fanfaron* and *Maquereau*.—The *French* look on me as one of themselves.—I live quietly, and as a Gentleman, and believe I am not suspected.’—*Conyers* return’d him many Thanks for his candid Relation, and assured him of his inviolable *Secrecy*.

THEY were now talking of indifferent Matters, when *Pensè* turn’d suddenly and said, ‘ Pray what is the Motto to the *Order* of the *Bath*?’—*Conyers*, though surpriz’d at the Question, answer’d, ‘ *TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO*.’—‘ Then, reply’d *Pensè*, observe these three Gentlemen by yonder Tree in such earnest Conversation, and then you will see the Motto in Reality.---One continued he, is an *English Non-juring Parson*; the other is an *Irish Man* of the *Society of Jesus*, and the Third is a *Scotch Man* of the *Episcopal Church*.---Those three, and many others of the same Stamp, have Pensions here and at different Times reside in *London* and divert themselves, and frighten the credulous People by numberless *Pmphlets* and
‘ Para-

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‘ Paragraphs in *News Papers* full of the Decay of
 ‘ Trade.--- *The Weakness and Wickedness of the*
 ‘ *Ministry, be they whom it will.*---*The Danger of*
 ‘ *our Liberties by Bribery and Corruption.*---*The*
 ‘ *dreadful Consequences of a Standing Army,* and
 ‘ many other popular Subjects.---*The Scotch Man*
 ‘ is a Master of his Trade, and keeps up the Credit
 ‘ of his Books by, very ingeniously, *answering*
 ‘ *them himself,* which furnishes him an Opportunity
 ‘ of *replying to himself.*---They really are Men of
 ‘ Learning and strong Parts, and meet with great
 ‘ Encouragement from the *Enemies of England.*

‘ I SHALL not, said *Conyers,* interrupt their pi-
 ‘ ous Meditations, for I am call’d to Mr. *Villeneuf,*
 ‘ who I fear waits, for my Appetite informs me it
 ‘ is near Dinner-time.’--- Few Ceremonies suffice
 amongst Friends, and they parted, but promis’d to
 meet soon again.

CHAP. XIX.

*If Dame Partiality but holds the Glass
 Full sure, in ev’ry Virtue we surpass,
 Change but the Mirror, and let Prudence speak,
 We’ll Blush at Error and our fond Mistake.*

ANONIMOUS.

FOR some Time past, Mr. *Villeneuf* had fre-
 quently made *Conyers* of his Party, and was
 not disgrac’d by his Behaviour. This Day a select
 Company din’d at an eminent Citizen’s.---Chear-
 fullness and good Humour added the true Relish to
 the Entertainment; but when the Servants were
 withdrawn, the Conversation fell on particular Sub-
 jects.---‘ as no Man, said *Monsieur St. Martin,*
 ‘ can judge so impartially of his own Country as a
 ‘ *Stranger of Understanding,* I should be glad Mr.
 ‘ *Villeneuf*

‘ *Vileneuf* would give us his Opinion of *France*,
 ‘ with Freedom, and his accustom’d Sincerity.’----
 Many Apologies were made, and Compliments re-
 turned, till at last Mr. *Villeneuf* consented, pro-
 vided that the Question was fairly started.—I cannot
 ‘ suppose, said he, you mean to have my Opinion
 ‘ on what regards State Affairs.’—‘ No no, replied
 ‘ the other, we only beg your Thoughts of the
 ‘ People, their *Politeness*, their *Manners*, their
 ‘ *Dress* and their *Happiness* or otherwise.’—‘ Tis
 ‘ a difficult Task you have assigned me, said *Vil-*
 ‘ *leneuf*, and will require your Patience: But as
 ‘ great and little---long and short--strong and weak,
 ‘ are made such, only by *Comparison*, I hope you
 ‘ will permit an alternate Account of *England*, un-
 ‘ der the several Articles.’--The Company approv’d
 ‘ of his Method, and he began.

‘ FEW People on Earth are blessed with such a
 ‘ Fund of Spirits and *natural Gaiety* of Temper
 ‘ as the *French*; and yet, few Nations are more
 ‘ cramped in the *natural* Exercise of it. They
 ‘ laugh, they sing, they dance, and seem content.
 ‘ The Publick are constantly supplied with Amuse-
 ‘ ments, and *Policy* has so contrived, as to make
 ‘ *Glory* and *War* be thought a rational Recreation.
 ‘ All are disregarded but those who serve the *King*
 ‘ in his Troops; his *Majesty’s* Name is never men-
 ‘ tioned, but with the profoundest Respect. We
 ‘ never see his Portrait hung out as a *Sign*, in *Pa-*
 ‘ *ris*, because it would be treating the *Monarch*
 ‘ with too much Freedom, but the Sign of the
 ‘ *Holy-Ghost*, and all the *Saints* are dispersed through
 ‘ every Street. A King is always the Head of the
 ‘ most childish Games, and at *Cards*, the Best, is ho-
 ‘ noured with that Title.--Such Principles are
 ‘ propagated with great Art, and the Religion of
 ‘ the Country admitting *Auricular Confession* and
 ‘ *Absolution*

“ *Absolution*, an *Absolute Monarch* can, with Ease,
 “ direct the Current of Opinion.—Men of Learn-
 “ ing and Judgment must go with the Stream,
 “ for it falls from too high a Fountain to be resist-
 “ ed, whatever their private Sentiments may be.
 “ Besides, Two or Three Hundred Thousand O-
 “ rators well armed, will always carry Demonstra-
 “ tion and Conviction. In *England*, where the
 “ Constitution admits the full Enjoyment of *Pro-*
 “ perty, and where *Property* is proportionably di-
 “ vided amongst all the Inhabitants, one would
 “ imagine they should be more chearful than the
 “ *French*, but the fact is otherwise; for this very
 “ *Property*, and the *Liberty* of employing it, has
 “ the contrary Effect. They have the *Blessing*,
 “ but a *Jealousy*, and the perpetual Dread of *losing*
 “ it, throws *Thorns* on their *Pillows*, and, like
 “ the Miser, they *starve* in the midst of *Plenty*.
 “ They employ *Watchmen* for their *Security*, yet
 “ are in constant Fear of being *plundered* by them.
 “ —This is the Rise of all the Clamour against an
 “ *handful* of Troops.—The Religion of *England*,
 “ teaches *Duty* and *Submission* to the King, and
 “ those in Authority under him, but some imagine,
 “ that the *Liberty of England* gives the People a
 “ Right to *abuse* all; not considering, that by *lessen-*
 “ *ing* and *ridiculing* the just Power and Authority
 “ of their *Governors*, they *lessen* their own *Weight*
 “ and *Consequence* in the World.

“ FRANCE has propagated the Notion of *Mili-*
 “ tary *Honour* to such a Degree, that they are be-
 “ come a Nation of JANISARIES, and perhaps
 “ must be treated as such.—that is, they must,
 “ Right or Wrong be frequently employed. *Com-*
 “ merce and *Traffick* flourish in Peace.—*Riches*
 “ and *Plenty*, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, are the
 “ Consequences, as well as *Pride* and *Luxury*.
 “ Men

' Men naturally become fond of these Sweets,
 ' and will not quietly forego them. They will
 ' find out their own *Strength* and *Power*. They
 ' will expect a Freedom of *Action* as well as
 ' *Thought* and *absolute Monarchy* will fall before
 ' them.---RICHELIEU knew this.--He broke and
 ' divided the Power of the *Nobility*, not like *Henry*
 ' the Seventh of *England*, amongst the People,
 ' but added *all* to the Dignity and Power of the
 ' *Crown*--MAZARIN did the same, and LOUVOIS,
 ' FOUQUET and COLBERT compleated the Pro-
 ' ject, and the long Reign and Ambition of LEWIS
 ' confirmed it. The *King* of GREAT BRITAIN
 ' is the Fountain of *Honour*; but the Monarch of
 ' this Kingdom is not only the *Fountain* of *real*,
 ' but the *Creator* of *imaginary* Honours. A trivial
 ' *Cross* dangling at a Button-hole, gives a *French*
 ' Gentlemen such a Spirit of *Honour*, as to intreat
 ' a General to permit him to mount a Breach.
 ' In *England*, it must be a *valuable Consideration*
 ' that can persuade most Men even to do their Du-
 ' ty.

' THE Fashions of the two Nations are on diffe-
 ' rent Footings. Here, in whatever Manner the
 ' *King* or those about him are pleased to wear
 ' their *Swords*, or dress their *Hair*, it instantly
 ' becomes the Practice of all *Paris*. Every Man
 ' from the *Duke*, to the *Porter* has his *Hat* cocked
 ' and his *Coat* cut nearly in the same Manner. *Lon-*
 ' *don* affords more Variety.----There every Man
 ' Dresses according to his *Fancy*. Some have Coats
 ' below the *Knees*, and Breeches down to the Mid-
 ' dle of the Leg. Others mount their Breeches
 ' to the *Thighs*, and raise their Skirts to their
 ' *Waists*. Some Shop-keepers dress like *Privy*
 ' *Counsellors*, and some of *high Rank* may be mis-
 ' taken for *Coach-men*.----I am ignorant who had
 the

the Honour of inventing *Weepers* when in Mourning, but I think I may venture to affirm our Manner of wearing them answers the End of Ornament, and keeps the Shirt from being *blacken'd* by the Coat. To wear them on the Top of the Sleeve, can answer no End.

THE *English Ladies* rely on their native Charms, nor want the Assistance of *Paint* to heighten their Complexions. Whether the *French Ladies* really stand in need of Art, I know not, but their Conduct seems to imply it.---whatever good Sense the *French* are Masters of, this is certainly not the most glaring Instance.

IN *France*, *Politeness* is not always good Manners, neither is the *Bluntness* of an *Englishman* always a Mark of Sincerity. The *Lye* is more frequently given in *France* than is generally imagin'd, but the *Pardon* that is *begg'd*, and the *Excuse* that is *demanded*, (*Je demand excuse; Pardonne moi.*) softens the *Negative*, which, with the Addition of sundry significant *Gestures*, Custom has made That genteel, which frequently is the Reverse.---In *England*, these Customs are accounted superfluous, and they *deny* or *contradict* in plain Terms, even without the Assistance of the *rude* Monosyllable.

I HAVE been often told, "*I must own.*" (*Il faut avouer*) 'I confess I do not understand the Phrase.---If *I must believe*, I am depriv'd of the Liberty of thinking for myself, and my Arguments must cease, when I am pinn'd down to the Reasons of my Antagonist. In *England*, the Freedom of judging is held more sacred.

THE Theatres of the two Nations were different. The Tragedies and Plays of the *English Shakespear* gave Rise to those of *France*. His Imagination was not confin'd by the Rules of

‘ *Aristotle*, as, perhaps, he thought he had as good
 ‘ a Right to *Alter*, as the other had to *Make*. If
 ‘ the *English*, by following new *Models*, are more
 ‘ regular in *Unity*, *Time* and *Place*, I am sorry to
 ‘ say, their *Fire* is not so *bright*, nor will their
 ‘ *Heat* last so long.--*Monsieur de Voltaire* and *l’Abbé*
 ‘ *le Blanc* take great Pains to shew the Absurdity
 ‘ of some of our Authors, in transporting the
 ‘ Audience to different Kingdoms, and continuing
 ‘ the Scenes of one Play for many Years, but they
 ‘ do not tell us, that in Tragedy or Comedy,
 ‘ where we are to suppose an *easy*, *natural* Conver-
 ‘ sation, it is *unnatural* to make the Parties speak
 ‘ in *Rhyme*. They insist that the Action should be
 ‘ confin’d to twenty-four Hours; if so, I appre-
 ‘ hend it is unnatural to have it represented in three.
 ‘ If twenty-four Hours Business can be shewn in
 ‘ so short a Time, we may as well have twenty-
 ‘ four Years.--The *Abbé* complains of our mur-
 ‘ dering on the Stage, and says, that a Man, not
 ‘ understanding our Language, must take us for a
 ‘ barbarous People, delightin in Blood. Should
 ‘ a Man, not understanding *French*, see the Stage
 ‘ in Tears and in the utmost Agony of Grief, must
 ‘ he not wonder what has occasioned it? The Truth
 ‘ is, neither of the Stages are made for those who
 ‘ do not understand the Language, but I really
 ‘ think every Stranger, or *Frenchman* of Sense,
 ‘ must be shock’d at the *unnatural absurd* Enter-
 ‘ tainment of a *Speaking Harlequin* with a *patch’d*
 ‘ *Coat*, and a *black Face*.

‘ THE *English* are full *loose* in their Morals, but
 ‘ I really think, *Libertinism* reigns here in a much
 ‘ higher Degree. The *French* have a Way of var-
 ‘ nishing their *Vices*, and making them more dan-
 ‘ gerous and catching than our awkward Manner
 ‘ can arrive at.--When an *Englishman* swears by
 ‘ his

his *Maker* it is shocking, but when the *French*, with Eyes and Hands lifted up, cry out, *Sacred God!* (*Sacré Dieu!*) it is little regarded, as it is the common Expression of every Ten Minutes. The *French* have another *Phrase*, which is but too commonly us'd, even before *Ladies*, and what some *Ladies* are as familiar with. This *Phrase* serves to shew *Pleasure* or *Anger*, according to the Tone or Manner of speaking.—How often are the Words, *Fou-re, Fou-u, Bou-re Bou-ssé*, pronounc'd in the *politest Assemblies*, and pass'd over as if no *Idea* was annex'd to them?—I am ignorant of any Rules that establish such Indecencies, except the strong *Law* of a *bad Custom*. I am much pleas'd that *Voltaire*, and *le Blanc*, could not mark *these* amongst our other *Follies*; but they totally forget them when they mention their *own*. The *Abbe* very justly censures the *Looseness* and *Ribaldry* of some of our *Comedies*, but he omits to inform us, *that no Nation excels France in the Multitude of abominable and filthy Books.*

INFORMERS against the *Breach* of the *Laws*, are absolutely necessary in every *civiliz'd* Government. The *Informer*, when his *Motive* springs from *Conscience* and the *Good* of his *Country*, is a most *valuable* Subject, and merits the *Regard* of *Mankind*. But to be inform'd against, and hurried to the *Bastile*, or *banish'd* in an *Instant* by a *Letter de Cachet*, without knowing the *Accuser* or the *Crime*, may, for aught I know, be very good *Policy*, but I am sure it is not *Justice*.----- In *England*, let the *Motives* of *Information* be what they will, the *Informer* is, not only, not skreen'd and shelter'd from his *Enemies*, but is given up to the *Reproach* and *Investives* of an *enrag'd* *Populace*. *Laws* are made and *Punish-*

ments assign'd for Transgressors, but our *Vox Populi* decrees a severer Treatment to the Discoverer, and *saps* the very Foundation of Laws.

WITH regard to the Happiness of the French or English, no Mortal can judge. It must be left to their own Decision; that is, *each* will give the Preference to *themselves*, for each have that natural Prejudice and Partiality to their own Country, that persuades them into an Opinion of their peculiar Felicity.----Did not Mankind deceive themselves by imagining an ideal Happiness, they would be miserable in Reality.-----Deform'd Persons have generally a large Share of Vanity and Self-Opinion. They are infinitely happy when their Mirror discovers Beauty and Charms which the World do not find out. Such a Conduct is justify'd by the wise Scheme of Providence, as it gives Ease and Comfort to their Lives, which otherwise would be almost insupportable.---Perhaps the same Argument may be apply'd to Kingdoms.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have given short Hints of my private Opinion, taking Things in a general Light, but I know there are many Exceptions.---The Wise, the Good, the Honest of both Nations, have equal Sentiments, and speak one common Language.----Both Nations have their peculiar Virtues as well as Vices.----In a Word, if the People of one were less a Dupe to Glory and arbitrary Power, and the other less a Prey to extravagant Liberty, I apprehend, both would have more Content.---But to be perfectly happy, is not given to human Nature.

THE Company express'd much Satisfaction at Mr. Villeneuf's Discourse, particularly at the Manner he conducted it.-----At last one of the Gentlemen said, 'I know England and some of their
' Laws

‘ Laws. I know the Nature of their *Parliament*,
 ‘ and the Power of the *Crown*. I know the vast
 ‘ Benefit of their *Juries*, and the good Effects of
 ‘ their *Habeas Corpus Act*. My Knowledge but
 ‘ increases my Astonishment, that a People, en-
 ‘ joying a *Liberty* and *Freedom* unknown to all
 ‘ other Nations on Earth, should *repine* at their Si-
 ‘ tuation, and take Pains to imbitter the *blessed*
 ‘ *Waters of Peace and Plenty*. Since all Things,
 ‘ as you say, *rise or fall* by Comparison, what
 ‘ Happiness would the *English* enjoy did they but
 ‘ turn their Eyes on the *Miseries* of other King-
 ‘ doms?’----‘ As *Frenchmen*, reply’d another, we
 ‘ ought not to be angry at their Conduct; for were
 ‘ they *truly* sensible of their Happiness, and *all*
 ‘ united to their *real Interest*, what Power could
 ‘ stand before them? No doubt our *Ministry* know
 ‘ this too well to neglect any Opportunities of *di-*
 ‘ *viding* them, nor is it a difficult Task, for the
 ‘ *Liberty* of the Country, and the unbounded Li-
 ‘ cence of the *Press*, easily furnishes *Tools* to work
 ‘ with.’---‘ I am afraid, Sir, said Villeneuve, your
 ‘ Conjecture is but too well founded, yet I must
 ‘ hope, *Time* will open our Eyes, not by suppress-
 ‘ ing the *Press*, but by despising the *Invectives*,
 ‘ the *Slander*, and the *vile Insinuations* it too fre-
 ‘ quently throws out.’

THE Conversation insensibly became more ge-
 neral, and their different Opinions were given with
 Freedom and good Humour. Conyers had his
 Share, and made himself very agreeable by spright-
 ly and chearful Turns.—‘ Come, come, said Mon-
 ‘ sieur St. Martin, talk as you will, I think it is
 ‘ given up that we live with *Gaiety*, *Mirth* and
 ‘ *Chearfulness*, and *that* is living. The Want of
 ‘ this, I believe, is the Reason that *SUICIDE* and
 ‘ *MADNESS* are much more common in *England*

‘ than in *France*.—‘ Pray, Sir, said Conyers, let me be permitted to take off a little of the Imputation, and account for the *seeming Difference* from other Reasons, than what Monsieur le Blanc, and other *French Authors* have given.

‘ MANKIND, continued Conyers, are pretty much the same in every Clime. Our *frantick Disorders* are conspicuous to the World.—If *France* be equally liable to them, the Nature of their Government casts a *Veil* over the Misfortune.—With us, if a poor Wretch hangs or drowns himself, the *News-writers* immediately give the Circumstances and his Name to the whole Kingdom.—Such an Affair in *Paris* is seldom known beyond the District he liv’d in.—As to *Madness*, we cannot insist on a Parity in Numbers.—We have publick and private Mad-houses in Abundance, and many unhappy Creatures are expos’d to publick View.—Perhaps *France* has less need of these Edifices, when ’tis consider’d they have, at least, an hundred Thousand of both Sexes in *Monasteries* and *Convents*.—As these *Seminaries* take in the several Degrees from the most *Austere* to a Life of easy *Inaction*, may we not naturally suppose, that Numbers of the *Inhabitants* take Shelter into those ORDERS, that have the nearest Affinity to the Degree of *Enthusiasm* or *Madness* with which they are possess’d?—Of this, the many thousand Volumes of *Lives* of *Saints*, many of whom never existed, but in the Brains of *Monks*, is a convincing Proof.----If we meet Numbers in different Habits walking the Streets, and seemingly exercising the Functions of *right Reason* and *Understanding*, who can count those confined to their Cells, or to the Limits of their Garden?—I am not singular in my Conjecture, for the famous Mon-

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' *Monsieur D' Aubigny*, about the Year 1600 writes
' this Epigram.'

HUGUENOTS, fâcheux & Austeres,
Qui blamez tant les *Monasteres*,
A la Pareille, dites nous
Où l'en pourroit loger les *Fous* ?

Ill-natur'd CALVINISTS, *who scold*
At MONASTERIES, and what they hold
Without their Aid, pray tell us plain,
Where could we all the MAD maintain ?

THE Epigram furnish'd the Company with a good deal of laughing Chat, though they did not deny but there was some *Truth* in the Question.-- Time puts an End to all Things, as it did to this Conversation.-- The usual Compliments and Bows being made on all Sides, each separated to their Places of *Repose*, which affords me and my Reader, an Opportunity of doing the like.

C H A P. XX.

What God, alas ! will Caution be
For living Man's Security,
Or will insure his Vessel in this faithless Sea ?
Where Fortune's Favours, and her Spight,
Roll with alternate Waves, like Day and Night.

COWLEY.

NEXT Morning, Mr. *Villeneuf* found himself much out of Order, yet he could not avoid mentioning what, with Design, he had omitted in the Conversation of Yesterday.-- ' God forbid, *said he*, that a persecuting Spirit should ever prevail in *England*, yet I should imagine, *Self-preservation* ought at least to keep us upon our Guard against the Encroachments of *POPERY* ;

' for, though *we* are not their *Enemies* because they
 ' are *Papists*, yet they are certainly our's because
 ' we are *Protestants*.---' We suffer them in *Eng-*
 ' land to purchase *Estates*; and the Influence Pro-
 ' perty carries with it, is sometimes too visible.---
 ' They are likewise permitted to *sell* their *Estates*,
 ' but the *Hugonots* in *France* may purchase, but
 ' cannot sell.--We allow our Subjects to attend the
 ' *Romish Chapels* of Foreign *Ministers*, but what
 ' *Frenchman* dare visit our Ambassador's Chapel at
 ' *Paris*? --Without forcing the *Consciences* of
 ' Men, I think we *might*, and *ought* to take some
 ' Example from our Neighbours.--Sending *Pro-*
 ' *testant* Youth of both Sexes, to be educated in
 ' the *Colleges* of *Jesuits*, or in the *Convents* of
 ' *Nuns*, is such a *monstrous*, such an *absurd* Prac-
 ' tice; that, as no Name can be given, so no Pu-
 ' nishment can be equal to the Crime.'

' THIS, Sir, *reply'd Conyers*, has often surpris'd
 ' me, but there is another Matter, equally astonish-
 ' ing.—I know what was formerly understood by
 ' a *Nonjuror*. I know that a scrupulous Consci-
 ' ence might refuse the Oaths to *King WILLIAM*,
 ' when he had before taken them to *King JAMES*,
 ' but I cannot conceive what a *Nonjuror* is in these
 ' Days.'---' And you will, said *Villeneuf*, be more a-
 ' mazed when I tell you, he is one of those *rank*
 ' *Weeds* that the best *Land* is most subject to. A
 ' *Nonjuror* is a Person that avails himself of that
 ' *Liberty* and Constitution of *England*, which his
 ' *Principles*, and the Study of his whole Life, la-
 ' bours to destroy.—He denies the *Validity* of the
 ' Foundation of our *Laws*.—He calls himself a
 ' *Protestant*, and yet acts on *Popish* Tenets.—How
 ' it is possible such a Being can be suffer'd in our
 ' State, is past my Comprehension.—If he refuses
 ' the *Oath* of Allegiance, which I wish was more
 ' frequently

' frequently tender'd, what *Security* has the Government for his Conduct? And ought he not to be *expell'd* a Society, to which he *avows* himself an Enemy? — If he must be Resident, why is he not serv'd like the *Jews* in *Germany*, and oblig'd to wear a *Badge* of Distinction.'

ON this Subject Mr. *Villeneuf* gave many Hints, but *Conyers* prevented his enlarging too much; and, as he saw his Countenance frequently change, he persuaded him to lie down. — All the Morning he complained of a violent Head-Ach, and Pain in the Back. — All Precautions were taken, and the best Physicians employ'd, but all prov'd ineffectual, for this good, this *valuable* young Gentleman died the fourteenth Day.

POOR *Conyers* was in the utmost Affliction, for he lost his *Brother*, his *Friend*, his *Master*, and his whole Support. — For some Time he was not able to attend his own Interest; but the good Nature of Mr. *Pensè* shar'd his Sorrows, and directed his Conduct. — By the Will of Mr. *Villeneuf*, he found himself possess'd of sixty Pounds, with all the Books and wearing Apparel he had in *France*. *Pensè* advis'd the selling the Books and all the Cloaths, except the Shirts; which done, he had about *One Hundred and Fifty* Pounds to begin a new Life. — *Pensè* knew perfectly his Situation, and many Projects were thought on to put this Sum to a proper Use; but as neither of them could contrive how he might *live* on it, they pass'd them over without fixing, but *Pensè* promis'd to think for him.

WHILST their Imaginations were busily employ'd in forming Plans for his future Conduct, an Accident happen'd which I am almost asham'd to mention. I once intended to have suppress'd this Accident, but my strict Adherence to *Truth*, ob-

liges me, though with Reluctance, to make it a Part of this History. Besides, as all the Memoirs and Papers that serv'd in compiling this *great Work*, are now deposited in the *Cotton Library*, for the Perusal of the Curious, and to vouch the Authenticity and Impartiality of this Performance, with what Face could I *omit* or *gloss over* a material Circumstance, and make my Veracity doubtful to the Publick. If *some* have taken a contrary Method, I am determin'd to *keep mine Integrity*.

CONYERS did not always dine at the same *Hotel*, for different Companies afforded him different Remarks. At one of these Ordinaries, he had made a Sort of Acquaintance with a genteel young Man of about his own Age, without inquiring into his Character. The Conversation happen'd to turn on the Folly and Absurdity of *Gaming*, and this Gentleman laid open the Subject and the Schemes of *Sharpers*, in so clear and convincing a Manner; that charm'd *Conyers*.—After Dinner, they took a Walk together and renew'd the Subject.—‘ Few Men, *said the Stranger*, understand *Play* better than I. Formerly I was a *Buttle* to it, but when I became a Master, and might have won back the Money I had lost, though I don't much want it, my Friends and Relations got round me, and oblig'd me to renounce *Gaming* for myself. I now assist some Friends, and but last Night I won *two hundred Pieces* for the Gentleman in blue with Gold *Brandenburghs*, that din'd with us. This I frequently do, and am of Use to some *honest Fellows*.’—‘ I should imagine, *said Conyers*, that a Man who constantly *plays*, must sometimes be liable to *Quarrels*, *Disputes*, and many other Difficulties.’—‘ I grant you, *reply'd the Gentleman*, such Affairs happen in poor low Company, but the Assemblies I frequent

‘quent, are compos’d but of People of *Rank* and
‘*Fortune*. Most of them *incog.* so no one takes
‘Notice, or seems to know another, but all are on
‘the same Footing.’

OUR Hero listen’d with great Attention, and by his many Questions seem’d desirous to venture a small Matter, which perchance might *double* his Fund. The two hundred Pieces won last Night, ran strangely in his Head, and his Imagination put him already in Possession of such a Sum. Like a *Fish*, he went round and round, and often nibbled at the Bait, till at length his eager Desires surmounted his Fears, and he swallow’d the *Hook*.

WHEN *Conyers* propos’d visiting the *Temple* of *Fortune*, the other made some few Difficulties, but was at last prevail’d on to lend him his Skill. In pursuance to the Plan of Operation, *Conyers* gave him *Forty Louis*, and put *Twenty* more into his own Pocket. It was too soon to begin the Project, and to divert the Time and raise their Spirits, the Gentleman propos’d a Bottle of *Champaign*. They finish’d two, and *Conyers* found himself extremely elate, and prognosticated vast good Fortune. He was like *Alnaschar* the famous *Glass Man*, for he had rais’d his Thoughts, and built the Edifice of *Grandeur*, but others had the Honour of *kicking* it all down.

THEY arriv’d at the Temple, where the *Priests* were assembled, and very earnest at their *Devotions*.
---*Conyers* was fix’d at a Table with good Company, where he won and lost, but much wonder’d his Friend did not appear and assist him. He grew a little uneasy, but when he enquir’d, the Gentleman was not to be found, neither did any one know his Name. *Conyers* was unwilling to suspect him, and pursu’d his Fortune singly.---As no Man knows his own Courage till he is try’d, so *Conyers* knew

knew not his *Passion for Play*, until he was at a Gaming Table.—His twenty Pieces being near expir'd, he ventur'd, to ask, *If any Gentlemen would give him Credit till next Morning in case he lost.* With great Politeness they all agreed, *there was no Difficulty in confiding in a Gentleman of his Appearance.*

THE Play continued and the *Dice* flew about with the usual Vehemence.—The *fickle Goddess* held the changing *Balance*, and joy'd to see such true, such fervent Zeal in all her Votaries.—The *Rites and Ceremonies* being finish'd, *Conyers* began to examine the *Mythology*. He now discover'd that the *Doctrine* was extremely erroneous, for he had not only lost all his ready Money, but was indebted above *Fifty Louis d'Ors*.—The small Remains of the Night was not employ'd in the most agreeable Reflections, neither was the Morning usher'd in with happier Thoughts, for the Crime of last Night star'd him full in the Face, in the Shape of three Gentlemen with Demands of Money. Whilst employ'd in discharging these *Debts of Honour*, Mr. *Pensé* enter'd, which put him in the utmost Confusion. *Pensé* began to imagine that his Friend had taken up the Business of *lending Money on Pledges*, but a little of their Conversation soon convinc'd him of his Error.

WHEN the three Gentlemen had retir'd, our Friends stood silent and gaz'd on each other for some Time.—'Well Sir, said *Pensé*, I find the *Prudent*, the *Wise*, the *Sagacious* Mr. *Conyers* is beholden to *Sharppers* for making his Fortune and giving him Experience.'—*Conyers* blush'd, and, with some Hesitation, told his melancholy Tale; but concluded with heartily cursing the Falshood of the *French*.—'Very fine, cry'd *Pensé*, very fine indeed.' You have been bubbled by *Pickpockets*,
and

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and you damn a whole Nation; but the Truth is, you ought to quarrel with your own *Folly* and *Imprudence*, and I hope you will so effectually do it, as for ever to banish them your Company.—‘*Gaming*, continued *Pensé*, is the most ruinous of all ‘*Vices*.’ It is——

As an *Historian*, I must be extremely angry with one HENRY FIELDING, who has wrote the Memoirs of a *profligate Fellow*, whom he calls TOM JONES.—This Man has done me great Injury, and I am apt to believe has seen the *Materials* of this History, for in one of his Volumes, he has not only copy’d the very long Discourse Mr. *Pensé* made on *Gaming*; but has rak’d together all that the *Wiseſt* have said, or *could* say on that Subject, so that he has very *unfairly* depriv’d me of the Benefit of a Dozen or Twenty Pages, which I must strike out, or be thought a Plagiary.—This is not the only Place where the said FIELDING has curtail’d my Reputation and crampt my Genius.—Without saying more on this *barbarous* and *ungentlemanly* Usage, I must insist, that the good natur’d Public will believe, I should have had *more Reflections*, and have been as fertile in *Wit* and *Humour* as the said *Fielding*, had he not *cruelly* and *enviously* forestall’d my Invention.

CONYERS was all Attention to Mr. *Pensé*’s Harangue, and most faithfully promis’d to shun Temptation and avaricious Thoughts.—‘the *Mischief* is done, said *Pensé*, so I shall upbraid no more. I had a Scheme for your Service, but doubt your consenting to it. I shall not flatter you, for, *Why should the Poor be flatter’d?* But what I have to say is my sincere Opinion.—‘You are, continued he, a very handsome genteel young Fellow, you have Learning and Understanding. You have cultivated your Talents
‘ by

‘ by the Addition of polite Accomplishments ; and
 ‘ the Excellency of your Voice, and your good
 ‘ Nature, make you belov’d by all. My *dear*
 ‘ *Conyers*, it is no Crime to be conscious of our
 ‘ Perfections, the *Folly* lies in being vain of, or
 ‘ over-rating them.—With your Endowments,
 ‘ and a prudent Management, you may make your
 ‘ Fortune, and be happy.—A Man must *stoop*,
 ‘ before we can justly say, he *rises*. In a Word,
 ‘ I wish you would act the Part of a *Servant*.—
 ‘ You will be maintain’d and cloath’d. By your
 ‘ Address, I know you will acquire Esteem ;
 ‘ and, as there are Secrets in all Families, no
 ‘ Doubt but some may pass through your Hands.
 ‘ Out of these, and sundry Accidents that unavoid-
 ‘ ably happen, you may scheme some civil Employ,
 ‘ and establish yourself in the World, as many
 ‘ *worthy Men* have donè, not blest’d with half your
 ‘ Capacity.’——*Jack* listen’d, but made no Re-
 ‘ ply.—‘ There is, *said Pensè*, another Argument
 ‘ in Favour of my Project, and a strong one, for
 ‘ I do not see what else you can do.’—This last
 ‘ Reason got the Better of Pride, and *Conyers* con-
 ‘ sented.

‘ Now, *said his Friend*, to convince you I have
 ‘ had you in my Thoughts, I can promise you a
 ‘ Service with an *English Lord* now returning to
 ‘ *London*; he is rich, extremely good humour’d,
 ‘ but not the *brightest* Genius in the World.—He
 ‘ keeps an *English Wench*.—‘ I need not desire
 ‘ you to endeavour to have her Favour.’

At Dinner they met again, when *Pensè* inform’d
 him that my *Lord Weakhead* with Pleasure consent-
 ed, as he wanted one to take Care of his *Wardrobe*,
 and write his *Letters*.—‘ I would not, *continued*
 ‘ he, have you always fix’d to a particular Service
 ‘ or Family; for except your Judgment shews you
 ‘ a Pic-

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‘ a Probability of succeeding in your *chief* Design,
‘ shift about, and try another Soil; but be sure
‘ take Care of the *little Money* you have left, lest
‘ you should be too long unemploy’d.’

NEXT Morning they waited on Lord *Weakhead*, who would not agree until his *Dulcinea* had approved. In some Time the Lady made her Appearance, and was so good to say, ‘ she *believ’d the Fellow would do well enough.*’ His Lordship told Conyers the Duty he expected from him, and the Lady added some for herself.—He was to have thirty Pounds a Year, and some *Perquisites*, to enable him to be decent.

In three Days they set out for *England*.—The Friends parted with great Regret, and took a most tender Adieu. *Pen* gave a Hint, that in all Likelihood a *War* would soon break out, and begg’d of Conyers never to write to him.

C H A P. XXI.

—Fie, fie upon her !
There’s Language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip :
Nay, her Foot speaks ; her wanton Spirits look out
At every Joint, and Motion of her Body :
Oh, these Encounterers ! so glib of Tongue,
They give a coasting Welcome ere it comes ;
And wide unclasp the Tables of their Thoughts
To every ticklish Reader : Set them down
For sluttish Spoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game.

SHAKESPEAR’S *Troilus & Cressida*.

JACK was soon settled in a Family way in *London*, but found a mighty Difference between his last and present Master. My Lord had a fine House, and a Number of Servants were maintain’d at a vast
Ex-

Expenſe; yet the Whole was conducted in ſo ſlovenly a Manner, that nothing was in order, and ſomething was always wanting to compleat the intended Elegance.—*Madam Haughty* ruled all, and govern'd with a Power as uncontroll'd as it was extenſive. She frequently ſchool'd his *Lordſhip* in ſuch Terms, that made *Conyers* conceive an utter Averſion for her. Some times ſhe had violent Fits of Jealouſy, and on thoſe Occaſions my *Lord* was never permitted to approach, neither could any Rhetorick, except that of a *Purſe*, perſuade her into any tolerable Temper.—Her male Acquaintances were *Singers*, *Fidlers*, young *Fops*, and a Couple of worn-out *Sharpers*. Her female Friends were *Milliners*, *Mantua Makers* of ſmall Repute, and ſome *Nymphs* of her own Order. For theſe a plentiful Table was kept, and the Incenſe of Praise was conſtantly perfuming on the Altars of the *Goddeſs Haughty*. Tho' the Houſe was perpetually crowded, yet properly ſpeaking, *Lord Weakhead* ſaw no Company..

MADAM HAUGHTY had a ſtrong *Levée* almoſt every Morning, and becauſe ſhe had been in *France*, and heard ſomething of the Conduct of their Ladies of Quality, ſhe frequently received their Viſits in Bed. *Conyers* always made the Tea, and, with a Footman, attended the Duty of the Table. One Morning, when the Company were pretty numerous, *Jack* was buſily employ'd in this Office, but happening to go into the Lady's Dreffing-Room, he found a Bottle with a Label, on which was wrote *Mouth Water*; and as his Gums were ſwell'd with a Cold, he innocently uſed this Water as a Gargle. Whiſt he was filling out the Tea, his Lips ſhrunk up, and his Mouth almoſt clos'd. The Company could not forbear ſmiling at the Oddity of his Face, which was quite diſtorted. *Madam*, at
laſt

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last perceived the Queerness of his Phiz, and, with a Laugh, ask'd him, What was the Matter? When he attempted to answer, his whole Face was in Convulsions; but as he could not articulate a Word, he ran to the Dressing-Room, and produced the Bottle. *Haughty* burst into a violent Laugh, and whisper'd a Lady near her, who communicated the Secret to a Third, and in a Moment all present were in the utmost Mirth; and a thousand Witticisms were thrown out, till *Conyers* was oblig'd to quit his Station, and seek Refuge in his Chamber, where, with Patience and warm Water, he brought his Features to their accusom'd Regularity; but it was not till some Years after, he found out what had occasion'd his Disorder, and the immoderate Banter he suffer'd.

MRS. HAUGHTY carry'd her Ridicule so far, that it rais'd his Resentment, and determin'd him to watch her Motions more narrowly. In the mean Time he could not avoid some serious Reflections on the Conduct and Situation of *Lord Weakhead*. He thought that the Life of a *Man of Quality* was to be employ'd in shewing good Examples to the World; and with some Sighs, compar'd the Behaviour of his present Master to that of *Lord Truegood*.—He was surpriz'd how a *Peer* could run from the Dignity his *Ancestors* had purchas'd, and act below the Character of the meanest Mechanic. He was astonish'd, that a *Nobleman*, who might almost command the best Society, and a Lady of the first Family, where good Sense and Honour would grace his Table, should renounce these rational Comforts, and amuse himself with the Dregs of Mankind, and a *Woman* of a most abandon'd Life. He was at last convinced that his *poor Lord* had all the Plagues the worst Wife could give, with-

without any one of those Pleasures she might sometimes bestow.

THIS *Lady* had discover'd, that Delicacy and Tenderneſs were not the Charms moſt admir'd by my *Lord* in a Miſtreſs, but that his Conſtitution was to be govern'd only by abſolute Power. The more ſhe ſeem'd to hate and deſpiſe him, the ſonder he grew. Her insolent Security was ſuch, that ſhe ſcarcely made a Secret of her Infidelity, ſo that *Conyers* caught her one Morning *beating Time* to the Muſick of a dirty Fidler. She colour'd a little at being ſo fairly diſcover'd, but, with a matchleſs Assurance, propos'd his taking a Part in the *Concert*. *Conyers*, with a Smile of Deſdain, answer'd, He had too good a *Taſte* to be charm'd with a *common vulgar Ballad*. Her Rage is not to be expreſs'd; ſhe ſwore like an old Dragoon; and in this Temper he quitted her in Contempt.

AMONGST the many who paid Court to my *Lord* and *Madam Haughty*, Mr. *Sangfroid*, a young Surgeon of *French* Extraction, was pretty conſtant. He had a particular Regard for *Conyers*, and was the only Perſon who found out his Value and Merit. *Sangfroid* was a Man of Senſe, and whoſe Converſation was ſeriously diverting, and his ſpeaking *French* extremely well, made *Conyers* fond of being often with him. To this Gentleman he told his Story, and begg'd his Advice. 'I ſee, ſaid *Sangfroid*, you are not perfectly acquainted with this Part of the World. I have ſometimes interfered between a Gentleman and his *Wife*, and have made up mighty Quarrels occaſion'd by *Lap-Dogs*, *Parrots*, and the like; but I never meddle between a Gentleman and his *Miſtreſs*. It is of two ſacred and delicate a Nature, neither can my Probe ſearch to the Bottom of the Wound; and, as I

per-

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‘perceive that a Mortification must of Necessity
‘ensue, why should I give my Patient unnecessary
‘Pain? However, *continued he*, don’t repine at
‘being dismissed this Service, but live with me un-
‘til I can provide you another.’ *Conyers* return’d
him many Thanks, and that Evening accepted
his kind Invitation, for my *Lord* very gravely
paid him three Months Wages, and gave him a
Discharge.

MR. SANGFROID received him with great
Kindness, and apologiz’d for not having it in his
Power to be more constantly with him, but he
never fail’d at Dinner, and seldom in the Evenings.
In these Conversations *Conyers* took care to ingra-
tiate himself with his new Friend, and display’d
his Learning and Accomplishments in so agreeable
a Manner, as not a little surprized the Surgeon,
who confess’d he merited an happier Fate: ‘But,
‘*continued he*, it shall not be my Fault, if some-
‘thing don’t turn out to your Advantage.’

CONYERS pass’d his Time in a very satisfactory
Manner, for *Sangfroid* entertain’d him with Histories
of sundry Families, but with such Humour, as
created abundance of Mirth and most useful Ob-
servations; which last, *Jack* constantly added to
his Collection.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXII.

*Hail thou ! who ne'er as yet was sung
By any Bard or old or young,
Inchanting Riot ! God of Drink !
(Whatever ancient Poets think.)
Thou to the World, chief Foe or Friend,
Making some mount, and some descend,
Inspire my Verse.*

ANONIMOUS.

ONE Evening our Friends had agreed to go to a favourite Play, where Mr. *Sangfroid* met several of his Acquaintances. ‘ I see, said he to *Conyers*, a Knot of choice Spirits in the third Row ; should they ask me to a Tavern I must desire your Company, for though it will be Time thrown away, it will not be lost. I cannot, reply’d *Conyers*, rightly understand your Distinction; but command me.’ ‘ That young Gentleman, continued the Surgeon, in a white Fustian Frock and checquer’d Flannel Waistcoat, with the Hat of a Stage Coachman, is Sir *Nicholas Royster* of *Yorkshire*, who inherits good four thousand Pounds a Year. He’s not yet of Age, but borrows Money enough by insuring his Life. That elderly Youth just by him, with a red Face, is Squire *Morise*, formerly of *High Hall* in *Gloucestershire*. That fine Seat, and fifteen hundred a Year round it, has been long since purchased by Mr. *Punctual*, a Banker in the Strand, on which the Squire has two hundred a Year Life-Rent. That genteel young Man on the other Side is one Mr. *Fitz Simmons* of *Ireland*, where, I imagine, he has a good Fortune, for he is extremely generous. He has Chambers in the
Middle

‘ *Middle Temple*, and for these three Years has
 ‘ study’d very closely. A little beyond him you
 ‘ see a portly *fierce* Gentleman in Scarlet, with
 ‘ a *Point d’Espagne* Hat so cock’d, that it frights
 ‘ the Orange Wenches. He is called *Major Noisy*,
 ‘ and I have been told was formerly a *Lieutenant* in
 ‘ the Army, but was oblig’d to sell out and retire
 ‘ on Ensign’s Half-pay; but the *Knight* is his
 ‘ Friend.’-----‘ I think, *said Conyers*, you apply
 ‘ the Word *fierce* to the Major; now as I apprehend,
 ‘ it is derived from the *French* Word *fier*, which
 ‘ means *proud* and *saucy*, I beg you will give him
 ‘ some other Epithet, for I observe he is extremely
 ‘ familiar with the Orange Ladies, who seem to
 ‘ attack him with equal Freedom.’-----Your
 ‘ Observation, *said Sangfroid*, I believe is right,
 ‘ but really the Major is far from being *proud*; but
 ‘ how *fier* may answer to *saucy*, I hope to convince
 ‘ you: However, they are all my Friends and
 ‘ Customers; and the Plague of my Profession is,
 ‘ I must not only keep them Company, but agree
 ‘ to every thing they say when in Company.’

THE Play was scarcely finished when the Major
 gave a loud Hem, and having fix’d *Sangfroid’s*
 Eyes, call’d out,—*The King’s Arms*, and received
 a Nod of Consent.—*Sir Nicholas* and his Com-
 pany got first to the Tavern, having pick’d up two
 special City Sparks. When Mr. *Sangfroid* and
Conyers arriv’d, they found the *Major* and the rest
 very loud at the Larder. With great Difficulty
 Supper was order’d, and the Master, Mr. *Ryan*,
 conducted them into the *Rose*.—As an Historian
 I am compell’d to attend, but, *courteous Reader*,
 if thou’rt not charm’d with *Discord of harsh Sounds*,
 —If a *Tavern Scene* delighteth not thy Heart,
 or, if thou findest thyself not disposed for a Con-
 versation with such Company, go not thou in with
 me,

me, but pass on to some other Part of this delectable History.

THE Instant the Major enter'd the Rose, he cry'd, out, 'Z---ns! what a Room has the Ras-cal put us into?---Here---You Son of a 'W---re, shew us into the *Rummer*, this smokes like Hell!---*Ryan* was all Obedience, and, as 'he conducted them back, the *Knight* could not 'avoid saying, Ay, Ay, let the *old Soldier* alone; 'D---me he'll keep 'em all in order.---The usual Salutations began, and Mr. *Sangfroid* introduced *Conyers* to each, by their Titles.---'Sir, 'said the Major, give me your Hand. D---n all these Compliments; you seem, Sir, to be a 'Gentleman, and a Man of Honour, and D---me 'but we're all oblig'd to *Young Bolus* for your Company.'---*Conyers* just began to return the Compliment, but the Major interrupted him saying ---'Sir, You are a very pretty sensible Gentle-man, and (*ringing the Bell as loud as he could*) 'we'll take a hearty Bottle together, and know 'me for your Friend.---Here---You Ostler---'D---me where's the Wine.'---'Please your 'Honour, said the *Waiter*, the Wine your Honour 'always chuses is on the Table.'---'D' ye prate, 'Puppy? said he, to *Kennel*, down this Instant,---'Avaunt!---The *Waiter* retir'd with a Smile, and then he began, 'Come, Boys--Come Lads, sit 'down and be D---d, and take your Wine in Peace 'and Quietness.

THE Company were moving to their Places, when Mr. *Morise* open'd with an hoarse Voice.--'D---n that *old Firelock*, what a Clatter he makes; 'curse him, he'll never be a *Conjurer*, for he wan't 'born dumb.'---This witty Stroke occasion'd a prodigious Laugh, which lasted with many Additions, till all had taken their Seats.

I HOPE

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I HOPE it will not be expected I should set down minutely and in order every single Word and Repartee during the first half Hour Conversation. The Task would be too arduous even for the renown'd Author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, whose Patience nothing could equal, except that of his Readers. *Old Bunyan* would have been at a Loss, and the celebrated *Mr. Cleveland* would have found it impossible; how therefore can I, a weak, ignorant Modern, pretend to attempt what such vast Geniuses must have omitted. All I am able to do, is to beg the learned Reader to supply my Defects, by imagining, or, if he can, writing about thirty Pages of the most fashionable Oaths, and refin'd Bawdy Jokes his Wit can put together. Should his Thoughts not be sufficiently elevated for so sublime a Subject, let him take the Memoirs of a *Lady of Pleasure*, whose Author, as he undoubtedly merits, certainly ought to be preferr'd to the highest Post on *Hounslow*, or some other convenient Heath.

WHILST the Supper was laying, *Mr. Sangfroid* whisper'd his Friend, 'that *Sir Nicholas* had pawn'd his Honour they would have no Whores in Company that Night, for I hope, added the Surgeon, to amuse you in a better Manner.'--Supper over, they had just sat down to fresh Bottles when *Mr. Ryan* enter'd. 'Please your Honours, said he, here's the Gazette, and great News in it, will your Honour, giving it to the Major, be pleas'd to read it, for 'tis bespoke in the next Room.'--I read it! cry'd the Major, 'No, not I by G--, read it yourself and be d--d.'--*Ryan* began, and read of a powerful Squadron fitted out at *Brest*, and that forty thousand French had Orders to march to Germany, and the like Number to the Frontiers of *Flanders*. That the Queen of Hungary was levying a large Army in *Bohemia*, which would be ready to take the

the Field early in the Spring.—He was proceeding, when the *Major* jump'd up, drew his Sword, and slapping it on the Table, 'Now, cry'd he, we shall have a War, 'D---n my Blood but we shall. 'Now the Scoundrels will court me to shew 'them the Way to *Flanders*, and the *Prig Officers* 'who will hardly give me a Bow, shall come 'Cap in Hand, for they can't make me less than 'a *Lieutenant Colonel*. Z---ds! How I long to be 'at it, and then, *Sir Nicholas*, D---me, *Sir Nicholas*, 'but you shall go with me and be my Ensign, and 'fight by my Side, D---me if you shan't.'-----
 'Not so fast, said the Knight, for, D---me if I do. 'No, no, I know a Trick worth two of that, 'for, as the Gentleman said to Night in the Play, 'I've four thousand a Year of as good fighting Land 'as any in Europe; so I suppose if we have a War 'I shall pay my Club, and you and your Honour 'and Glory may go fight and be d--d for *Sir Nicholas*.' 'Then, cry'd the Hero, stay at home 'and be d--d, and mind your *Hounds* and your 'Horses. Z---ds, when I was your Age,---Why, 'said Sangfroid, when you were of *Sir Nicholas's* 'Age, what mighty Matters did your Honour do? 'Come, tell us, my dear Man of War.
 'I was, said the Major; the eighth Son of 'fourteen, for we were always a fine Bucking 'Family. My Father *Justice Noisy*, 'tis well known, 'had two thousand a Year in *Cornwall*, and gave 'his Children as much Learning as they would 'take. Your *Latin* and *Greek* was not my Turn, 'and the Fool my Master flog'd me damnably 'before he found it out, which happen'd by an odd 'Accident, for when I was about Fifteen, the Son 'of a B-----h was at his old Tricks with his 'Birch, but d---me if I didn't take him such 'a Knock over the Noddle with the Poker, that
 'down

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‘ down dropt Old *Ars in presente*, and the best of
 ‘ the Joke was, that the Scoundrel was a *Parson*.
 ‘ The old Justice laugh’d heartily, and prais’d my
 ‘ Spirit, so I thought *I had him on*. I wanted d---ly
 ‘ to get to *London*, but my Chap was as close fist’d
 ‘ as the Devil, and not a Stiver would he part with
 ‘ to buy me a Commission, which was all my Pride.
 ‘ The old Fool at last married a young B-----h for
 ‘ Love, and us’d me like a Dog. D---me thought
 ‘ I but I’ll be reveng’d, and you’ll split your Sides
 ‘ with laughing when I tell you how I contriv’d it.
 ‘ ----D---n my Blood if I didn’t make Love to my
 ‘ Mother, and fairly Cuckol’d Old *Square-toes*.’---
 ‘ Bravo, Bravo, cry’d Sir *Nicholas*, and Bravo, cry’d
 ‘ all the Rest---‘ Well, said *Sangfroid*, so when
 ‘ you had Cuckol’d your Father you---‘ Z-----ns,
 ‘ Mr. *Purge* cry’d the *Major*, sure I can tell my
 ‘ own Story---Why, when I had done him that
 ‘ Jobb, D-----me, thought I, but I’ll do you an-
 ‘ other; so one Morning I made free with a Purse
 ‘ of *Fifty Guineas*, and, as the Devil would have
 ‘ it, the same Day he found *Madam* and I fairly
 ‘ planting his Horns.---Z-----ns! how he stared,
 ‘ and swore and rag’d like any *Free-man in Bedlam*.
 ‘ I walk’d off, my Dears, and left him that Bone
 ‘ to pick the best Way he could.-----Well as
 ‘ I was saying, I walk’d off, and took the Road to
 ‘ *London*. As I had Money in my Purse, I thought
 ‘ I had all the World in a string. In a Week I
 ‘ got acquainted with some *fine Ladies*, and very
 ‘ fond of me they were, for D-----me but I
 ‘ was as fine a Lad as ever trod the Ground, and
 ‘ five Foot Seven in my Stocking Feet. The dear
 ‘ B---hes soon made me known to some Gentle-
 ‘ men of Quality, so that in about a Month I knew
 ‘ *Drury-Lane* and *London* as well as if I’d been
 ‘ bred and born in’t; but D---me if I know to
 ‘ this Day how it was, but in six Weeks I’d but a
 H ‘ single

‘ single Guinea left.-----Now some Lads would
 ‘ have *snivel’d* and *cry’d*, and begged *Pardon*, and
 ‘ so forth; not me by G----- I kept up my
 ‘ Heart like a Man, and as I could not purchase a
 ‘ *Red Rag*, I bravely resolved to earn one with my
 ‘ Sword, so I went to the Parade and *took on* in
 ‘ the First Regiment of Guards.’-----The Com-
 ‘ pany greatly applauded his Courage and Resolution,
 ‘ and he proceeded-----‘ A Trifle, a Trifle, Gen-
 ‘ tlemen. Boys of Spirit will always *sooner or*
 ‘ *later* strike out their own Fortunes-----Well,
 ‘ this was in the Year 1711, which all the World
 ‘ knows was about the Middle of that *red hot*
 ‘ *War*.-----To cut short my Story, we landed near
 ‘ *Lisle*, which my Glorious Master the *Duke of*
 ‘ *Marlborough* was Besieging, and the same Day I
 ‘ begged to mount the *Trenches*.-----Hot work,
 ‘ hot work my Boys; for there *was* we exposed
 ‘ on the *Top of a Ditch* to the Fire of the Enemy
 ‘ for four Hours *Endways*.-----‘ Come, Gentle-
 ‘ men, drink about, Sorrow is dry, and d---me
 ‘ but I’m choaking with Thirst.’---They drank,
 ‘ but whilst the *Knight* and Mr. *Morise* were asking
 ‘ some Particulars of the Siege, *Conyers* found
 ‘ Time to say to his Friend.-----‘ This Fellow was
 ‘ never an Officer, and I verily believe was never
 ‘ in any Army except as a Sutler’s Servant.’-----
 ‘ Just then the *Major’s* Voice was distinct.-----
 ‘ Lord, Lord, *said he*, why there it is. People
 ‘ that stay at Home and see nothing, must have
 ‘ strange Notions. To be sure ’tis terrible enough
 ‘ at first, D-----me if it isn’t, but when a Man
 ‘ is us’d to it for four or five Campaigns as I was,
 ‘ ’tis a mere *Flea-bite*.-----Well, as I was saying,
 ‘ having cut a Passage through the *covered Way*,
 ‘ and with fixed Bayonets mastered the *Half Moon*
 ‘ of the *first* and *second Parapets*, and a Breach
 ‘ being made in the *Glacis* by our Engineers, I
 ‘ boldly

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' boldly mounted, and the whole Army following,
 ' the poor Devils of *French* surrendered the Town.
 ' ----The *Gazette* did me Justice, and the No-
 ' ble General made me an *Ensign*. At *Blenheim*
 ' the next Campaign, I did my Duty, got a few
 ' Wounds and a *Company*, and the same Year a
 ' *Majority*.---You know the rest. My old Dad
 ' *kick'd up*, and like an unnatural Son of a Whore
 ' as he was, left me a Shilling. A d---d *Peace* be-
 ' ing made, and a Boy put over my Head, I
 ' quitted the Service, and have been on Half-Pay
 ' ever since, but now---D--n my Blood they shall
 ' beg and pray before they catch me in *Flanders*.
 ' ---So drink about, my Boys, I'm alive, D---me.
 ' -THE Bottle and Wit went briskly round, till
 ' *Sangfroid*, clapping *Sir Nicholas* on the Shoulder,
 ' There, *said he*, there's a Fellow of Mettle: I
 ' think I see him routing a whole *French* Army;
 ' I wish he'd write his *Memoirs*, they'd sell d---d
 ' well. What would you give, *Sir Knight*, to be
 ' able to say as much as the Major?----' Give,
 ' *reply'd Sir Nicholas*, D-----me, I'd not give
 ' Six-pence. To be be sure the Fellow may have
 ' seen more, for he's old enough to be my Grand-
 ' father, but d---n my Blood, I've done as much
 ' for my Time, as any *He* in Christendom.'---
 ' Impossible, impossible, *said Sangfroid*.---Judg-
 ' ment, Judgment, *cry'd the Knight*, and in a
 ' Quarter of an Hour, Silence was proclaimed, and
 ' he began.

' WHY, lookee, Gentlemen, I was but Nine-
 ' teen, as I may say, *last Grass*. My good Father
 ' *Sir Joseph*, and my *Lady Mother* were very ten-
 ' der of my Youth, and gave me all the Educa-
 ' tion a Gentleman of my *Fortune* requir'd. A
 ' ten Years old I could *read*,---no body better^t
 ' ---and the same Year I rode one of my Fa-

' ther's Horſes, poor *Merry Pintle*, and won the
 ' Sweep Stakes at *Wakefield Races*. D---me if
 ' I didn't.---Z---ns! I thought the old Gentle-
 ' man would have leapt out of's Skin for Joy.---
 ' Next Day, my Bucks, I ran old *Sly-Boots* againſt
 ' *Squire Maſon's* Bay Mare *Miſs Slammekin*, a Bye
 ' Match for Fifty Guineas, Weight for Inches.
 ' Honeſt *Sly-boots* had *well nigh* diſtanc'd the Mare,
 ' when he loſt *all Four*, and canted me twenty
 ' Yards over his Head. There I lay, and was taken
 ' up for dead, tho' I only broke my Left Arm and
 ' two of my Ribs.-----no more by G-----.
 ' When I recovered of my Wounds, all my Friends
 ' ſaid that *Young Nick* was fairly entered.---Come,
 ' Bucks, drink about.---Well, next Year, D---
 ' me if I didn't out-ride our Huntsman in a Fox-
 ' Chace, and made him helliſhly Jealous; but in
 ' leaping a double Ditch, I got a Tumble, and
 ' my Head fell foul of a d---d Stump of a Tree,
 ' and lay'd it open. See Gentlemen, ſee, (*pulling*
 ' *off a little black Wig*) here it is you may put your
 ' Fingers in't, but, D---me I ſoon hors'd for all
 ' that, and call'd out *Fowler*,---*Ringwood*,---*Ho.*
 ---Then he diſplay'd all the Eloquence of *Field*
Language, and the Company joining in the Cry,
 the *Guardian of the Night* forgot the Hour, and
 imagined himſelf in *Epping Forreſt*.---At Length
Sir Nicholas found Time to proceed.---' All the
 ' Tenants *was cock ſure* I'd be a clever Fellow;
 ' but when I began to kill their *Dogs*, and break
 ' their *Nets*, the Scoundrels complain'd to *Sir Jo-*
 ' *ſeph*, and my good *Lady Mother* gave me a ſwing-
 ' ing Lecture about *good Nature* and *Humanity*,
 ' and ſuch Stuff; but when I was *Sixteen*, I ſhew'd
 ' them other Game, for D---me if I didn't get
 ' their Daughters with Child by Dozens, and at
 ' laſt I *tipt* the ſame Favour to her *Ladyſhip's Maid*.
 ' Sir

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‘ Sir *Joseph* curs’d and swore, and my *Lady* cry’d
 ‘ and prayed like *Hell and the Devil*; but what
 ‘ did I care?—I knew they cou’dn’t *swear* or *pray*
 ‘ me out of the *Estate*, do their worst; so because
 ‘ they wou’dn’t let me take my *Swing* at Home, I
 ‘ *touched* the Steward for a Brace of Hundreds,
 ‘ and wished ’em all a good Night.—My dear
 ‘ *Father* at last relented his hard Usage of me,
 ‘ and about four Months ago he took a Leap in
 ‘ the Dark to *Kingdom come*; and so I’m in *Mourn-*
 ‘ *ing* for him, as you see.’—A loud Laugh ensued,
 and the Bottle took its Course, and then he con-
 tinued——‘ My Gaurdians, for I’ve enough of ’em,
 ‘ won’t allow me to live like a Gentleman, but
 ‘ D---me they are bit; I won’t starve in a Cook’s
 ‘ Shop, not I, for, my Bucks, here I am *safe*,
 ‘ and by the Help of my Friend yonder, pretty
 ‘ *sound*. Now, Gentlemen, I think I’ve been in
 ‘ more Dangers than if I had fought twenty Bat-
 ‘ tles in *Flanders*, and D---me I’ll lay Fifty
 ‘ Guineas I’ve more Wounds than his Honour
 ‘ the Major.’

EVERY Body agreed, and poor *Noisy* stood a
 whole Volly of Wit.——‘ Truce, Boys, Truce,
 ‘ *cry’d the Major*, Why what the Devil, *all upon*
 ‘ *Roger!*—*Fitzsimons*, do dear *Rogue*, tell us
 ‘ some of your foolish Exploits, and keep Sir
 ‘ *Nicholas* in Countenance.’——‘ I’d do as much
 ‘ for you, *said Fitzsimons*, with all my Heart, but
 ‘ it seems you have no Occasion, for the *Devil*
 ‘ *himself* can’t put you out of Countenance.’——
 This encreased the Laugh, till *Sangfroid* cryed
 out, ‘ Well, Gentlemen, I must own the Major
 ‘ has said a good Thing once in his Life, and I
 ‘ second the Motion; to Order Gentlemen, to
 ‘ Order, Mr. *Fitzsimons* is up,---hear him, hear
 ‘ him.’—All the Cry now was hear him, so

Fitzsimons was obliged to comply, and he began.

‘ My History, Gentlemen, is very short.-----
 ‘ My Family is pretty considerable in *Ireland*,
 ‘ where my Father kept a good House, and lived
 ‘ in the true old hospitable Manner, but still gave
 ‘ his five Sons such Accomplishments as the Coun-
 ‘ try afforded. We knew *Latin* and *Greek*, but
 ‘ *Dancing* and *Fencing* much better. At last the
 ‘ good Man died, and I as his eldest Son, took
 ‘ Possession of the Estate, charged with my Mo-
 ‘ ther’s Jointure, and Portions for younger Chil-
 ‘ dren.’ To do the best I could for a large Family,
 ‘ I entered the *Temple*, and stinted myself to One
 ‘ Hundred Pounds a Year. I have many Relati-
 ‘ ons in *London*, and some of Fashion, who intro-
 ‘ duced me into the politest Company of both Sexes,
 ‘ where I soon found I had a Genius for *Play*,
 ‘ and improved my Talent.--- But, Gentlemen,
 ‘ the Ladies, the Ladies are kind, for I court them
 ‘ in such a Manner that few can withstand my
 ‘ Rhetorick.’---‘ Z-----ns, *cry’d the Knight*, I’d
 ‘ give a Thousand Pounds for that Secret.’-----
 ‘ You may have it much cheaper, *reply’d Fitzsi-*
 ‘ *mons*, for when I am with a Lady I like, or
 ‘ whose Eyes Speak a certain Language, I watch
 ‘ the first Opportunity, and

Usher the New Acquaintance, &c.

‘ D---me, *cry’d the Major*, if I know what you
 ‘ mean. I know well enough a Man may be ush-
 ‘ ered to the *King’s Bench*, or the *Poultry*, or the
 ‘ *Round House*, and the like, where a Man may
 ‘ make new Acquaintances enough, but D---me
 ‘ if ever I heard of ushering a new Acquaintance to
 ‘ a Lady, but by a *Pimp*’-----‘ Why you old
 ‘ B---h, *cry’d Sir Nicholas*, don’t you know
 ‘ that

‘ that new Acquaintances are *New Guineas*, and
 ‘ that little *Fitz* sily tipt the Lady half a Score ?
 ‘ ---D---me after all, ’tis the *only best* Argument
 ‘ in the World.’---‘ Right, right, *Sir Nicholas*,
 ‘ said *the Surgeon*, ’fore Gad you have hit it.’

‘ *THE Knight* is so sharp, said *Fitzsimons*, there
 ‘ is no hiding Things from him.---If the Lady
 ‘ accepts my little *Rouleau* I am sure of her imme-
 ‘ diately. If she refuses, and afterwards permits
 ‘ my Visits, I try her again, and seldom have Oc-
 ‘ casion to repeat the Dose. From this I have the
 ‘ Advantage of being of her Family, as often as I
 ‘ please; and if it increases not my Revenue, it
 ‘ at least prevents a Decrease by another Channel.—
 ‘ This, Gentlemen, is my Amusement, but my
 ‘ grand Resources are the *Chocolate-Houses*.-----
 ‘ When *Salkeild*, and *Cook*, and *Ventris*, and *Lit-*
 ‘ *tleton*, begin to grow dry and stupid, I turn a-
 ‘ bout and converse with my good Friend *Monsieur*
 ‘ *de Moivre*, on the *Doctrine of Chances*.-----
 ‘ Perhaps, said *Mr. Morise*, that same *Mr. De*---
 ‘ *what d’ye call him*, may be a pretty Fellow; I
 ‘ don’t know him; but for *Salkeild* and the rest,
 ‘ I’ve seen ’em *drunk* and *sober* enough, and by
 ‘ the L---d they are stupid Mortals.’---That may
 ‘ be, said *the Major*, for D---me if I know any
 ‘ of ’em; but, dear *Morise*, not to interrupt you,
 ‘ I’ve often heard some of your *Tip-top* People
 ‘ say that your *Littleton* is a d---d clever Fel-
 ‘ low; but I beg Pardon, and, my dear *Fitz*, don’t
 ‘ let us talk of *Religion*; D---n your *Doctrine*
 ‘ and finish your Story.

‘ WITH all my Heart, said *Fitzsimons*, for two
 ‘ Words will do it.---In short Gentlemen, I am a
 ‘ Master at *Piquet*, and could teach *Whist* to *Mr.*
 ‘ *Hoyle*. I care not how the World goes, for one
 ‘ Lord pays for my *Chariot*, another keeps my *Ser-*

‘ *wants* and *Horses*, and many of different Titles
 ‘ contribute to my Family-Expences.-----Thus,
 ‘ Gentlemen, I live, and live well, tho’ the good
 ‘ old Gentlewoman keeps her Jointure.

‘ Z---ns, cry’d *Sir Nicholas*, you’re a happy
 ‘ Fellow, but I am the most unlucky Dog in the
 ‘ World.—There’s my *Mother* now,—D---me, she
 ‘ has no more *Nature* in her than a Stone; for if
 ‘ she lov’d her *only Child*, or my poor defunct *Fa-*
 ‘ *ther*, to be sure she’d have contrived some Way
 ‘ or other to have paid him a Visit by this Time.--
 ‘ But no Matter, for whether her Jointure falls in
 ‘ or not, by G---I’m determin’d next Bout to be
 ‘ *Knight of the Shire*, if it costs me Twenty Thou-
 ‘ sand Pounds.’

THE highest Encomiums were ready to fall on
Sir Nicholas, when Mr. *Morise* rose in an Extacy,
 crying out, ‘ D---me I must kiss the dear Boy.—
 ‘ Do, dear *Sir Nick*, stand for the County, and
 ‘ here I am that will support you with all my In-
 ‘ terest, and be your Manager; for by the L---d,
 ‘ no Man in *Europe* understands that Matter bet-
 ‘ ter.’----‘I thought, said Mr *Sangfroid*, your Es-
 ‘ tate lay in another Country.’--‘you thought, re-
 ‘ plied *Morise*, Psha, D---it, why Man, all the
 ‘ World knows I’ve stood for Twenty Boroughs
 ‘ and Counties, and was a Member too in the
 ‘ *Queen’s Time*; but that D---d new Ministry threw
 ‘ me out, and I’ve been fighting them ever since;
 ‘ but next P---t, I think I have a Borough pretty
 ‘ sure.’---Ay, Ay, Master *Morise*, said the *Major*,
 ‘ let it alone till then, and then you may think on’t,
 ‘ for that will be your Share.’---‘Why, you dirty
 ‘ Scoundrel, cried *Morise*, do you upbraid me in
 ‘ my Misfortunes, that *has* kept you from starving?’
 ---‘Patience good Mr. *Morise*, said the *Major*,
 ‘ Starving! Ay, ay, D---me if you kept me like
 ‘ yourself,

‘yourself, I should starve indeed.’—*Morise* lost all Temper, and whilst he discharged a thousand hard Names, and not a few Glasses on the Major, the *Warrior* practised his own Lesson of Patience, and received them with great Meekness, still crying out—‘*Mr. Morise, Mr. Morise, ‘—don’t rouse the ‘angry Lyon.’—Morise* drew his Sword, but some held him, and some the Major, whose Sword, by this Time, was unsheath’d.—The Storm was violent. The *Major’s* Voice was *Thunder*, and *Morise’s* the Echo to it.—*Mr. Ryan* and the Waiters entered, which added not a little to the Harmony.—Now might be heard, *Oaths, Imprecations, Prayers* and *Intreaties* rushing instantly out; but no Mortal could distinguish or assign a Reason.

At last the Noise of *War* seemed to subside, and gentle *Peace* began to spread her Pinions. The mangled Limbs of *slaughtered Bottles* and *Glasses* were decently interred, and the purple Stream, that covered Half the Plain, was now swallowed up by the neighbouring Sands. All Preliminaries being adjusted, Tranquillity was proclaimed, and three Bottles called for to sacrifice to Love and Friendship.—Bumpers went briskly round, and their Zeal was so fervent to establish a *right Understanding*, that some of the Company began to lose their own.

‘Z--ns, cried the Knight, what Fools were we to quarrel amongst ourselves, when the *common Enemy* is at Hand?—D--me, my Bucks, let’s sally forth and *beat the Watch!*—‘Glorious Thought! said the Major, and let’s beat up the *Bawdy-Houses.*—I’m with you cried *Morise*, by the L-----d ’tis the *most finest* Fun in the Universe.—To pay-----a Bill this Instant, and let’s to Business.’—All seemed to join, and

whilst the Bill was preparing, *Sir Nicholas* settled the Operations.

THE Reckoning was *Three Pounds Eighteen Shillings*, and each Man put his Hand to his Pocket.---The *Major* laughed, and swearing he had changed his Breeches that Morning, and forgot to shift his Money, added, 'Tis no great Matter, ' for my Servant is an honest Fellow; however, ' *Sir Nick*, tip me a Guinea till I see you next.'---The Knight readily comply'd, and Mr. *Conyers* saying, 'It is just our *Half Guineas a-piece*,' threw one on the Table.---*Morise* whispered some what to *Sir Nicholas*, who immediately cryed out 'Z---ns, that's true, D---my B---d if the Gentleman ' pays a Farthing in my Company.'---*Conyers* begged to be excused; but the other insisting on paying the Whole, threw four Guineas to the Waiter. Mr. *Morise* took the Half Guinea, intreating Mr. *Conyers* to put it up; which he peremptorily refusing, 'Well, said *Morise*, 'tis only so much the ' more for the Waiter; however, in a Mistake, he slip't it into his own Pocket.

'Twas past three o'Clock, and the Quiet of the Neighbourhood was to be invaded, the Company in the Street each encouraging the other in the Expedition.---But my Duty calls me another Way, for Mr. *Conyers* took the first Chair, and got safe to his Lodgings without sharing in the *Honours* or *Dangers* of this glorious Action, and his Friend very soon followed his Example.

CHAP. XXIII.

*O that I had my Innocence again!
My untouch'd Honour! but I wish in vain:
The Fleece that has been by the Dyer stain'd,
Never again it's native Whiteness gain'd.*

WALLER.

SANGFROID was rous'd about Six that Morning by a thundering Rap at the Door. At Ten he return'd, and gave Conyers the Sequel to the Evening's Entertainment.----- 'There has been
' fine Work, *said he*, and our Heroes have furnish'd me Employment. It seems they began
' their Attack on the Watchmen a little too precipitately, so were instantly out-number'd. The
' Battle lasted but a short Time, and in the Hurry, the Major and Mr. *Morise* got off to a Bagnio,
' but most miserably cut in the Head and Face.-----
' the Valour of the young Knight not permitting
' him the proper Use of his Legs, he was taken Prisoner and conducted to the Citadel of the Parish, vulgarly term'd the Round-House. He is
' tolerably bruised, and has another honourable Mark planted just over his Eye. Some of the
' Watch are slightly Injur'd, but as they will make the most of it, this Affair perhaps may be made
' up at the trivial Expence of an Hundred Guineas.
' BUT, *said Conyers*, what became of the other Gentlemen? For methinks Mr. *Fitzsimons* is a
' Man of more Understanding than to embarque in such an Exploit.'-- 'He (*answer'd the Surgeon*)
' slipp'd off with me, and whisper'd, "He had no
' Idea of Fighting, where nothing but the Reverse
' of Honour or Credit could possibly be obtain'd,"--
' As for the City Blades, all I hear of them is, that
' they

‘ they play’d their Parts very well for some Time,
 ‘ but had so much Prudence as not to be taken.’

‘ I AM heartily glad, said *Conyers*, that some have
 ‘ been properly punish’d; for their Conduct is so
 ‘ absurd, that nothing can extenuate it, but imagin-
 ‘ ing them Lunatick.’—‘ In truth, said *Sangfroid*,
 ‘ the Watchmen treated them as such, and blooded
 ‘ them severely.---But what think you of their Hu-
 ‘ mour ?---Humour! reply’d *Conyers*, Faith I
 ‘ found none, but for Ribaldry, Folly, and Non-
 ‘ sense, I thank my Stars, I never heard nor saw
 ‘ more in my whole Life. I was quite silent,
 ‘ and bore all their Extravagancies with some Pa-
 ‘ tience, except their horrid Swearing, which really
 ‘ made me shudder.’---‘ And yet, said his Friend,
 ‘ such is the general Run of Tavern-Conversation.’
 ‘ ---I am sorry for it, answer’d *Conyers*; but won-
 ‘ der what Joy, what Pleasure Men can take, espe-
 ‘ cially old ones, in Riot and Excess! Company,
 ‘ and too much Wine, may sometimes lead Men
 ‘ into a thousand odd Frolicks, but a cool, delibe-
 ‘ rate System of Ignorance, Debauchery and Im-
 ‘ piety, is what I can by no Means account for.
 ‘ Dean *Swift*, indeed, was not so much astonish’d
 ‘ at seeing Men wicked, as at their not being
 ‘ asham’d of it.’---That, said *Sangfroid*, is really
 ‘ the most surprizing Circumstance; but of our
 ‘ Companions, I can only say, as *Killegrew* did of
 ‘ Lord *Wharton*, “ They would not swear at that
 ‘ “ abominable Rate, if they thought they were do-
 ‘ “ ing God Honour.” Many Observations pass’d,
 ‘ till the Surgeon told him, they would dine To-
 ‘ morrow with a Lady on the *Surry* Side, where
 ‘ possibly he might be more happily and more agree-
 ‘ ably entertain’d.

NEXT Day they took Boat. ‘ The Lady,
 ‘ said *Sangfroid*, we are going to visit, was for-
 ‘ merly call’d POLLY GUN, but lately POLLY
 CANNON

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‘ CANNON, and has been what the World call,
 ‘ *One of Us*. She has had her Share of Variety,
 ‘ but managed so cleverly, as to have an Income
 ‘ of about Two Hundred Pounds a Year. She is
 ‘ now about Forty-five Years of Age, preserves
 ‘ a Portion of Beauty, and has for these Four last
 ‘ Years retir’d from the Town, and lives a most
 ‘ regular and modest Life. She has been often in
 ‘ Keeping, but had always a Settlement by Way
 ‘ of Life-Annuity. I transact all her Affairs, and
 ‘ am on such a Footing, that I hope to persuade
 ‘ her to give you her History. You’ll be pleas’d
 ‘ with her Conversation, for she is extremely well-
 ‘ bred, and of a lively and chearful Turn.’

THEY row’d up the River about Six Miles
Conyers still enquiring into more Particulars, which
 furnish’d *Sangfroid* with an Opportunity of describ-
 ing her Person, her Œconomy, her Happiness,
 and other Articles till they landed. A Quarter of
 an Hour brought them to her House: It was small,
 but most neatly furnish’d, with a Garden in nice Or-
 der. The first Salutations over, Mrs. Cannon fell
 into the easy and familiar Stile. She very agreea-
 bly rally’d the Magnificence of her Palace, the Ele-
 gance of the Apartments, and the Spaciousness of
 the Saloon. As she went through the few Rooms,
 she made very merry Remarks.----‘ Now, Gen-
 ‘ tlemen, *said she*, this is my Bed-Chamber, and
 ‘ contains somewhat scarcely to be found in any
 ‘ other.’-----‘ I must own, Madam, *said Con-*
 ‘ *yers*, I never saw so truly a clean, neat, and
 ‘ charming an Apartment in my Life, but the
 ‘ *Bed* strikes my Imagination the most.-----What
 ‘ Joy, what Content must repose and Slumber find
 ‘ in it!-----Oh, very fine, *said she*; but tho’
 ‘ your Guess is very true, permit me to set you
 ‘ Right in the Main.-----This Bed, *continued*
 ‘ *she*, I made myself, and have for these Four Years
 ‘ constantly

‘ constantly slept in it as happily as I wish or desire;
 ‘ but few Beds can boast, like this, of being never
 ‘ employ’d but merely to sleep in.’—*Sangfroid*
 laugh’d, and *Conyers* smil’d—‘ You may laugh,
 ‘ Gentlemen, *said she*, yet Faith it is Fact.—
 ‘ But now let us go to the Library.’ She then
 conducted them into a pretty contriv’d Closet, and
 shew’d about Three Hundred Volumes of History,
 Poetry and Books of Divinity.—‘ I doubt not,
 ‘ *said she*, but some great Personages may have a
 ‘ larger Collection, but perhaps they cannot say
 ‘ with me, that they have read all their’s more
 ‘ than once over.—Yonder are the Classicks in
 ‘ good *English*.—You may examine them if you
 ‘ please; for I assure you they are not in Wood
 ‘ and design’d for Ornament only.’—*Conyers* and
 the Surgeon found something to say on every Vo-
 lume, nor did she fail in very pertinent Replies.

‘ SHE then led them to her Garden :—‘ Here,
 ‘ *said she*, is the fair Flower in its Lustre! What
 ‘ Pity to crop its growing Sweetness, then cast it
 ‘ like a loathsome Weed away.’—‘ Pity, indeed,
 ‘ Madam, *said Conyers*; but to transplant, to che-
 ‘ rish it in your fair Garden, where the Sun always
 ‘ shines, has been your careful Employment, but
 ‘ however to let it wither and perish on the Stem,
 ‘ without smelling its Fragrancy, is perhaps a
 ‘ Crime almost as bad. For my Part, I should
 ‘ enjoy its Perfume, and endeavour to keep it in
 ‘ constant Blow.’—‘ Yes, yes, *said she*, I never
 ‘ knew a young Fellow that did not imagine he’d
 ‘ make an excellent Gardener.—But here comes
 ‘ my Maid, and I prophecy Dinner is ready.’—
 As they walk’d to the House, the Surgeon gave
 her a Whisper.

THE Repast was plain, but so neat and enli-
 ven’d by such Good Humour and Chearfulness,
 that *Conyers* declar’d he never had so high an Enter-
 tainmen.

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tainment.—*Sangfroid* put her in Mind of the Promise she made him.—Since, said she, your Friend Mr. *Conyers* is so curious, I shall give him a History of which I make no great Secret.

The STORY of

POLLY GUN,

OTHERWISE

POLLY CANNON.

‘WHO, or what were my Parents, is of no
‘Consequence, only I must say they were
‘People of Substance and Reputation, and most
‘tenderly bred and educated me. I grew up like
‘other Wenches; and at Fourteen, *the flattering*
‘*World had talk’d me into Beauty*. Perhaps I
‘really was so, but am sure I thought it. About
‘this Time, one Mr. *Tarrier*, and his Lady, took
‘a furnish’d House in our Neighbourhood. The
‘good Gentlewoman was mighty religious, and
‘never fail’d at the Parish Church. She took a
‘great liking to my Father’s Pew, and, by many
‘little Civilities, was much regarded by our Family.
‘She invited us to Supper, and was invited in Re-
‘turn. In a Word her Conversation was so pious
‘and godly, and she inveigh’d so much against the
‘Wickedness and Vices of the present Age, that
‘my poor Parents became so fond of, and intimate
‘with her, that they intreated she would be so
‘good to instruct their dear *Polly*. I own I was
‘not much pleas’d with my Tutoreess, for she con-
‘stantly trail’d me to Church twice a-Day. My
‘good Mother thank’d God she had found so good
‘a Friend; but I soon discover’d that Madam *Tar-*
‘*rier*

rier was not so outrageously rigid as I expected; for she sometimes perswaded them to permit me to a Play. The pious Lady always chose a Comedy and in some Parts where I was ignorant of the Joke, she very kindly explain'd perhaps, more than the Author meant.

In this Manner we liv'd for about Half a Year, and the good Woman had got such an Ascendancy over my Mother, that I believe she would have trusted me with her even to *America*. She frequently took me to visit her Uncle near *Grosvenor-Square*. He was a very polite, rich old Gentleman, and so kind to me, that I was always sure of some pretty Present, or a Guinea or two to buy Ribbands. At one, and the last of these Visits, Madam *Tarrier* took the Opportunity of leaving me with her Uncle, that she might attend her Devotions at a neighbouring Church. I thought she staid a little too long, and began to be impatient. The old Gentleman endeavour'd to pass away the Time with a Chat fitting my Years, but at last I could not refrain crying most bitterly.—What need I amuse you with unnecessary Particulars?—The *She Devil* had left me with an *He-one*, and I was undone.

THE first Month of my Confinement, for I was constantly watch'd, was dreadful to my Imagination. I most affectionately lov'd my Father and Mother, and felt their sufferings at the Loss of an only Child. I wept almost Day and Night, but must say the old Gentleman was extremely tender and fond, and did all in his Power to make my Life easy. He bought me Books, we read by Turns, and he gave me that Sort of Taste and Relish for them, which I now find of infinite Use. I play'd on the Harpsichord, and sung well; but he had a Master to perfect me and amuse my leisure Hours. I insensibly began to

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‘ to be better pleas’d with my Station, and in
‘ Twelve Months was quite reconcil’d to it.

‘ WHAT an Animal is Man !—As I grew happy and fond of the Wretch, his Affections cool’d, and he entirely chang’d his Conduct. At last he upbraided me with Infidelity (which was impossible) and prov’d his Assertions by my injuring his Health. He storm’d and flew into a violent Passion; and calling his Man *Jenkins*, “ Here, *said he*, take this fair Lady, get her a Lodging and a Surgeon, which I shall pay; but since she has found out a *Trade*, all she can expect of me, is to *set her up*.”——Without giving me Time to reply he stepp’d into his Chariot and vanish’d.——I was struck dumb; and tho’ my Heart was ready to burst, no friendly Tear assisted me. Poor *Jenkings* was in great Perplexity; but one of the Maids having pack’d up all my Linen [and Cloaths, of which I had Abundance, and very fine, he was obliged to execute the Orders of his Master, and conducted me to the Door, where an Hackney Coach stood ready to receive me.

‘ As I was passing the Hall, I don’t know what perswaded me to open the Parlour Door; but what was my Astonishment, when I saw Mrs. *Tarrier*, and a charming young Creature, in close Conversation!——I stood motionless, but in Agony, and with uplifted Eyes, I just utter’d—*Infamous Woman!* and fell in a Swoon.——The Servants too charitably brought me to myself, and *Jenkins* rather carried, than led me to the Coach.

‘ WHEN we got to the Lodging he had provided for me, I flew to the Bed and abandon’d myself to Tears, Sighs, and the most melancholy Reflections.——Good God! said I, is there no Law, no *Justice* for the Injuries done me? Must
‘ I suf-

‘ I suffer in Silence, and must triumphant Villany
 ‘ go unpunished!---Is the nature of *Woman* so har-
 ‘ den’d, and the Conscience of Man so steel’d, as
 ‘ not to feel the utmost Remorse for this *worse*
 ‘ *than Rape?*---Bitter, very bitter were my Words,
 ‘ and *Jenkins* try’d all Means to assuage the Vio-
 ‘ lence of my Passion. At length I became more
 ‘ calm, and he promis’d to wait on me in the
 ‘ Morning. The Woman of the House oblig’d
 ‘ me to eat a little, and was very civil and ten-
 ‘ der.

‘ NEXT Day *Jenkins* came and brought a Sur-
 ‘ geon. When alone he began to question and ex-
 ‘ amine me in the delicate Manner, and then de-
 ‘ clar’d I was injur’d in a high Degree.---‘Twould
 ‘ be tedious to mention all this Affair; let it suf-
 ‘ fice, that I was perfectly recover’d in Two
 ‘ Months.---As I could not accuse myself of a real
 ‘ Crime, I resolv’d if possible to return to my Pa-
 ‘ rents, not doubting but they would receive me,
 ‘ and revenge my Wrongs. With proper Caution
 ‘ I perswaded my Landlady to make some Enquiry
 ‘ after them; but, Good Heavens! What were
 ‘ my Sufferings whilst she gave me the following
 ‘ Account?---“ I have done, Madam, *said she*,
 ‘ what you have desir’d, and find that the Family
 ‘ I enquir’d after, had a beautiful Daughter who
 ‘ was stolen from them about a Year ago by a Bawd,
 ‘ who, as a Neighbour, got into their Favour, but
 ‘ decamp’d the Moment she finish’d her horrid
 ‘ Work. The poor Mother was so griev’d at
 ‘ the loss of her Child, that she fell into a Decay
 ‘ and died in Half a Year. The Father, with
 ‘ Difficulty, got the better of his Afflictions, but
 ‘ sold all his Effects, and went Abroad, but
 ‘ where I could not learn. I assure you, Madam,
 ‘ that Family are greatly pity’d by all the Neigh-
 ‘ bours.”

“ bours.”---“ My Situation is not to be described.---Now, *said I*, the worst has happen’d.---My dear Mother is dead,---My Father gone,---and I must be abandon’d to the Fate of a Prostitute!---But what signifies what becomes of me?

“ JENKINS just then enter’d, and, after some Chat, told me my Lodgings and the Surgeon were paid;” “ and now, *Polly*, said he, your old Friend sends you these Fifty Guineas, and advises you to take Care of yourself.”---“ I took the Money, but vented on the old Villain every Name, and every Imprecation my Rage could suggest.”---“ Come, come, *said Jenkins*, of what Use is all this? You must now think of providing a Maintenance; and if you’ll be advis’d by me, perhaps Things may go better than you imagine. You are certainly a fine Girl, and some Gentlemen would think themselves happy in your Acquaintance. If you’ll give me Leave, I’ll engage you shall not want two or three very liberal Friends.---You understand me,”---“ I was really in such a Temper of Mind, and thought my Situation so desperate, that I did not reflect on the Misery I was going to plunge myself into, but consented to be guided by him, and fell into his Project with a Sort of Stupidity that I never could account for.

“ JENKINS got me noble Lodgings properly situated and gave me his Instructions; but, like other Dealers, I gave him a Sample of the *Goods*. He had the Benefit of a Subscriber for Six Copies, by having the Seventh *Gratis*. He was a notable Broker, and sent many good Customers to my *Ware-house*.---In Six Months POLLY GUN began to be famous, and my Lodgings were sometimes the Scene of Quarrels and Noise, especially
“ at

‘ at Night. In short, *Disgraces* had knock’d too
 ‘ frequently at my Door, and the Neighbourhood ob-
 ‘ lig’d me to shift my Quarters.

‘ IN three Years I believe I had thirty different
 ‘ Apartments, good and bad, just as the Ballance
 ‘ of Trade was *For* or *Against* me. ‘Tis an odd
 ‘ Sort of Fund, for when *Stock* was low, I mount-
 ‘ ed to a Second or Third Story; when *high*, I de-
 ‘ scended to the First Floor. I had not seen *Jen-*
 ‘ *kins* for some Time, so presume he was instructing
 ‘ other Wenches whom his Master had made as
 ‘ wretched as myself.---By this Time some of my
 ‘ Cloaths were worn out, and many had visited
 ‘ the Pawn-Brokers.-----I was frequented but by
 ‘ Lovers of the *trifling Order*.---I had not saved
 ‘ a Shilling, and wanted many Necessaries in my
 ‘ Profession, besides being indebted a Month’s Lodg-
 ‘ ing. In this Distress, my Maid perswaded me to
 ‘ be acquainted with the Porters of two or three
 ‘ noted Taverns.-----To these places I was fre-
 ‘ quently sent for, and now took the Name of
 ‘ POLLY CANNON. The Novelty of my Face,
 ‘ my Conversation, which was always decent, my
 ‘ Voice and my Youth and Complexion, furnish’d
 ‘ out a good or rather a bad Livelihood. The
 ‘ Porters were fond to promote my Interest, as I
 ‘ greatly promoted theirs.

‘ THESE Gentlemen always charg’d a Shilling
 ‘ for my Chair hire to the Tavern, and another if
 ‘ I return’d alone to my Lodging, tho’ I was ob-
 ‘ lig’d to walk. If I got a Guinea, their fee was
 ‘ a Crown, besides some other *Dues*, which I shall
 ‘ not mention. In short, these Fellows make a
 ‘ vast Income out of the Industry of poor young
 ‘ Ladies.

‘ EVEN this Sort of Life at last fail’d me; for
 ‘ my Face grew too familiar which is an unpar-
 ‘ donable

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‘ donable Crime amongst Gentlemen; and my
‘ biting the Porters out of their just Poundage,
‘ and refusing some certain Compliances which they
‘ regard as their Prerogative, they left me to pick
‘ my Teeth in my Chamber, and never invited poor
‘ *Polly Cannon* to a good Supper.

‘ I COULD not starve.-----With some Interest,
‘ I was enlisted under the Banners of a famous Lady
‘ near *Covent-Garden*. Not to be too minute in
‘ my Relation, I shall only say, I did tolerably well
‘ there for some Time; but a Quarrel between one
‘ of the Nymphs and I, obliged me to shift the
‘ Scene, and make a Piece of the Furniture of a
‘ *Coffee-house*.---As abandon’d as I was, I could
‘ never *swear* or *drink*. The Want of this last
‘ Qualification, made me soon discharg’d the Man-
‘ sions of Drunkenness, and threw me, for Sub-
‘ sistence, into the Arms of the *Publick*.

‘ WHY should I pretend to describe what no
‘ Mortal can exactly do? What Joy can you re-
‘ ceive in my speaking *Variety of Wretchedness*?
‘ Or in a Tale, whose *lightest Word* would harrow
‘ up thy Soul!-----Cold, Famine and Pestilence
‘ were my constant Companions.-----I breath’d,
‘ but *devoutly wish’d* every Moment might be my
‘ last. ROWE justly paints my Misery.

‘ *To know no Thought of Rest; to have the Mind*
‘ *Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,*
‘ *Where one Dishonour treads upon another :*
‘ *What know the Fiends beyond it !*

‘ HEAVEN help the unhappy Creatures groaning
‘ under this fatal Necessity, and forgive those who
‘ drove them to it !

‘ ONE Night as I took my Rounds, I touch’d a
‘ young Gentleman, and in the usual Phrase, ask’d
‘ for a Pint of Wine. He turn’d, and by the Affis-
‘ tance

‘ tance of a Lamp, examined me a little, and contented.-----“ Perhaps, Child, *said he*, you are
 ‘ “ more Hungry than Dry.”--“ On my telling him
 ‘ he guess’d right, he ordered a Supper.-----Our
 ‘ Conversation became very diverting, and he was
 ‘ so good to say, I was much above the Common.
 ‘ He desired my Story, and I gave it him very naturally, but concluded, that, as all poor Girls
 ‘ were fertile in Invention, I much doubted if he
 ‘ credited my Tale.-----He looked serious, but
 ‘ from pitying, he became amorous, and pressed
 ‘ my going to a Bagnio.-----Wretched as I am,
 ‘ Sir, *said I*, I cannot do a Wilful Injury. You
 ‘ are happy and in Health, but I am miserable
 ‘ every Way.-----When he was convinced of the
 ‘ Truth of what I said, he took me in his Arms,
 ‘ and vowed he would never forget my Generosity.
 ‘ -----Take, *said he*, these Five Guineas, and
 ‘ meet me To-morrow Morning in *Somerfet-*
 ‘ Gardens.’

‘ You may be sure I was punctual, and indeed
 ‘ he was exact. In fine, he carried me to the House
 ‘ of a Surgeon, where I remained until his Duty
 ‘ was over. My Friend, whose Name was *Loveit*,
 ‘ conducted me to a private Family, where, in a
 ‘ short Time, with good Living and tolerable Content of Mind, I recovered my former Spirits, my
 ‘ Complexion, and every Sign of Youth, for I was
 ‘ not yet quite One-and-Twenty.-----If ever I
 ‘ lov’d a Man it was this dear Friend, and he merited all my Regard.’

‘ WITH this Gentleman I liv’d near three Years,
 ‘ and as happily as my Situation could admit of. I
 ‘ recovered my Musick and my Taste in Books,
 ‘ and greatly improved in both.---One Morning at
 ‘ Breakfast he walked about the Room, and seem’d
 ‘ very pensive. On my enquiring the Cause, he
 ‘ fat

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“ sat down by me and began thus.—“ I hope my
 “ dear *Polly* believes I love her as I ought, but all
 “ Things must have an End——Don’t be too
 “ much alarmed, *said he*, on seeing my Tears,—
 “ I shall act with Honour, and to your Satisfaction.
 “ ----In two Words, *Polly*, my Friends and my
 “ real Interest compel me to *marry*.”——“ Be
 “ happy, Sir, *said I*, in the Choice of a Wife, and
 “ may every Blessing attend you.”——“ What re-
 “ mains for me but Despair, Anxiety and Madness.”
 “ ----“ Not so, my dear *Polly*, *cried he*, for I
 “ hope a better Fate attends you. Here are *One*
 “ *Hundred* Guineas, and this Paper intitles you to
 “ an Annuity of *Forty Pounds a Year*. Be careful
 “ of these and be happy.”

“ His Generosity charmed me, and by degrees
 “ he calmed my troubled Spirits, and brought me to
 “ talk of parting with more Coolness of Temper
 “ than I possibly could have imagined.——“ Since
 “ we must sepeate, *said he*, take a little of my
 “ Advice. My Cousin, Captain *Mizen*, of the
 “ *Superb* Man of War, has seen and likes you.
 “ As he knows all my Affairs, he begs to be ad-
 “ mitted to your good Graces. The Captain is an
 “ Old Bluff Tar, and tho’ not very polite and ten-
 “ der, yet he’s an hearty honest Fellow. If you
 “ consent, I will engage a Settlement of Thirty
 “ Pounds, besides your living as you have hitherto
 “ done.”——Some Conversation ensued, and at last
 “ I accepted the Proposal.

“ THE Evening was ushered in by a Visit from
 “ Captain *Mizen*, who was introduced by Mr.
 “ *Loveit*. I received them with great Respect, and
 “ made many Compliments for the Praises bestowed
 “ on me by my Friend.——“ S’blood, *said the*
 “ Captain, what’s all this *Jawing* for? I’ve done
 “ as Coz desired, and o’has the Papers in’s Pocket.
 “ Now

“ Now d’ye see, an it be too little, there’s twenty
 “ Pieces more to turn the Scale.---Now, Mistress,
 “ how say you ? shall we make the Bargain and
 “ seal Lips.”---*Loveit* smiled, but I was mute.
 “ ---“ Well, well, *said he*, Silence gives Con-
 “ sent, so Mistress, by your Leave.”-----“ He
 “ kifs’d most furiously, and then turning to *Loveit*,
 “ said,-----“ S’blood Coz, she’s a well built Sloop,
 “ and will carry a huge deal of Canvas ; I’m afraid
 “ I shall never be able to run her fairly down.”

“ WE had much of this Sort of Conversation,
 “ but Mr. *Loveit* came to the Point, and his giving
 “ me another Annuity of *Thirty Pounds*, I own it
 “ prejudiced me greatly in Favour of Captain *Mizen*.
 “ A few more Words finished this Affair, and I be-
 “ came the Property of this *Man of War*, and part-
 “ ed with my Friend with Love and Regret.”

“ CAPTAIN *Mizen* visited constantly, but sel-
 “ dom before One or Two in the Morning, and
 “ frequently *Half Seas over*, as he called it. ’Twas
 “ difficult to manage him in this *Trim*, but when
 “ quite drunk, was very tame and obedient, so I
 “ took Care to ply him with Port or Punch, and
 “ then *he turned in* with Ease. In the Morning he
 “ always begged Pardon, not in Words, but in a
 “ *pecuniary* Manner, that carryed irresistible Per-
 “ suasion. I certainly hated him, and the *Resistance*
 “ I always made to his Caresses served but to plague
 “ me the more with his Fondness. The Creature
 “ loved, and no *Caliban* could shew it more. I was
 “ his *Pinnace*, his *Frigate*, and a Thousand tender
 “ Names, but on struggling, he has cryed out’---
 “ That’s right ! ---*Yard-arm* and *Yard-arm*.-----
 “ S’blood *Poll*, an you blow me up, by the World
 “ I’ll clap the broad R on you..”

“ AT last my true Love went to Sea, and gave
 “ me a Reprieve for six Months. The Experience
 “ I had,

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‘ I had, made me find out the real Use of Money,
 ‘ and resolve to save as much as I could. The
 ‘ Captain returned with a fresh Cargo of that Com-
 ‘ modity which his Love made less valuable. He
 ‘ was so generous that I suffered his Embraces with
 ‘ great Freedom, but discovered the lucky Secret,
 ‘ that this was the only Chance I had of losing his
 ‘ valiant Heart. It seems he loved a smart Engage-
 ‘ ment, and a Ship that would take *a good deal of*
 ‘ *Drubbing* before she struck. An easy Conquest
 ‘ was to him of no Value. With this Knowledge
 ‘ I pretended extreme Fondness; I hung on his
 ‘ Neck; I kiss’d his Carbuncled Cheeks, and al-
 ‘ most cryed when he left me. He seemed pleased
 ‘ enough with my Behaviour, but his Visits were
 ‘ less frequent, and in six Months he forfeited his
 ‘ Articles, gave me the good-bye, and *left me like*
 ‘ *a Turtle all alone, to weep and mourn the Absence*
 ‘ *of her Mate.*

‘ My Landlady, Mrs. *Wheedle*, was a Woman
 ‘ who understood the World. In her younger
 ‘ Days she had been of *personal Use* to a Nobleman,
 ‘ who married her to his Footman, and procured
 ‘ him a very pretty Employ in the *Revenue*. Lat-
 ‘ terly, I believe, she served his Lordship in another
 ‘ Capacity. With these People I lived, and, all
 ‘ Things considered, was perfectly happy in the
 ‘ Friendship of Mrs. *Wheedle*. We went to Church,
 ‘ to Play Houses, and were inseperable. In one
 ‘ of our Walks I took it in my Head to enquire
 ‘ for my *Old Friend* near *Grosvenor Square*, of
 ‘ whom I had not heard for above six Years. Mrs.
 ‘ *Wheedle* went to the House, but found it inhabit-
 ‘ ed by another Family. With some Difficulty I
 ‘ was informed that the *Old Gentleman’s* whole
 ‘ Fortune was swallowed up in the *South Sea*. That
 ‘ his Distress was so great that it turned his Head,
 ‘ and had been supported by Charity in a *Mad-house*.
 I near

‘ near *Chelfea*, where he died about a Year ago.—
 ‘ I had no great Reason to love his Memory, yet
 ‘ could I not help a few Tears, but guarded against
 ‘ calling his *Fate* a *just Judgment*.

“ LORD, said Mrs. *Wheedle*, what signifies it.
 ‘ If the Gentleman was a *Friend in a Corner*, thank
 ‘ God there be others in the World as good as he.
 ‘ Charity begins at Home my Dear, but nothing
 ‘ is to be got by *Idleness*. I love to see a young
 ‘ Woman *Industrious* and *Careful*. Tis the most
 ‘ recommendablest Thing in Life.”——‘ I am no
 ‘ Enemy, said I, to Industry, but sure you would
 ‘ not have me hawk about my *Goods*, or stand at
 ‘ the Door and cry—*Walk in Gentlemen!* and
 ‘ behold the wonderful Works of Nature! *Alive*—
 ‘ *Alive*—*ho!*——“ Certainly *Polly*, said she, you’re
 ‘ distracted!——Did ever any Body hear such
 ‘ Nonsense’——If you will be industrious I know
 ‘ a Friend will give you Employment.”——Ay
 ‘ marry, said I, now you say something; but will
 ‘ he come down handsomely? for you know I hate
 ‘ a Game that can’t afford paying the Cards.——
 ‘ Lord, Lord, *Polly*, said she, you’re strangely
 ‘ covetous! but I don’t blame you neither.——
 ‘ There’s ‘Squire CARELESS now, the most
 ‘ Charmingest and most Agreeablest Man in Life,
 ‘ mayhap he may answer your Purpose.——What
 ‘ say you to that, *Polly?*”——‘ With all my
 ‘ Heart said I, the Squire shall be welcome, but
 ‘ you know the Conditions.’

‘ IN a few Days Mr. *Careless* paid me a Visit
 ‘ and with great Ease and Familiarity fell into a Chat
 ‘ of a Settlement.——“ I’m so unlucky my Dear,
 ‘ said he, to have my Estate so fix’d by Law, that
 ‘ I cannot touch it. My Income I spend like a
 ‘ Gentleman. Pleasure is my Religion, and the
 ‘ Ladies are the Idols I adore. The Incense I burn
 ‘ is Money, and my Sacrifice is Love. Accept one
 ‘ and

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 195.

“and the other, and the *Priests below Stairs* shall have Reason to be content.”——“I laughed at the Oddity of his Expressions, but as his Incense had a *sweet-smelling Flavour*, I was persuaded of the Sincerity of his Devotions, and I became his *Titular Saint*.”

“His Visits were very irregular, but, tho’ always chearful, always good-humour’d and generous, they seem’d rather paid to dispose of and *kill Time*, than to see the Object of his Love.—Mrs. *Wheedle* took Notice of this, and insinuated, *that vacant Hours might be employed to Advantage*.”——“There is Perquisites, *said she*, belonging to all Employments in *Life*, and since you keep an *Office*, I see no Reason why you shou’dn’t have ’em as well as another.”——“If I keep an *Office*, *said I*, it is an *Office of Assurance*, or rather, that of an *Under-writer*; but where are the Perquisites you talk of? for I always admir’d your *Douceurs*, or, as some call them, your *Dowcers*.”——“You’re a Mad-cap, *said she*, but let me alone to work for you.”

“THE good Woman was very skilful, and at different Times brought me acquainted with two or three elderly Gentlemen, who made ample Amends for the Roughness of their *Beards*, and their *Stinking Breath*. This Revenue was partly appropriated to my Friend’s private Recreation and mine, and the Remainder to the Sinking Fund.”

“CARELESS sometimes met one of these Gentlemen in my Chamber, but seem’d quite indifferent about it. The Indolence of his Temper was such, that no jealous Thoughts had Power to give him Uneasiness. I once made an Apology for having a Stranger in my Apartment, and told him a well-contriv’d Lye.”——“Bless me, Child, *said he*, why so many Words about a Trifle!——I know

“ know you are a *Woman*, and cannot help acting
 “ as such.—I know you have been playing the *Tru-*
 “ *ant*, but why should I be angry at the constant
 “ Practice of your Sex? No no, my Dear, I am
 “ so happy that no *Woman* can disappoint me.—
 “ You have all the same Turn, and a little *Cheat-*
 “ *ing* even at Cards, affords you infinite Delight.
 “ —The Pleasure of *Deceiving* has something ex-
 “ quisite in it, but I am so ill-natur’d as to disap-
 “ point you, and freely indulge a Passion so natural
 “ to the Ladies.”

“ I OWN he stung me more by his Indifference
 “ than had he storm’d and swore. I said what was
 “ necessary on the Occasion, but he took the Stan-
 “ dish and wrote.”—“ Here, my dear *Polly*, said he,
 “ are my Sentiments. Let’s say no more on the
 “ Head, but *love* one another as well as we can.”—
 “ He then began a very merry Conversation, and
 “ embracing me very tenderly, took his Leave..
 “ —I long’d to read his Paper, and found these
 “ Words;

The Easy Lover.

*Why should I pretend to have
 Dear POLLY’s Heart entire?
 What, in her Pow’r to me she gave,
 And fann’d the am’rous Fire.*

*Then tell me not, ill-natur’d Soul!
 To others she’s as kind;
 Why should I her blifs controul
 Since others hit my Mind?*

*No; let us ramble, not repine,
 Let both contented be;
 Her Soul’s her own, her Charms are mine,
 And that’s enough for me.*

“ AT

‘ AT first I thought I had lost him for ever;
 ‘ but a Day or two convinc’d me to the contrary.
 ‘ We kept up a tender Correspondence for about a
 ‘ Twelve-month more; and my Perquisites regu-
 ‘ larly came in, At last his Extravagancies, and
 ‘ the want of *common Attention* to his Affairs, drove
 ‘ him into such Difficulties, that he was compell’d
 ‘ to give up many Amusements, and *Me* amongst
 ‘ the rest---Mrs. *Wheedle’s* good Management
 ‘ prevented my too much regretting the Loss of
 ‘ *Careless*. She soon furnish’d me with *another*
 ‘ *and another, and the last. Fool still welcome as the*
 ‘ *first.*’

‘ I MUST reserve for another Opportunity, my
 ‘ Travels to *Ireland* with a Lord of that Country,
 ‘ and to *France* with a *Scotch Nobleman*.-----My
 ‘ living with a *Jew*, a *Methodist Preacher*, and
 ‘ sundry others; and the many Tricks I played in a
 ‘ Progress of *fifteen Years* would make a large Fo-
 ‘ lio, and perhaps be as *useful* as *MOLL FLANDERS*.

‘ IN a Word, I found myself possessed of about
 ‘ *Two Hundred Pounds* a Year well paid, besides
 ‘ some *ready Money* and *Jewels*.---Time began to
 ‘ gather my *Roses*, and ruffle my *smooth Brow*.
 ‘ The few Charms that remained, I resolv’d, to
 ‘ use myself. I had seen the *World*, and found it
 ‘ a *vain empty Nothing*.-----I began to call to my
 ‘ Memory the Days of *Innocency* and *Happiness*.---
 ‘ I reflected on the Charms of *Religion* and *Virtue*,
 ‘ for their *Beauties* had not quite forsaken me.---I
 ‘ try’d their Power, and they have conducted me
 ‘ to this Mansion of *Peace* and *Tranquillity*.

‘ WHY are miserable Creatures call’d *Women of*
 ‘ *Pleasure?*---Poor Wretches! they know of none!
 ‘ -----In their happiest Days, and in the highest
 ‘ *Keeping*, whom do they converse with?-----In
 ‘ the Midst of *Gaiety*, they are in *Darkness* and
 ‘ *Obscurity*.

‘ Obscurity.—They walk with self-condemn’d and
 ‘ suspicious Looks, and just live like a Rat in the
 ‘ Wainscot.—When stript of their *Finery*, when
 ‘ discarded the *fertile Paddock*, and sent to graze
 ‘ on the *Common*. What Horrors!—What Vile-
 ‘ nesses!

‘ I do not pretend to be a Judge of the Charms
 ‘ of Matrimony, neither can I have a just Idea of
 ‘ the Pleasure Parents take in their Children, as I
 ‘ never was in either Situation; but this I can po-
 ‘ sitively affirm from my own Experience, that in
 ‘ the Midst of every Joy I was capable of receiving,
 ‘ as I certainly was of some, I had Reflections
 ‘ which I could not account for, but which gave
 ‘ me infinite Anxiety.—To be necessitated to be
 ‘ *fond* where I was quite *indifferent*,-----To *ca-*
 ‘ *ress* him whom I *despised*.-----To seem to *love*
 ‘ and be all *Tenderness* where I *hated* and even
 ‘ *loath’d*.---In short, to *live*, if I may so call it, a
 ‘ MARTYR to my *Reason* and *Understanding*, is a
 ‘ Situation the most deplorable *human Nature* can
 ‘ be reduced to.—As *Light* follows *Shade*, so *Trou-*
 ‘ *ble* and *Remorse* pursue the *Vicious*.---Who can
 ‘ fathom the Deep, or measure infinite Space! But
 ‘ Oh! who can describe the *Joy*, when the *Father*
 ‘ of infinite *Mercy* speaks *Peace* and *Comfort* to the
 ‘ *contrite Heart*!

She ceased.—*Sangfroid* prais’d the Steadiness of
 her Resolution, but *Conyers* was lost in Thought.
 —‘ If, Madam, said he at last, your whole Life
 ‘ was shewn to the World, with the proper Obser-
 ‘ vations of a skilful Hand, how useful, how in-
 ‘ structive would it be!-----You would serve as a
 ‘ *fix’d Star* to direct the Unwary in the Voyage
 ‘ through Life; or, should Storms or Tempests
 ‘ drive them into Error, to guide and pilot them
 ‘ into an Harbour of Safety.—*Vice* has its Charms,
 ‘ but place *Virtue* in Contrast, How is it possible
 ‘ *our*

‘*our Sense should stray?*-----‘ Your Remark, Sir,
 ‘*said she*, is just; but, *FRAILTY! thy Name is*
 ‘*Woman*, or rather, it is the *common Name* of all
 ‘*Mankind*.-----The whole World struggle and
 ‘strive and fight for, what they call *Happiness*;
 ‘but they neglect and despise the sure, the only
 ‘Way of attaining it, which *Religion and Virtue*,
 ‘free from *Enthusiastick Cant*, or *Hypocritical De-*
 ‘*mureness*, can alone point out.’---The Remain-
 der of the Conversation was very serious; but
 Night coming on, they were obliged, unwillingly,
 to separate.

As they returned, *Conyers* could speak of nothing
 but *Mrs. Cannon*. He admir’d her good Sense, her
 easy Turn of Mind, and her *Moral and Religious*
 Sentiments; but thought she still led but a melan-
 choly Life-----‘Quite otherwise,’ *said Sangfroid*,
 ‘she has a sensible Servant for her constant Com-
 ‘panion: She has her Books, her Musick, and
 ‘her Garden; which give her a rational Delight
 ‘and Amusement: Besides, tho’ her former Life
 ‘is well known in the Village, her *Sincerity* and
 ‘*Virtue* are so well vouch’d by her Conduct, that
 ‘some of the best Families have lately visited her,
 ‘and she them. She told me the other Day, that
 ‘to keep Company, and be rank’d with *modest*
 ‘*Women*, was such a Pleasure as almost made her
 ‘distracted.’

The End of the First Volume.

1801. 1802. 1803. 1804. 1805. 1806. 1807. 1808. 1809. 1810.

The first of these years was a year of great
distress to the country. The weather was
very bad, and the crops were much
damaged. The people were very poor,
and many died of starvation. The
government was very kind to the
poor, and gave them money to buy
food. The people were very grateful
to the government, and they gave
them a great deal of money.

The second of these years was a year of
great prosperity. The weather was very
good, and the crops were very good.
The people were very rich, and many
died of luxury. The government was
very kind to the rich, and gave them
money to buy food.

The third of these years was a year of
great distress. The weather was very
bad, and the crops were much
damaged. The people were very poor,
and many died of starvation.

The fourth of these years was a year of
great prosperity. The weather was very
good, and the crops were very good.
The people were very rich, and many
died of luxury.

The fifth of these years was a year of
great distress. The weather was very
bad, and the crops were much
damaged. The people were very poor,
and many died of starvation.

The sixth of these years was a year of
great prosperity. The weather was very
good, and the crops were very good.
The people were very rich, and many
died of luxury.

The seventh of these years was a year of
great distress. The weather was very
bad, and the crops were much
damaged. The people were very poor,
and many died of starvation.

The eighth of these years was a year of
great prosperity. The weather was very
good, and the crops were very good.
The people were very rich, and many
died of luxury.

The ninth of these years was a year of
great distress. The weather was very
bad, and the crops were much
damaged. The people were very poor,
and many died of starvation.

The tenth of these years was a year of
great prosperity. The weather was very
good, and the crops were very good.
The people were very rich, and many
died of luxury.

